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CANON BARNETT
HIS LIFE, WORK
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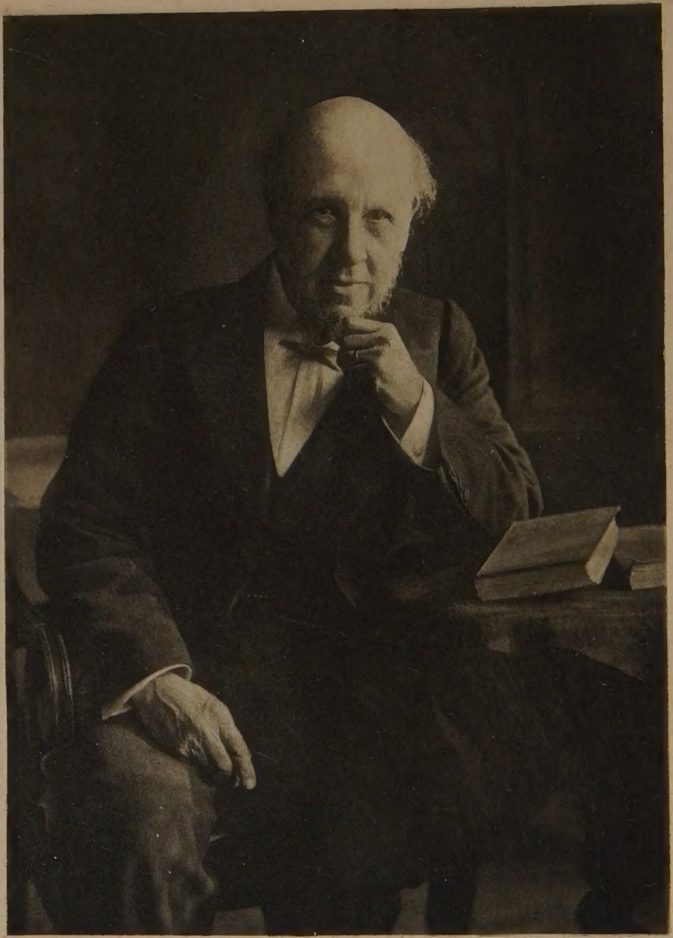
CANON BARNETT

VOL. II



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Canon Barnett, M.A., D.C.L.

CANON BARNETT

HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDS

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BY HIS WIFE

IN TWO VOLUMES, WITH THIRTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II

WITH TWENTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1918

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CANON BARNETT
HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDS

CHAPTER XXIX

"*The workman knows about livelihood; he might also know about life if the great avenues of art, literature, and history, down which come the thoughts and ideals of ages, were open to him. He might be happy in reading, in thinking, or in admiring, and not be driven to find happiness in the excitement of sport or drink.*"

To provide books, free, classified, and personally introduced, was Mr. Barnett's aim in the early Whitechapel days, when every Tuesday evening I spent with my trusty henchmen, and still my friends, Miss Bullwinkle and Mrs. Turriff, in giving out books to those parishioners who could be persuaded to read. As it is essential to suggest books to people who are not able by talk or reviews to know for what to ask, I sat a little apart and chatted with all would-be readers, first to learn their tastes, and then by degrees to advise volumes a little farther along the path selected, and so on until taste was awakened and authors recognised.

Three years after we went to St. Jude's, the Vicar reported:

> 1876.—The Parish Library is a great success. 638 volumes of standard novels and interesting books are lent to anyone who brings a reference. About 100 books are changed every Tuesday, and none have been lost though many are nearly worn out by use. No charge is made, but a box is placed on the table into which £1 14*s*. 9¾*d*. has been placed during the year. There is also a separate library of nursery books for the infants of the school. About forty picture-books are lent every week.

Later men who had associated themselves for recreation were introduced to the pleasures of reading:

> 1879.—The library gradually extends its usefulness. A parcel of books is now sent to the George Yard Club, and one of the

librarians goes to preside over their circulation. The librarians . . . do all the dull work of covering and cataloguing with devoted care.

Not always was the work " dull " ; for as the library got larger the American plan of " Bees " was adopted, and we had friendly and amusing afternoons followed by picnic teas, and the pleasure of seeing tidy rows of Scott, George Eliot, Dickens, Gaskell, Kingsley, Trollope, and Yonge, for that was the light literature of those days. When we began we wrote the catalogue, but when, in 1881, the books numbered 1,000, we rose to the dignity of a printed pamphlet.

1884.—The Parish Library does some of that work which, unseen, is perhaps of all the most valuable. It is a happy thing that in these days when many . . . aspire to work with grand results, some are content to act as librarians, and by lending a book, to sow the seed of which others will see the fruit. . . The librarians . . . are quietly, " without striving or crying," making a taste which will turn against low literature. The resources of the library are at the disposal of rent-collectors, visitors, and clubs.

After Toynbee Hall was built the simple literature on the parish book-shelves was insufficient, and the nucleus of a Students' Library was got together. At first the books were housed in the Toynbee dining-room, which was kept in solemn silence all the evening, but as the Residents' work increased and they returned after long evenings spent in crowded rooms, and wanted supper, clean air, and talk, it became necessary to find another home for the books.

1886.—The students anxious to read are many, but their hours of leisure are irregular and limited and they need a room which shall be always open. It is proposed therefore to build a reading-room adjoining Toynbee Hall, which shall be open to readers on weekdays and Sundays alike. The cost of the building and fittings will be £1,100. If it is remembered how much books increase the joy of life to a man's self, and its value to others ; and if then it is realised that for the mass of Londoners the best books are rare and the means of quiet reading even more rare, there will not be much difficulty in raising the necessary sum.

The new library was built, a committee formed, and with its work must ever be associated the names of Mr. Bolton King, Mr. C. H. Grinling, Mr. H. G. Rawson, Mr. Hales, and Mr. C. F. Newcombe, for to it they all gave of their best, be it books, time, or thought.

In spite of the absence of endowment, the growth of the library was continuous. In 1888 there were 3,878 volumes; in 1889, 4,353; in 1890, 5,216; in 1892, 5,803; and in 1900, 7,449. From the first it was a students' library "intended for persons bent on serious study," and at no time did fiction exceed 5 per cent. of the total works. The daily average of readers in 1892 was 55 on weekdays and 74 on Sundays, giving a total for the year of over 21,000 attendances. Even after the opening of the Whitechapel Public Library in 1895, there were 13,286 readers and 6,536 borrowers. Nor was this growth only one of size, for the Report of 1898 chronicles that "the reading done has shown increased continuity and method"; and in 1893 that "the library is an important adjunct to the lecture-hall, and in the 'Temple of Peace' much solid work is yearly accomplished."

In response to a demand from the Economic Club, it was determined to specialise, especially in works on economic, political, and social subjects, and in 1900 the classified catalogue of these subjects was completed, mainly by the generosity of Mr. W. H. Pyddoke.

1900.—The greater proportion of the books in this section of the library are from the library of Mr. Bolton King, including pamphlets relating to social movements which are out of print and inaccessible.

The same spirit which caused parcels from our tiny parish library to be sent to the clubs was active in the Toynbee library, and in 1900 a system was started by which books were lent to other student centres, which included Woolwich, Beckenham, Barnet, and Bermondsey. They were chosen in relation to the subjects of the courses given by the University Extension Society, and as the same subjects were rarely selected simultaneously, we were able to share the books without robbing our students of works that were wanted for their lectures.

The Committee also formed a "Library Readers' Union, to enable those who frequented the library to interchange views." The Union in its turn developed meetings, discussions, excursions; and as its members were all people with brains and personality, it reaped an unusual crop of interests and friendships.

People have often spoken as if my husband had but to conceive and speak of his schemes to get them achieved. Yet how long they were cherished, how much preparation was made, how many were the difficulties, and how patiently they were borne until vanquished, may be learnt from the story of the Whitechapel Public Library.

In 1882 Mr. Barnett wrote:

> I sometimes think that schools might be the homes of public libraries. I still hope, however, for a grander home. A society, to which I belong, has been preparing a Bill for Parliament which will make it much more possible for us Whitechapel people to adopt the Libraries Act. We shall then be able to have on a main thoroughfare a building which will tempt readers and which will contain a library the common property of all.

Disappointment awaited this hope, and he wrote:

> 1883.—Until the Public Libraries Act is amended, it is useless to try for its extension to Whitechapel. The proposal to amend it has been stopped by the member for Bridport, and thus a possible good and pleasure is for another year delayed.

As soon as the Act was amended, no time was lost to put it in action for Whitechapel.

> 1890.—As an example of the influence of Toynbee Hall, it may perhaps be fair to quote the result of the polling of Whitechapel for the adoption of the Free Public Libraries Act. . . While Mr. Barnett made himself responsible for the collection of £5,000 for the building, the canvassing of two-thirds of the constituency was organised from Toynbee Hall. . . Help was given by friends, Residents and Associates, and in particular the student helpers—many of whom had already learnt from the Toynbee Hall Library to appreciate the value of easy access to books. . . These went night after night from room to room explaining what was involved in the vote. . .
>
> Without this help, especially on the day of the poll, the ground could not have been covered. The result was the most remarkable vote that has yet been given on the Free Libraries question. Out of 6,100 on the register, more than 4,400 polled, with a majority of nearly four to one in favour of the adoption of the Act. . . Such a vote is unique in London experience, and is due partly to the respect which the ratepayers have learnt to feel for knowledge, and partly to the activity with which they were canvassed.
>
> Mr. Barnett has since been elected as one of the Commissioners appointed to carry into effect this emphatic decision of the rate-payers.

This success was all the more remarkable because in 1878 the Whitechapel voters had opposed the library project by a majority of two to one.

In spite of the unity of our interests, and often the sharing of our friends, my husband and I never opened each other's letters, but I greatly liked letters, and one of his playfulnesses "kept for home consumption" was his offer to sell me his unopened letters for, say, a promise that I would leave undone a bit of work, or read a frivolous book, or take time off for a longer ride, or finish a sketch he greatly liked. One February morning at breakfast he offered to part with all his letters for some petty cash. The bargain was struck, and I found among them a cheque from Mr. J. Passmore Edwards for £6,454, the sum Mr. Barnett had told him would be the cost of the building. The gift was enhanced by his letter, in which he said:

> I do this not merely from a sense of duty, but because I think it a distinguished privilege to assist in lightening the lot of our East End fellow-citizens. . . I have long felt that the East End of London has stupendous uncancelled claims on the wealthy and well-to-do people of the West End of London, and it affords me unalloyed gratification that I am enabled to wipe out a small portion of our moral indebtedness.

So in July 1891 the stone was laid by the Lord Mayor, amid rain and wind. In their published report of the proceedings the Commissioners record part of Mr. Barnett's speech:

> 1891.—Mr Montagu[1] told you that I have been round the world. One of the things I then learnt is the danger of ignorance. It is not enough that people should have education in the schools, to make them smart for the activities of life. Men must also have knowledge. How can we call upon voters to decide upon tariffs if they have no knowledge of the conditions of the races of the world? How can we ask Englishmen to govern India if they have no knowledge of the natives and their condition of life? There must be knowledge if the world is to go on in its career of progress. We hope that the books to be contained in this library will be the means of distributing knowledge.

The planning of the new library gave us great pleasure, and many happy hours were spent in arranging it so that the casual readers should be reminded that there were books as well as papers to read; that the boy—that fearsome creature so loved by my husband—should have a room where the noise so inseparable from his normal well-being should not madden serious readers; that those who came to change books should have opportunities of obtaining further suggestions; and lastly that accommodation should be available for lectures and the meetings of congenial minds from which friendships could be born.

---

[1] Later Lord Swaythling.

All this is twenty-seven years ago, and the library movement has made such strides that in a hundred public libraries there is now better provision and greater facilities than we ever dreamed of. It is gladdening that it should be so, and a happy memory that we were allowed to give a hand in those early days.

By the autumn of 1892 all was ready, and on October 24th Lord Rosebery opened the Whitechapel Public Library, when my husband gave an address on "Books and their Uses" which the opener described as "exquisite." Of this speech *The Daily Chronicle* reported :

1892.—The uses of books, Mr. Barnett said, were innumerable, but their chief use was to be our friends. All of us put friendship at the top of our possessions, and valued above all things a good friend. East London suffered most of all from the loss of the friendship of West London, and no amount of gifts, no kind words, no number of missions, and no laws, were they for relief or coercion, could ever make up for that loss of friendship. . . Books made sometimes the turning-point in a man's life. For himself he remembered how reading Seeley's *Ecce Homo* gave him a new foothold for faith, how Maine's *Ancient Law* made his mind probe the beginning of things, and how Browning's poems gave him a ladder on which to step from the common things of earth to the glories of heaven. Books were friends which inspired and rebuked and never wearied, which never sulked and never had any moods ; they were friends which gave and took, for there must be reciprocity in true friendship. They gave to the readers what their readers needed with an exquisite sympathy ; but they also took something from the reader—the effort of thought. Books spoke alike to rich and poor, and were the comforters of many sick-beds. It was striking that Tennyson, a man with many friends, asked on his deathbed for a book, and that his last words were, "I have opened the book."

The best books, like the best people, needed to be introduced—their exterior was not always attractive. There were books which needed no introduction—pleasing books which made good company for the idle hour ; but those books which stood by a man in his hours of trouble and helped him in times of difficulty and sorrow were friends who very often needed an introduction.

More men were wanted who, knowing something of the books, would introduce them to readers. There were 10,000 books in that library. Among them it was certain there were friends to suit all characters, and all times. Light books, novels and tales, books to be men's companions, and to take them from their surroundings—these books had their value, and a very great value, in this neighbourhood. But it was the solid books, the philosophies, the history, the poetry—it was these that could help them in their troubles, and it was these he urged his friends in Whitechapel to seek. Wordsworth in describing man's best friend on earth said she was one who could guide and comfort and command, and that day he could wish nothing better than that in the bookshelves of this library they should find friends who could guide, comfort, and command.

Since it was opened the Free Library has pursued its useful way, issuing until March 1901 its own report. For some years Mr. Barnett occupied a place as a Commissioner on its governing body, and to the end of his life he watched with sympathetic interest the continued upward rise of the number of readers, in the lending and reference libraries as well as in the news-room. Indeed, as he grew older, and his impaired health allowed him more quiet time with his books, he estimated with deeper vision the place to be taken by systematic reading, and the necessity of more energetic and organised methods of giving encouragement to those who are indifferent to its joys, indifferent usually because of ignorance or inexperience.

He also held that librarians should receive definite training in their profession; for, though he recognised that there were born librarians as well as born teachers, yet the idea that it was the duty of librarians to guide reading and offer suggestions had, in many cases, to be inculcated. It was also necessary to suggest to them the best ways of ascertaining the reader's mental equipment without appearing curious or arousing vexation. A recognition that such work was part of a librarian's duty would, he believed, attract to the profession men and women desirous of rendering public service, or inspired by philanthropic ambitions. How better could men serve their generation than by acting as guides to inquiring minds? The preachers whose words halt, the teachers who cannot keep order, but whose mission is to preach and to teach, could find their vocation as librarians, when that profession is recognised as meaning more than lending out books, keeping catalogues up to date, and arranging with efficiency the staff and the stock.

The plans for the Whitechapel Free Library included accommodation for a small natural history museum, where the crowded East Londoners could see some of the marvels of the country. It was opened with an inaugural address by our friend Sir William Flower, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., and placed under the direction of another friend, Miss Kate Hall. Few people combine scientific knowledge, social enthusiasm, and gracious manners as did this lady, and under her direction the museum grew in beauty and interest. Exhibitions of children's collections, and shows of spring flowers were held; visits of classes from the elementary schools arranged; and monthly lectures on scientific subjects given by experts, among whom stand the names of Professor Gotch, F.R.S., Professor Michael Foster, F.R.S., Mr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.Z.S., Professor Flinders Petrie, LL.D., Professor Leonard Hill, M.D., and Mr. G. R. Murray, F.L.S. Many people came to that little museum, no less than 104,406 in two years, the large majority of whom were shown by Miss Hall wonders such as the observatory bee-hive, the wasps' nest, etc. In all this work Canon Barnett was an inspiring force, his fertile mind producing schemes and plans, regardless of their frustration or unfulfilment.

To work centres of teaching, libraries, and museums in conjunction with each other was one of my husband's pet projects. Two years before the opening of the Whitechapel Library and Museum, a beginning was made by a course of lectures, given by Mr. Boas in Toynbee and illustrated on certain evenings by the treasures in the British Museum. The plan was taken up with enthusiasm, but the students were handicapped by the cost of travelling, in time as well as money.

In this case the lectures were given first and then illustrated at the museum, but Mr. Barnett also hoped that as intelligent interest was awakened in visitors at the museum, they would demand the illustration of the lecturer as well as his advice for their reading.

In 1903 one of my husband's articles on the development of museums and their relation to free libraries drew forth from *The Guardian* the following comment:

> Why should it not be part of the educational system that sections from the Victoria and Albert Museum—each complete as a unity representing a period, a country, or a trade, and not heterogeneous as an auctioneer's collection—be exhibited in rooms connected with the public libraries? This is the excellent idea put forward by Canon Barnett as a result of his experience of special exhibitions at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. He has found that many of the visitors to these exhibitions have had their interest sufficiently aroused to betake them to the free libraries in order to extend their acquaintance with the subject of the exhibitions, and he sees in the association of the exhibition and the library a means for spreading culture

among the masses. Even the vast store-houses of South Kensington would be insufficient to establish such a system of education throughout the country, but the root idea of Canon Barnett's suggestion is a distinctly valuable one—the adoption of some attractive means of making the free library play its part in the national educational system. In the large towns a closer partnership might with great advantage be established between the local museums and libraries. It might be that intelligence would first be awakened sometimes in the museum, sometimes in the library, but it should be the function of both the curator and the librarian to demonstrate to the potential student the connection between words and things. In the smaller towns, where there are no museums, but which have their libraries, effect might still be given to the idea by means of loan collections, whilst as regards natural objects the illimitable wealth of field and hedgerow, quarry, pond, and stream, offers a collection unrivalled by anything conceived of man.

When the ratepayers of Stepney built the Mile End Public Library, Canon Barnett was invited by the Mayor and Councillors to open it on January 9th, 1902. The occasion gave him much satisfaction, but my husband's mind was so constituted that, as soon as anything had become established, he wanted to reform it. In an article on "Are Public Libraries Failures?" in *The Westminster Gazette*, he characteristically faced facts and boldly accused their managers of "aspiring to nothing more than to be the Mudies of the industrial population." At the same time he fought their critics and reminded his readers that children should be "tempted to read" and that "occupants of a room where a bookcase is an unknown piece of furniture have to be encouraged to become familiar with books." He explained how "minds in which present education had dulled imagination and hard work had prevented experience" not unnaturally "turned to the excitement of easy fiction." To encourage the use of better books he called not only for the "stimulus of companionship in reading," but demanded that—

1908.—Librarians should use their energies by popularising the books already on the shelves. They might issue small subject-catalogues, with sometimes a word of comment on the more valuable books; get lecturers to give special lectures on novels or travels; enlist volunteers who would help in distributing books, especially to children, or who would go to the schools and give a short account of some of the worthiest and most attractive tales. They might, when lectures are given in their neighbourhood, send out a list of books bearing on the subject, to be hung by the lecturer's platform, and, if possible, to be announced by the chairman. They might also watch the papers, and when some event occurs in nature or in politics—an earthquake, a revolution, a debate on African or Russian affairs—they might hang on the Library notice-board a broadsheet with the names of books which would inform the minds of newspaper readers.

Librarians, in a word, might be encouraged to be missionaries rather than collectors of books and makers of catalogues. Their duty, as is that of the best teachers in industrial centres, is to create and not supply demand—to make the people thirsty rather than to supply them with drink. They must, therefore, follow the way of advertisers and by continual restatements, by frequent change in their methods, and by persistent pushing, keep before the people the possibilities of profit and pleasure, the friendship of the really great men and women, the knowledge for which their minds are made, and which lies waiting for them in books.[1]

He urged that the Home Reading Union should be brought into active co-operation with libraries, and that the many persons taking classes or working parochial organisations should be drawn in.

Volunteer workers float about like clouds whose moisture never reaches the earth; they need a condensing point. Public libraries are such condensing points, and through them volunteers might reach the public, and bring to them the books refreshing to the mind. There are many casual readers, and it is pathetic to notice the time they waste in plodding through books to which they have been attracted just by the title—books out of date and doomed to dull any enthusiasm.[1]

The article brought him much correspondence, and to all who wrote he freely "lent his mind out."

Helped by the generosity of Mr. Passmore Edwards, the library movement rapidly spread in East London; and before we left Whitechapel in 1906, Canon Barnett had the gratification of seeing six[2] public libraries established by the Borough Council, and, under the efficient and unflagging care of Mr. A. Cawthorne, a large scheme of organisations planted to grow and flourish in the "studious atmosphere generated by books." Of my husband's influence on the movement, Mr. A. Cawthorne has written as follows:

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[1] *Towards Social Reform*; published by T. Fisher Unwin.

[2] They were: 1. Whitechapel—opened 1892. 2. St. George-in-the-East—opened 1898. 3. Limehouse—opened 1901. 4. Mile End—opened 1902. 5. Nature-study Museum—opened 1904. 6. Borough Reference Library and Lecture-hall—opened 1906.

Canon Barnett's indefatigable advocacy of the Public Library Movement in East London was based on an intimate knowledge of the conditions under which the people lived, obtained by marvellous patience and sympathy. As the result of his unique experience he firmly believed that "there is no royal road by which the poor can be made rich. The improvement must come by growth from within, and not by accretions from without. The only effective help is that which strengthens character." Convinced of this, he set to work assiduously to convince others of its potency in combating the apathy, poverty, and depravity which prevailed in his day. . .

Early in his career he formed parish and students' libraries which prepared the way . . . educated public opinion, and brought about the adoption of the Public Libraries Act. The successful establishment of a public library and museum in Whitechapel was achieved mainly by his energetic action, and it has the distinction of being the pioneer of its kind in the East End. . .

Canon Barnett had a wonderful power of winning supporters as well as rare business acumen. . . His method was to procure the materialisation of his scheme and then entrust the institution to the care and development of others. He then became a constructive critic of its administration, and inspired those responsible for the direction of the work with the highest ideals of service, constantly stimulating them to strive for the attainment of the objects he had in view. . . Joined to his executive capacity he had remarkable foresight and profound knowledge of human nature and the essentials of human progress.

Such, in brief, is the appreciation of one who has proved the soundness of the Canon's principles, as well as the efficacy of his methods, by over twenty years' public service in East London and who enjoyed the privilege of working under his leadership. The inspiration then communicated continues to be an impelling force, and the recollection of his magnetical personality will always be an incentive to the writer to persevere in the work which the great man originated in the hope of affording scope for a fuller measure of life to the people of the East End, whom he served so conscientiously and unselfishly.

A. CAWTHORNE
(*Chief Librarian and Supervisor of Museums, Metropolitan Borough of Stepney*).

"What would be your message to the great body of industrial workers?" asked one of the interviewers[1] who were often desirous to get Canon Barnett to talk through the Press. His reply is not without value, now, when circumstances have brought more money into the pockets of wage-earners.

1892.—At this juncture I would press home to them the need of knowledge as the means of widening their lives. The mistake working men seem to me to be making is in thinking that their only want is money, and that is why we press so hard the University Extension teaching. We say to a man, "If you will only read history you may get out of your single room and live in the Empire, and if you will make Shakespeare your own you will have the biggest possession, next the Bible, the English language ever can possess. It is nonsense thinking you must possess parks and lands; when you have them you will find it your best pleasure to enjoy Shakespeare." . . . The tendency of nearly all education has been to restrain imagination. I think it needs development. I do not want many alterations in law, but I should like the best things made free. We want many more baths and wash-houses, especially swimming-baths, and they should be free and open in every district. Books and pictures should be freely shown, so that every man may have a public library or a picture-gallery as his drawing-room, where he can enjoy what is good with his boys and girls. We want more open spaces, so that every man, woman, and child might sit in the open air and see the sky and the sunset. . . We want free provision of the best forms of pleasure. Denmark provides travelling scholarships, and our school authorities are taking steps in that direction. Germany does something to give everyone the opportunity of seeing great plays, greatly acted. A few of the English town councils have recognised the importance of the public performance of fine music. The way is thus shown, but much more must be done, and there must be patience while, through the operation of education and of leisure, the poor learn to enjoy these things. Poverty cannot pay for the pleasure which satisfies, and yet, without that pleasure, the people perish. . . . Free air, free water, free literature, cheap trains, would make a great change.

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[1] *Christian Commonwealth*, August 1892.

To those who feel the need of knowledge to enrich the lives of the industrial classes, and the momentous and far-reaching sway of libraries, it will seem fitting that the Memorial that some of his friends at Oxford have raised to my husband in Barnett House should be the home of two libraries. The specialised one covers the wide field of social and economic problems, where books await the student on "the relations between commercial and industrial systems and social conditions, between legal and political institutions and the well-being of the community." And on the floor above lives the library of the Workers' Educational Association, which has Mr. Cartwright's earnest knowledge to direct its use for the aid of the "many groups of working men and women students who come yearly to Oxford during the summer holidays, for the purpose of advancing the winter's work in the tutorial classes throughout the country."

CHAPTER XXX

"*No social reform will be adequate which does not touch social relations, bind classes by friendship, and pass, through the medium of friendship, the spirit which inspires righteousness and devotion.*"

THREE years after Toynbee Hall was built, a residential house for students was opened and called Wadham House after the name of my husband's college. Its objects are best explained in the words which are set out in Mr. Barnett's handwriting at the beginning of a book signed by every student-resident.

1887.—Communion represents the highest state of human development, and for perfect communion there must be perfect individuals. It is the hope of the founders that Wadham House may offer an example of a common life satisfying to its members and helpful to its neighbours.

The first duty therefore of each Resident will be to pursue some study which will lead him to think more clearly and to feel more deeply.

His second duty will be to consider the other Residents, subduing, if necessary, his own taste and temper so as to make the House pleasant and restful.

His third duty will be every week to do something, however small, which will help the ignorant, the sad, or the sinning, remembering always that the true man is he that serveth.

That by seeking high things and by doing generous things the members of Wadham House may enjoy common life, is the hope of their friends—

SAML. A. BARNETT, Wadham College, Oxford: Warden.
HENRIETTA O. BARNETT, St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel.

The eighteen men took up residence under the stimulating guidance of Mr. Monk, Canon Bradby acted as Censor of Studies, and to me each Resident came for half an hour on Sunday mornings to be directed in the service of the poor. Thus every man gained fuller life for himself, and by means of clubs, night schools, visits to the workhouse, payment of pensions, shared his fuller life with those less happily placed. Wadham House gave much work and considerable anxiety to the Warden, for its Residents had not had the experience in corporate life which public schools or the Universities give, and clashing individualities are apt to cause friction. Two years after it was founded he reported:

> 1889.—Wadham House has now thoroughly established itself . . . and the students are coming to be more and more the centre of the best work among the University Extension Society's members. A good deal of quiet study goes on in the House, and several men are preparing for the London Matriculation and B.A. examinations. . . Before long it may be possible to give some tutorial assistance to students who are anxious to go through a systematic course of evening study, whether or not in connection with the London University Examination. This will be a large step towards the establishment of real University training in East London.

> *To F. G. B.*, 1888.—On Thursday evening we had the annual Wadham supper to commemorate the opening. Twenty-four men were present and there were many congratulations. Bolton King made a beautiful speech and impressed everyone. Indeed, there is no more pleasant feature in our neighbourhood than this home for students. It is so self-supporting and is so overflowing, that we are contemplating opening another house to take in thirty-six more men.

In 1890 a house[1] on the other side of the tennis court was altered, furnished for students' residences, and called Balliol in honour of Mr. Jowett. The following year its new common room was opened[2] by Mr. H. H. Asquith—our faithful friend through all these long years. Of this new development Mr. Barnett reported:

> 1889.—Balliol House will, we hope, be only one of a long succession of colleges which will grow up in Whitechapel naturally and to meet a felt need, just as colleges sprung up at Oxford and Cambridge in the Middle Ages. The eye of faith may see in their spread at some future time the growth of a great democratic University, as popular and far reaching as the mediæval Univer-

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[1] This is the house referred to in page 140 of Vol. I.

[2] The Warden wrote:

To F. G. B., March 1890.—The supper was coupled with the house-warming of the new common room, or "the uncommon room" as Dr. Bradby called it.

sities were, when the "poor students" crowded in thousands round the feet of the great scholastic teachers.

1891.—The future of what may grow in time to be part of an East London residential University is full of anxious problems. But, probably, none of the various growths that have originated in Toynbee Hall has greater possibilities.

From its first week of existence Balliol was very different from Wadham, and in Mr. Barnett's opinion neither so happy nor so useful. Most of its men refused to deal individually with the poor, contenting themselves with rather rowdy Christmas parties and wanting for them "dirty children," a demand no one should insult humanity by wishing to see. Probably owing to another Mr. Monk not arising, the leaders frequently changed, and the tone of the house sometimes fell to the level of those of the members who untruthfully headed their note-paper "Toynbee Hall," or requisitioned the common room for "common" amusements, or treated the house as a cheap lodging, and used the Toynbee privileges as so many personal assets. My husband did not ignore the difficulties, nor shirk the consequences of firm ruling.

To F. G. B., February 1896.—On Monday I had to meet one of the storms which seem to belong to February, and from ten to twelve I was face to face with forty Balliol men who were on the brink of rebellion because I had excluded a man for being drunk. I hope all is right now, but it is harder to use a victory than win a battle.

In the Toynbee Report the Warden said:

1898.—The experiment of providing what may be residential colleges in the future London University has been interesting, and is not yet complete. The need is obvious. There are thousands of young men who yearly come to London, many of whom have an ambition to study. They find an increasing supply of lectures and classes, but lodgings in some gloomy street, in a house crowded with families, provide neither quiet nor stimulus. Wadham and Balliol Houses, founded to give "special opportunities for study as well as the advantages and economies of common life," have therefore had no lack of applicants for admission. Each Resident has his own quiet study, and also the common-room association with other students. He has the help of a tutor and access to a good library. Wadham House, under the guidance of Mr. Monk, has, to a large extent, fulfilled the hopes of its founders. The men have, as a rule been good students, and some approach is made to the ideal of simple living and high thinking. Balliol House has not been so satisfactory. The controversies which must always arise between work and play, and between authority and liberty, have not been settled. A studious atmosphere has not always prevailed, and discipline has sometimes been resented. The Council has this year appointed Mr. Robinson as a resident Dean, with authority to make and enforce rules. He is supported by men who have been some time in the House, and who have keen feeling for its objects. There is good reason to hope that the vigour, the independence, and the ambition which have been the general characteristics of Balliol House men may arrange themselves under a Head and make a unity with the force of variety.

The ways in which Mr. Barnett's hopes were supported by his action kept others besides his wife marvelling. His patience, his unfailing courtesy—and he had to confess that "so and so" was "very rude"—his conviction that all men really loved what was best, his profound belief that self-government was right, never failed. But the work and the worry!

"Sir, in spite of the representation I made to *you* last Friday, I think it my duty to inform you I have been kicked out." . . . "Mr. ——'s adherents adopt underhand methods." . . . "Mr. ——'s 'wrongs,' as they are pleased to think them, are so and so," . . . and thus on and on for pages; but, on the other hand, one got letters like the following:

WADHAM HOUSE, WHITECHAPEL, 1888.

DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—Very many thanks for your letter. . . Now that I am leaving I see more clearly the lessons that have been put before me, and I am confident that that principle of life of which you speak, and which I have seen worked out during the last few years cannot but influence me in all my after-life. . . I have much to thank you for and beg to remain

Yours truly, A. B. C.

Perhaps Mr. Barnett expected too much from indirect influence, for there has been preserved a long and able report[1] from Mr.—now Sir—Robert L. Morant—1895—in which he points out that with the intimate knowledge that acting as Censor gave him, he thinks a more definite understanding of what was expected of the men would have saved some disappointments. In the following tables he analyses the employments and the studies of the members:

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[1] Sir Alfred Lyall was the Chairman of the Committee which had considered the difficulties, and Mr. Morant, the Honorary Secretary.

	Balliol.	Wadham.	Total.
Clerks in Business Houses	16	9	25
Elementary School Masters	9	1	10
Clerks in the Civil Service	3	6	9
Connected with Journalism	3	1	4
Medical Students	2	0	2
Miscellaneous	6	0	6
	39	17	56

Working for London University Degree	7	2	9
Working for Professional Examinations	7	0	7
Working for Civil Service Examinations	3	3	6
Study for pure study's sake	6	2	8
Miscellaneous, needing some spur	8	3	11
Time occupied with other forms of work	7	4	11
Idle and unoccupied	1	3	4
	39	17	56

Sir Robert also dwells on the relations between Toynbee Hall and the two houses, and sums up:

> Both the houses are quite full and there are seven names awaiting the next vacancy. That the houses fill a distinct need in London student life is evident, and that the sort of life provided is just that which the circumstances require is proved by the great regret with which men leave the house, and the increasing number of new residents who come as friends of present men.

That this report was acted on is seen from Mr. Barnett's reference to a change of policy, and eight years after its issue he wrote:

> 1903.—It is pleasant to report that both Wadham and Balliol Houses have been full, and the Censor is of opinion that more solid study has been done than in any previous year.[1]

The exchange of the indirect forces of influence for the direct power of rules was made with great reluctance, for my husband held that the strongest forces were those that did not strive nor cry, but permeated silently, and by raising ideals enlisted men in their own development.

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[1] The financial arrangements were as follows:

The rent of a furnished room, including attendance and use of common room, was 7*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week. The total inclusive cost of board, lodging, washing, etc. (exclusive of mid-day meals) did not exceed 15*s.* per week. Rent was paid weekly. Each student had a latch-key, the part use of the tennis-court, and free access to the Toynbee Students' Library.

While Toynbee was increasing its output in all directions, action had to be taken to keep up the supply of Oxford and Cambridge men, and to tell the Universities of the needs of the ignorant and over-worked. These duties took us often to Oxford and in the pleasantest of ways, for among the good things that Mr. Jowett brought to Balliol was our old Rector, Canon Fremantle, who, when out of residence in Canterbury, acted as Chaplain in the College Chapel. He and Mrs. Fremantle always welcomed us to their house, 3, Ship Street, and added to their kindnesses by lending it to us when his duties as Canon claimed him. What splendid times we had in that little old house, to which we usually went late in May and stayed until term ended. Every day some men came to breakfast and others to luncheon, and in the afternoon the hamper was packed, for the river wooed us. The men pulled, and Iffley, Newnham, Godstow, or the Cherwell hearkened to many jokes and much weighty talk—the Canon usually sitting in the bow, and I steering; a parable perhaps, for in our common work he saw and pointed out where to go, and I knew how to get there.

Learned and staid Oxford also was very hospitable to us, and my memory is stored with pleasant recollections of dinners with Dr. Bright at University College, Mr. Broderick at Merton, Dr. and Mrs. Jackson at Exeter, Mr. and Mrs. McGrath at Queen's, Mr. York Powell at Christ Church, with Professor and Mrs. Max Müller, Professor and Mrs. Burdon Sanderson, and a hundred other less notable but not less interesting people. As year after year we came up, other friendships grew—with the college porters, the market stall-keepers, the gardeners, whose beauty-creating work bred gratitude in hearts wearied with Whitechapel barrenness; and later, when we bought the nautilus-shaped cart and Miss Shaw Lefevre lent us the Somerville pony, we stole afternoons from social duties and trotted off *tête à tête* to revisit some of the farther-afield walks of Mr. Barnett's undergraduate days. Extracts from my husband's letters to his brother bring back the spirit of those Oxford times.

May 24th, 1884.—Oxford is lovely, very lovely in this weather, and there is that to be found in a College garden which is in no other country or garden. There is a rest of humanity in the old College walls which fits in with the rest of nature and gives it the movement it sometimes wants. . .

Oxford, *July* 12*th*, 1884.—We have greatly enjoyed two quiet days and have driven out the pony to pay country visits. There is something especially restful in jogging through the lanes, a kind of independence and freedom from anxiety mingles with the country influence. We never enjoy a holiday so much as this Darby and Joan sort.

Oxford, *May* 9*th*, 1885.—Yesterday we dined at —— College, and met some orthodox into whom we stuck pins. On Thursday we had a quiet day, and rejoiced in it. This Oxford life suggests many thoughts. Among other flaws, I see the disposition to get up societies within the Colleges, and not to make the College the unit. There is a loss here; it is well for a man to belong to the largest whole with which he can identify himself. The family man is the patriot.

Oxford, *July* 3*rd*, 1886.—Here is a day fit for the river. The sun is blazing, strawberries are ripe, and we are going to spend the day in a boat. The Harts are with us and we shall not go back till the late train at nine o'clock. . .

On Thursday evening we went to a dinner party to meet a lot of undergrads and had a fairly pleasant time. These boys want to be men and have the Oxford dread of saying something silly. The safe subject is novels. They have opinions on Dickens, etc., which they air well. The Balliol boys are the best.

Oxford, *March* 4*th*, 1888.—On Thursday my wife lunched with Mrs. Burdon Sanderson, and fell in love with the Professor. I dined at Corpus with my old tutor, Cuthbert Shields, a very able and original man who has been spending intervening years in the East with Jews and Druses. He has all sorts of beliefs and theories shared by Laurence Oliphant. At dinner I met Dicey, who wrote *the* book against Home Rule, and also the chaplain of Cairo. Both were interesting and the dinner was good. My friend's pictures are characteristic, they were illustrations of Browning in which humanity and nature were mingled with one-ness.

Oxford, *June* 22*nd*, 1889.—Would that you could have shared this weather. It is charming, and this cool air plays among the leaves till the night comes and hushes both light and sound to sleep. Last night we were on the river, and as we came home after supper in Magdalen the sight of the towers and trees against the summer sky made a fair memory. In the presence of such a teacher as the sky, other teachers should be dumb. It preaches a unity, a greatness which harmonises and humbles. What a loss it is that so few learn of nature.

As to your query re the colleges, at present Balliol is easily top. There is more honest work, more humility, and more religion in it than in the other colleges. The tutors are called "slaves" and their slavery is that which St. Paul commends when he tells us to be slaves of Christ. We have seen many men. My wife has borne up wonderfully; she says she is stronger, but I hardly dare say she is. She looks so pale that my heart daily sinks and I cannot look forward to any plan. We shall go home on Tuesday and then——! With love for ever.—S. A. B.

During those happy Ship Street weeks our Whitechapel friends came much to see us, sometimes to stay, but generally for long summer days, and often in groups, such as the St. Jude's congregation, the Toynbee Students' Union, Pupil Teachers and various clubs. On them our friends showered hospitality. They came early, and as Oxford works in the mornings, we showed them its wonders until one o'clock. Then either Wadham or Balliol or Exeter or Oriel gave them dinner in their halls, and after a few welcoming or explanatory speeches the party split up in the charge of many undergraduates, who ended the afternoon pleasures by giving their guests tea in their rooms. At eight o'clock we usually all assembled in Balliol Hall, where Mr. John Farmer made music for us, and with thanksgiving we parted. My husband greatly enjoyed those long days and introducing people of all classes to each other.[1]

To F. G. B.—Oxford, *May 9th*, 1885.—We have just returned from a morning spent with Whitechapel folk. There came 106, and we have trotted them about and dined them at Wadham. They are now in groups of six going with various men round the colleges and on the river. . . The Vice-Chancellor [Mr. Jowett] came round, poker and all, to talk to our folk, and said Grace for them. He used Burns's Grace, and said it so prettily.

Such extracts could be multiplied indefinitely, and they and a little red-covered "Oxford Engagement Book" bring back full days. Here is one page of a June day:

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[1] Of one such day a guest wrote:

One of the outings was to Oxford. We dined in Balliol Hall. Professor Jowett was present and I recall his big silvery head and sort of baby face. I always read what he said in the papers after that.

Breakfast with the "Master" (Balliol). F. G. B.'s Bristol Club men (20)—Wells,[1] Geldart,[2] Murray,[3] Ball,[4] take charge.

College secretaries lunch here—Gell, Rowland, Cassell, Danks, Turner, Russell, Roberts, Smith.

Garden party—Max Müller's.

Dinner with York Powell (Christ Church).

Callers—Forbes, Hewins, A. L. Smith, Le Sueur, Underhill, Hobhouse, Matheson, Shaw.

The reference to the college secretaries needs explanation. In the Toynbee Report Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell wrote:

> 1886.—Numerous meetings have been held at both Universities, when the social questions which confront us have been discussed. . . The seed sown will, it is believed, bear fruit in years to come, when the undergraduates of to-day are the administrators, the landlords, the journalists, the law-makers, the clergy, the public opinion of their time. . . "The solution of the Social Question lies in the thought of the young men of England," and no one who knows them at the Universities can doubt that it needs but contact with the positive facts of city life to stir their sympathies, and to make the condition of the people one of the deep-set problems of their minds.

The college secretaries referred to did the important work of arranging meetings, interesting freshmen, collecting funds, and bringing likely undergraduates into touch with East London. Of these volunteer officials we saw a great deal, both when we were at Oxford and when they stayed in Toynbee, and from their perennial spring of enthusiasm sprang many consequences.

Through the twenty-two years under review—1884 to 1906—the meetings at Oxford were of many kinds. Sometimes they were held in the men's rooms; sometimes in the college halls, when those present heard reports of the work undertaken, and asked questions, foolish or otherwise; sometimes there was a joint meeting at which big people made speeches; sometimes small conferences on labour questions or economic problems would be arranged; sometimes Toynbee Hall and its activities would be left out, and the undergraduates invited to hear of some noble achievement or self-sacrificing service, such as when Mr. Edward Clifford told of his visit to Father Damian and the leper colony.

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[1] Warden of Wadham.

[2] Professor of English Law.

[3] Regius Professor of Greek.

[4] Senior Tutor of St. John and President of Barnett House, Oxford.

Some extracts from the Toynbee Reports on these meetings are here given :

1892.—Toynbee Hall is as yet upon the threshold of its work, and if the spirit of the place be true and the cherished belief of the Warden be well founded, many more must rally—as learners, as teachers, and as friends—to the work of personal social service. In order to bring this home to resident members of Oxford, the great meeting in Balliol Hall was held, when, under the presidency of the Master, Lord Herschell, Mr. H. H. Asquith, and Mr. Barnett emphasised the claims of the poor and the call of social duties.

1898.—A fair number of meetings have been held during the year. In the October term there was a meeting at Balliol at which Mr. Morant spoke, and a debate at the Corpus College Debating Society which was opened by Mr. Lionel Curtis, who was splendidly supported in the discussion by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick. Later in the term, Canon Barnett, with Mr. R. E. S. Hart, held a very interesting meeting in the Warden's old college—Wadham—and another, which was well attended, at Exeter. In the Lent term there were meetings at Oriel and Queen's.

When I was ill and could not go with him, or had to stay behind and be the figure-head, Mr. Barnett always wrote what he thought of the meetings :

To H. O. B., 1883.—The meeting is going on, the best I ever faced—600 men. I ought to have been better, but the men cheered in a way to make me think of you and wish you could hear. As I sit and think, I say " Oh, what I might have said." The dinner was a mistake, bad eating and no good talk.

To F. G. B., May 9th, 1885.—Oxford is as usual good. On Sunday at the meeting at Balliol I once more fiddled on the Settlement string and found the men ready to dance. In fact the men altogether are as responsive as ever and put me in good heart.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, 1888.

To H. O. B.—Let me spend half an hour with you. The college is quiet, the bed waits, and behind is the glare, the talk, the fire of falseness in which Jowett walks like the Son of Man. . .

On arriving here the Master welcomed me and introduced me to Lord A——. He is indolent, inclined, I think, to overeat and overdrink, and subject to fits of abstraction in which I expect he gets comfortable by thinking of nothing. He rather " cottoned " to me, showed intelligent interest, and expressed repeated wishes to come to Toynbee Hall, about which he knows something. He is not a man I should welcome if he were a tradesman, but as he will be one of the richest of Dukes and as he has liberal sentiments, he must be improved! The worst of it is that he agreed with all my attacks! said the fate of the country will be decided in the next ten years, and that all depended on the upper classes doing their duty.

The other guests are Lord B——, his wife, and sister-in-law. Lord B—— is a typical aristocrat, thin, refined, and supercilious. He has more manners than manliness and seems to be bored by life. He carries just as much polish as the material of which he is made will bear. He would be improved if he could box with a Whitechapel club-boy. His wife is loudly interested in everything. She is length without breadth or depth; being a woman, she is better with what she has than if she were a man. She is, that is, attached to persons—pities the poor, but she could not be indignant. Her sister I hate—she is open, frank, a sayer of daring things, bright-eyed, a capturer of men, but she is false. . .

The Goschens only came just before dinner and as yet I had had only a few words with either. My place was next to Lady B——, with young Goschen on the other side. After dinner the Master came and sat by me. We had a pleasant little talk about talking, which, he repeats, he finds so rare, then I drew Goschen in over the Sweating Commission and talk was general. Goschen agrees with me in thinking the evidence doubtful.

In the drawing-room I talked to the Burdon Sandersons. They *are* nice people—the best of all, and we chatted pleasantly of work in relation to pay, and Sanderson rather agreed that the best work is that which is underpaid. I then spoke with Mrs. Goschen, who is absorbed in making bazaars, etc., to raise money. I tried to inflame her to curse the rich who won't give without such stimuli, even though they have more than they can spend. A little chat with John Farmer and Gell brought the evening to an end, and now at 11.30 after a talk with my wife I feel better and fitter for bed.

To H. O. B.—BALLIOL COLLEGE.—Sunday was just a long day of talk. These people, though, want to be amused and they don't care for my serious company. . . I was struck by the way Jowett and Goschen like the girl whom I disliked, and again I felt with the Puritans that possibly all pleasure is bad. These men for their pleasure encouraged the girl who by her ways will corrupt youth. She had not a spark of reverence in her.

I enjoyed a talk with A. L. Smith who *is* a good fellow. . . But I had the best talk of all with Miss Smith. We again wanted you. She is kindly and shrewd. . .

After breakfast I had a talk with Jowett, who was delighted about the advertisement of our Essays [*Practicable Socialism*], which he saw only last night. He smiled and shook my hand and seemed to think their production must be filling *all* our thoughts. He said he was just going to recommend us to do something of the kind.

At the station I took leave of the guests, who again sent kind messages to you, and here I am in a third-class carriage with an excuse that I have done my best—I mean, being what I am, but not the best possible if I were what I might be. How true it is that unless one always lives right, one cannot be right in a crisis. "In the spiritual life there can be no holidays, only seasons of recreation." To-day I know that I ought to live more prayerfully.

To report what other people said of his speeches would take up too much room, but what Mr. Alfred Spender wrote in *The Westminster Gazette*, June 19th, 1913, expresses what some felt:

> 1913.—I remember long ago one of the many meetings at Oxford at which good people sought to teach willing disciples the errors of indiscriminate charity, and the dreariness of spirit with which one listened to logical economic arguments which, however intended, had the effect of making complacent people a little more complacent in abstaining from perilous donations to the poor. And then Barnett uprose, and the whole atmosphere changed as he brushed all this aside as only the preliminary to a new kind of brotherly service which would ask more and not less of those who accepted it.

Mr. Barnett's speeches were not all of equal value. Sometimes he would assume that his listeners knew far more than they did, and he would refer to municipal government or dry-bone statistics without explanation; sometimes he talked as if his audience were suffering acutely because of the injustices endured by the poor, whereas they were for the most part indifferent because ignorant, just happy youths; sometimes he would be really too vague and mystical, and then I scolded him; but usually he was thoughtful, humble, large, and suggestive; and sometimes he was really great. Occasionally he wrote what had been in his mind at the University meetings as an introduction to the Toynbee Reports. One of these I append, though it has been difficult to choose, for each one of the twenty-two has an excellence of its own.

> 1890.—Every Settlement assumes that men of education settle in some industrial centre, and there undertake the duties which naturally rise. . .
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> There are, however, two characteristics of Toynbee Hall to which I would draw attention. The first is the size of the place, and the second is the broad basis of its membership.
>
> It is important, I think, that a Settlement should contain at

least twelve Residents. A large body allows more space for the growth of individuality, while it is able to make a more evident mark on a neighbourhood. When only a few men live together, it is impossible for one to seek loneliness without letting the others be conscious of the fact. All are so closely packed that there is no room for the play of temper, no space in which opinion can move and unconsciously exert influence, and there is danger either of frequent friction or of the establishment of a narrow uniformity. Further, if there be any good in the culture or the knowledge or the habits gained at the Universities, it is most important that they who come to represent such a good should not be overcome by the influences of their new neighbourhood. But a small body is less able than a large body to resist such influences, and there is danger lest without the stimulation of their own surroundings and their accustomed companionship, the members of such a body may give way to the slovenliness and cheapness and want of manners which often distinguishes industrial neighbourhoods.

In the next place I think that a broad basis of membership is a great source of strength. "Platforms," "defined positions," and "party names" help to make a success which can be measured, but such successes are often gained at the loss of other organisations and nurse the spirit of narrowness. Such successes may serve to encourage followers, but they do not appeal to the common deep sense which believes in right and hopes for unity. Teetotallers, unsectarians, Churchmen, any who hoist a party banner are able to show the success they achieve; they point to numbers, and their followers grow more and more keen. The question, though, remains as to whether keenness for any party means advance in charity and truth, in peace and goodwill, and the fact remains that the successes of these parties are viewed with suspicion by some of the worthiest citizens, who to their soul's hurt ask, "Do they serve God for nought?"

Our broad basis of membership, the fact that among the Residents in Toynbee Hall have been found Churchmen, Nonconformists, Roman Catholics, Jews, and unsectarians, if it prevents us from showing a number of proselytes, has prevented also such a reproach. No man can say that Toynbee Hall has any narrow aim; it does not exist to increase any party, or to bring honour to any body. Moreover, I believe that our broad position has not only brought us into touch with men to whom, had we called ourselves by any name, we could not have come near, but that this position constitutes a real force for religion. Naturally as a minister of Christ, I am concerned before all things for the growth of true religion in East London. I see, though, how often the usual methods and common teaching fail to commend religion, and how many good men make converts without making their converts conscious of sonship to God.

When I study myself and others, I find that what for our souls' health we need before all things is to believe in good, to believe that a man may "serve God for nought." Jesus Christ convinced the world of righteousness, and through knowledge of Him many have become conscious of their sonship. They who to-day, apart from any party, by their care for truth, for right, for love, show that they serve God for nought, make, I think, the greatest force on the side of religion.

Perhaps the greatest meeting was that held in Balliol Hall in 1892. It can be told in the words written nearer the time.[1]

> It was a crowded meeting of the Universities Settlements Association that was held in Balliol Hall in March 1892, it being known that Mr. Jowett, who had recently been dangerously ill, would take the chair. He spoke falteringly (for he was still weakly), and once there came an awful pause that paled the hearers who loved him, in fear for his well-being. He told something of his own connection with the movement; of how he had twice stayed with us in Whitechapel, and had seen men's efforts to lift this dead weight of ignorance and pain. He referred to Arnold Toynbee, one of the "purest-minded of men," and one who "troubled himself greatly over the unequal position of mankind." He told of the force of friendship which was to him sacred, and "some of which should be offered to the poor." He dwelt on his own hopes for Toynbee Hall, and of its uses to Oxford, as well as to Whitechapel; and he spoke also of us and our work, but those words were conceived by his friendship for and his faith in us, and hardly represented the facts. They left out of sight what the Master of Balliol could only imperfectly know—the countless acts of kindness, the silent gifts of patient service, and the unobtrusive lives of many men; their reverence before weakness and poverty, their patience with misunderstanding, their faith in the power of the best, their tenderness to children, and their boldness against vice. These are the foundations on which Toynbee Hall has been built, and on which it aims to raise the ideals of human life, and strengthen faith in God.

That last sentence I meant then, and I mean still, and many times as I write do I long to tell of the men we worked with, lived with, and loved, such as Bolton King,[2] whose gay, gracious personality and dreadful clothing but ill indicated his unusual intellectual gifts and princely generosity.

"Do you know that you have taken the best history man of his year, Mrs. Barnett?" said the Master of Balliol to me in a solemn *tête-à-tête* talk to which he had invited me in his study. "What are you going to do with him in Whitechapel?"

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[1] "The Beginnings of Toynbee Hall," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

[2] Director of Education, Warwickshire C.C.; joint author with T. Okey of *Italy To-day*.

"Show him how to make history," I replied. "It is better than either writing or reading it." But Bolton has done all three.

T. Hancock Nunn,[1] nick-named "None-such," whose unexpectedness in thought and action kept us ever interested, as he soared to spiritual heights that had not occurred to us before, *e.g.* when we were yachting in the Mediterranean soon after the earthquake at Messina, and glasses in hand eagerly looked at Nature's destruction, "Tummas" read Browning in the stern, explaining his absence by saying, "No one likes being looked at in their pain"; or again when someone had condoled with him on his proximity to a bomb, he said:

"I am glad when we are raided in London. It helps us to sympathise with what our men are suffering for us."

Ernest Aves,[2] the "Pater," so wise, deep-voiced, judicial, so steadfastly dutiful and strong in his slowness, so wholly lovable and generally so tiresomely right—of whom Mr. Barnett wrote when he left us to be married, 1897:

> There have been many expressions of gratitude and goodwill on the occasion of Mr. Aves's marriage and consequent resignation of his place in the House. But none of those who have yet spoken can speak as I can of the value of his service. He has been essentially a "friend-maker," supplying out of his sympathy the strength which has enabled others to bear and to forbear, and making it possible, by the activity of his selfless watchfulness, for strangers, perhaps suspicious of one another's motives, to feel the latent good-will.

Mr. E. J. Urwick,[3] that incomparable host, whose courteous tact hid the will which never forgot its goals reached by self-forgetting labour.

Mr. V. A. Boyle, whose fine brain, finely trained, was given to the law until his experience at St. Jude's showed him that a nobler sacrifice could be rendered through the

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[1] Member of Royal Commission on the Poor Laws; Hon. Sec. Hampstead Council of Social Welfare.

[2] Collaborator with Charles Booth of *Life and Labour in London.* Chairman of the Trades Board.

[3] Director of London School of Sociology; Professor of Economic Science and Statistics, King's College, London; Sub-warden of Toynbee Hall, 1901–3.

Church; the man who for eight years helped my husband with devotion and insight, both as confidential secretary and colleague, and who is still rendering service to his memory in aiding me to make his character and thoughts known through this book.

Of few of the Residents did my husband write, but when Mr. G. L. Bruce left after living with us seventeen years, he wrote in the Toynbee Report:

> 1903.—Mr. Bruce's departure makes a great blank. He has been in the House since 1886, and has thus known many generations. He would probably say that he has been a gainer by his experience, and would urge men desiring to find a satisfactory foothold in life to obey the call which tells them to live among the poor. The Council, however, can certainly say that his residence has had a special value in showing how a man with all his time at his disposal may live under the authority of duty. His activity of mind, body, and conscience have been a constant spur, and his resignation leaves a sense of something missing. He is followed on his marriage with the heartiest good wishes.

It is a fascinating pleasure to dwell on the memories of friends who for so many years occupied the position of house-mates, but it may not be unseemly to quote the quaint exaggeration of St. John when he wrote "the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

CHAPTER XXXI

“*Signs abound that humanity is becoming broader in its outlook and deeper in its insight, and the signs prove that the world is advancing towards the time of peace and goodwill.*”

[illegible]

Settl

In 1884, as soon as the movement for founding Toynbee Hall was under way, a group of men led by the Warden of Keble decided to start a Church Settlement. That men should think it necessary to start another Settlement because Toynbee Hall was not in their opinion religious, was a deep, a very deep, pain to Mr. Barnett. But though he and I often talked and agonised over it together, I have but few written words to tell what he thought. The following sentence in a letter to his brother will explain why:

> *March* 1884.—The Keble people are very vigorous and it will strain one’s charity to be in spirit their fellow-workers. I must begin by quenching the desire to say what I think. Words do a great deal to give form to thought.

He was hurt also when Miss Octavia Hill, without talking it over with us, went to Oxford, and spoke at one of the “Oxford House” meetings; and he could not help minding when the followers, if not the leaders, of the Church party, tried to influence earnest men who had arranged to come to Toynbee, to withdraw and join the religious Settlement. Of this Father Adderley wrote in his Reminiscences:

> It was no small gratification to me that on Barnett’s going to Bristol he wrote thus: “It is always to me a pleasant memory that while my clerical neighbours misunderstood, you did understand and openly gave me support.”
>
> He referred to the time when I was starting Oxford House and he was starting Toynbee Hall. . .
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> It is a joy to me to recollect that, although the aims and methods of the two settlements were, and still are, somewhat different, there was no antagonism. I am convinced that in the death of Canon Barnett the Church and nation have lost one of the very few prophets that we have had in our midst for a hundred years. He was a great man, and I blush

to think that while Toynbee Hall had this man as its Warden, Oxford House had to be content with such an inferior article in me as its Head. . . He made a deep study of East-end life, and really knew the people.[1]

Yes! Father Adderley is right, "there was no antagonism"; but it was because in his meekness Mr. Barnett never refuted statements derogatory to himself, but bore in silence disparaging assertions concerning his faith and his lack of devotion. For myself I could only stand and wait, not infrequently dumbfounded by his self-mastery. Perhaps the climax was reached in an event chronicled only in these few words, "Toynbee Hall and Oxford House held a joint meeting to advocate the claims of the poor." For to accomplish that union Mr. Barnett had to win over many whose indignation advocated competition instead of unity. No doubt our friends Mr.[2] and Mrs. Talbot had to do the same.

The valuable service that cultivated men and women could render as neighbours of the poor was soon recognised, and Settlements representing different religious views or classes of thought were rapidly established: Caius 1887, St. Hilda's for women 1889, Mansfield House 1890, Bermondsey Settlement 1891, Canning Town 1892, Browning Hall 1895, Cambridge House 1896, Passmore Edwards 1896. To all the founders Mr. Barnett gladly gave time and thought; while Professor Leonard and the residents of Broad Plain House added greatly to the interests of Bristol.

In 1887 Miss Jane Addams came to see us. We greeted her with the same patient or impatient civility with which we greeted the large number of unknown visitors, and soon forgot all about her. In 1889 she came again, and then we realised that she was a great soul, and took pains to show her much and tell her more. How she went back to America, and started that most wonderful of all Settlements, Hull House, where men and women live and work together, is known to all the world, but the value of the gift of her friendship to us both is known only to us. Whenever she could she has visited us during the years that have intervened, and on each occasion fresh depths of her character have been revealed, new spiritual forces realised. When we were in Chicago in 1891 we stayed with her in Hull House, and for me she had reserved the pleasure of opening their first Art Exhibition, Mr. Barnett giving one of his suggestive, elusive, indefinite addresses so specially attractive to the American mind.

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[1] *In Slums and Society.*

[2] Bishop of Winchester.

Hom [illegible]

The organisation she controlled was then large, but she daily spent some hours in housework, and tended babies meanwhile. The house was built on three sides of a yard, the fourth side being enclosed by railings running parallel to the street. The front door was in the centre of the building, the art gallery occupying one wing. One morning during our visit naughty boys came again and again and rang the front bell, and again and again Miss Addams, with a sickly and sickening baby in her arms, answered the bell, only to find no one there. Thinking to aid her, I waited in the side wing, and next time that the troop of little demons appeared I administered an argument which they *quite* understood. But on telling Miss Addams, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and she said in her gentle, undulating American voice:

"You have put my work back, perhaps years. I was teaching them what is meant by 'resist not evil.'"

I did not understand her then, and I don't now, but my husband did, for though his intellect did not allow him to follow Tolstoy and accept only one side of Christ's teaching, yet his nature would make him prefer to continue to answer a mischievously rung bell than to use force to protect his own comfort.

Since I have been alone I have seen much of Miss Addams on her visits to England in relation to her hopes for international peace, and concur with the opinion of four men, all so different that it makes their estimate of weight. Sir John Gorst, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Sidney Webb, and my husband, after seeing her at home and abroad, said of her:

"She is the greatest man in America."

So like men to appraise her as a man!

It was her dear name that headed the cablegram sent on June 19th, 1913, to tell me that 400 American Settlements united to send me the sympathy of a common loss.

On February 15th, 1887, Miss Clough wrote to ask me to stay in Newnham, for "Mrs. Marshall and I think that if our students are interested in what you tell them of Toynbee Hall, a separate house might be set up in a poor neighbourhood, and some of our students might join in the work. Mrs. Sidgwick would favour a scheme of this kind." The weather was awful, foggy and cold, so as Miss Clough could not go out to the evening meeting she asked me to read to her my paper. Alone in her room I read it to her, and I can see her now with her white hair, penetrating dark eyes and rather forbidding mien, listening to every word. When I finished she leant forward and, to my surprise, kissed me, and said:

"God bless you, dear, and all your hopes."

I have rarely received a blessing I valued more.

The correspondence that I possess on the establishment of the Women's Settlement in Nelson Square is voluminous from many ladies, including Miss Welsh—Girton,—Miss Stephen, Miss M. J. Gardiner, Miss McArthur, and Miss Grüner; but the difficulties were all surmounted and the Settlement's splendid work has been for many years a household word. With all this Mr. Barnett had nothing to do, except—and it is a large exception—the inexhaustible sustenance of his sympathy for whatever I was caring about.

Mrs. Marshall's meeting at Cambridge was but part of the active organisation on behalf of the Settlement movement in which she and Professor Marshall played a large part. It necessitated many visits to that beautiful town, and we had good and interesting times as the guests of Sir John and Lady Seeley, Professor and Mrs. MacAlister, Dr. and Mrs. Montagu Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Peile of Christ's, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Rackham, and Sir John and Lady Gorst. But the week that stands out most clearly was that spent with Professor and Mrs. Marshall in 1886.

CAMBRIDGE, *May 3rd*, 1886.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I must tell you all about Cambridge. We have "mealed" out at every feeding time, and have been kept in hand the whole day. On Thursday I spoke to a meeting *re* Settlements, after dining with Sedley Taylor, where we met Chamberlain's son. The latter is a strong-bodied, simple-minded man, interested in Social Reform. I hope he may do "Joe" good. The meeting was large, and took—I think—the proposition well. There was, however, an absence of Oxford enthusiasm, and there were but few questions. The men will do some problems to calm their brains before they decide on any course. Sedley Taylor told some good tales which I wish I could remember to tell you.

Next morning we breakfasted with a rising science man and lunched with Miss Clough at Newnham. We are delighted with her; she is old, but she has eyes which are young. She is evidently still on the box and driving. The girls seemed intelligent, and to be proud of rooms full of knick-knacks. Miss Gladstone was there, and we had a long talk. Mrs. Sidgwick was the finest of the lot. One of the new lady Guardians caught me, but she won't succeed. She is too earnest. At tea we met Stanton, Mason and some of that sort. We foolishly cut the talk short to save our strength for dinner . . . but it was manned by eccentric women and only tired us.

To-day we have been on the river and that was most delightful. The sun played amid the branches and on the water. We rested, for my wife is still very weakly.

With love for ever, S. A. B.

A year later Mr. Barnett wrote of the pleasure and interest of one of the Cambridge visits :

To F. G. B.—May 14*th*, 1887.—We are just back—Whitechapel —from Cambridge, and are preparing to go to see the Queen. We had a good time at Cambridge, staying with the Master of Trinity in the Lodge, where every modern comfort is combined with ancestral dignity and intellectual companionship.

We did the usual round of lunches and teas, meeting the unvarying type of undergraduate, and had a meeting for Toynbee in the dining-room. The meeting was good, and I hope something of practical duty was made clear. Butler, the Master, is a strong man of the "softer" sort. He is, to quote Abbott, "a polygon who has been made a circle." He has natural strong edges which have been compressed.

On Thursday we met Abbott at dinner at Carpenter's. Two very fine men. Abbott is still devoted to thought but longs for active work. Carpenter is in every sense beautiful. We had a pleasant dinner, talking of Norway and Sociology.

Of the part Cambridge played in the early Settlement movement Mr. G. G. Moore Smith has written, he himself being the chief influence which united the scattered strands of interest in social questions.

A movement in St. John's College, Cambridge, to establish a College Mission on conventional lines led the present writer to consult Mr. Barnett, who sent a letter . . . written on May 22nd, 1883, on his way to Oxford, in which a better way than that of "Missions" was sketched. It may be said, therefore, that Cambridge heard of the Settlement plan even before Oxford.

On July 9th, 1883, Cambridge men had the opportunity of making Mr. Barnett's acquaintance, as he and Gardiner brought down a party of 150 excursionists from St. Jude's to see Cambridge—a visit which was repeated in many subsequent years. . . The day left great memories in the Cambridge men,[1] if not in the Londoners.

At the meeting arranged by Mr. Sidney Ball on November 17th, 1883, at Oxford, there was present a staunch Social Reformer from Cambridge, Mr. Sedley Taylor of Trinity. A letter from his pen appeared in *The Cambridge Review* of November 21st in which he put Mr. Barnett's plan before members of his own University: "The Vicar of St. Jude's is of opinion that the condition of monotonous vegetating endurance in which the population of East London are steeped cannot be broken through unless the elevating agencies already in the field are supported by a body of fresh workers, acting on new lines, and bringing to their tasks cultivated intellects and brave hearts. He is convinced that such workers are to be found among men about to take their degrees at Oxford and Cambridge and among graduates already resident in or near the metropolis. . . Mr. Barnett asks that a few colleges at Oxford and Cambridge should combine in providing funds for establishing a 'University Settlement' in East London."

Mr. Ball's example led to the foundation of a Cambridge "Committee for the Study of Social Questions," which included Mr. H. S. Foxwell, the Rev. H. Cunningham, the Rev. A. H. Stanton, Mr. G. W. Prothero, Mr. S. H. Vines, Mr. Sedley Taylor, Mr. W. R. Sorley, Mr. F. S. Oliver, Mr. J. R. Tanner, with the present writer as Hon. Secretary. When it was known that Oxford was forming a Committee to carry out Mr. Barnett's scheme, there was a great desire that Cambridge should not be left out. Accordingly Mr. Barnett gave the paper he had read at Oxford, in a lecture-room of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a resolution was passed that steps should be taken to include Cambridge in the scheme. The next step was a meeting held on May 22nd in the Guildhall to bring the scheme before the University. Probably no more interesting meeting was ever held at Cambridge. The chair was occupied by Professor Seeley, who said: "When I see, in movements like these, young University men full of ability and of high-minded unselfish ambition, working side by side—though some of them call themselves clergymen and some laymen—I say to myself that in reality a new clergy is springing up. . . A way is opening for Christian devotion which young men may enter without any painful hesitations and perplexities."

Mr. Lyttelton Gell explained the plan, and Professor James Stuart and Professor Michael Foster having spoken, there followed a resolution to appoint a Committee. It was moved by Professor Westcott (afterwards Bishop of Durham), and supported by H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor of

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[1] St. John's College, Cambridge, *July* 11*th*, 1883.

On Monday I had a most pleasant day as Foxwell, one of our dons, asked me to help to entertain a party of excursionists (150 in all) brought down by Mr. S. A. Barnett, Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel. They were of all classes, from Mrs. Leonard Courtney, whose husband is in the Government and is a Senior Fellow of the College, to poor people earning 7*s.* a week. They divided into parties, to see the colleges and later to go on the river and see Trinity and King's. Most fortunately I fell in with some charming people, a nice woman, I think the school-mistress, and two artists, both of whom have something in the Academy. It is so pleasant to see places and buildings with artists, your own eyes are so much opened. We all had lunch in our hall at 1 o'clock, the college being generous enough to put its rooms at the disposal of the party. At the station we had the most demonstrative farewells.

> Wales (in his first term of residence as an undergraduate), and by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, then a leading light of the Union, and carried.
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> Thus was Cambridge admitted into the scheme. The organising work was done by the University Secretary, at first Mr. D'Arcy Thompson, then Mr. H. F. Wilson (both of Trinity), then Mr. J. Darlington, and after him Mr. G. G. Moore Smith (both of St. John's). College meetings were held, as well as others intended for the whole University, and the Warden or some Toynbee Resident often came down to give an account of the work. These meetings brought us the pleasure of often having Mr. and Mrs. Barnett for a few days together in Cambridge, and strengthened the personal ties which bound Cambridge to Toynbee Hall.
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> Cambridge undergraduates have not, I fear, contributed a large part of the Toynbee income, but if Cambridge has not provided much money, it has provided some of the best Toynbee Residents—Ernest Aves, H. Lewis, T. H. Nunn, E. B. Sargant, R. W. Kittle, A. P. Laurie, J. R. Tanner, G. G. Butler, A. H. Thompson, Dr. R. D. Roberts, and a score of men of junior standing to them.

Yes! Mr. Moore Smith is right. From Cambridge came some of our noblest men. It was one of them, Mr. E. B. Sargant, who was the first to leave Toynbee, its comforts, and interesting, indeed often brilliant society, and by settling farther east set up another centre of light and leading. He was followed by other groups, both Oxford and Cambridge graduates, who went to Limehouse, Stepney, Poplar, to join in the life and face the problems of those localities, and as they kept in close touch with Toynbee their experience not only enriched the Hall, but made it possible for the Warden to send helpers where they said they were wanted.

1893.—There have been various rays from Toynbee Hall during the year. A feeling has grown up that closer contact with neighbours' needs is necessary, and that the Residents who are members of a Limehouse club should themselves live in Limehouse. Three men have, therefore, taken a house in Stainsby Road.

Around us also gathered married Residents, and at one time Toynbee was buttressed by no less than nine normal refined homes. This was an enormous gain to everyone, bringing the help of ladies to the work and enabling the Residents to enjoy the domestic society of their peers. Indeed very stimulating and refreshing were the East London homes of Mr. and Mrs. Nevinson, Mr. and Miss Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Whishaw, Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, Mr. and Mrs. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Aitken, Miss Pyecroft, Miss Paterson, and Canon and Mrs. Bradby who with their sons and daughters lived in St. Katharine's Dock House for some years. As Head Master of Haileybury College he had done arduous work, and so on his retirement took, with his family, a long continental holiday. It was from Mrs. Bradby that I heard how undecided they were as to their future residence, and how the St. Jude's Reports, which were lying on the table of the yacht, were read first by one and then by another, and how when the suggestion that they should live in Whitechapel came from their daughter Mabel,[1] they all agreed it was what they had each desired and felt to be the right thing to do.

Then came the hunt for a house, large, suitable, dignified, and yet close to us. After hours of walking Mr. Barnett had one of his practicable inspirations, and the St. Katharine Dock Company were induced to let the top floor of their huge house to Dr. Bradby. It took them all in, their furniture, books, and pictures, and into their hearts they took us all, and were living, strengthening supports in every one of the branches of the labours to which they severally gave their aid. Of Mr. Barnett's friendship with Dr. Bradby I cannot write, nor of that terrible day when we were suddenly told by telegram that he had to leave this world. Mrs. Bradby's letter may convey something of what we respectively meant to each other:

> ST. KATHARINE DOCK HOUSE, E., *June 22nd*, 1894.
>
> MY DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—No kindness from you could ever surprise me or else I should have been surprised at the lovely basket of flowers. I cannot tell you in the least satisfactorily how deeply we feel it all, but I daresay you do not like to be thanked, and I will not attempt it. . .
>
> It is a very bitter trial to go away from the scene of so much happiness and to begin over again a new and desolate life, but it is right, and I hope I shall often hear with my mind's ear Canon Barnett's voice saying "I am the Resurrection and the Life," as he said it on the day when it brought comfort to my soul. God be with you, dear Mrs. Barnett,
>
> I am, always yours affectionately, ELLEN S. BRADBY.

In affectionate memory of him the Hall was enriched by a beautiful memorial mantelpiece, and of his place in the neighbourhood the local newspaper spoke truly:

> *December 5th*, 1893.—Dr. E. H. Bradby, who died last Friday night, and whose funeral takes place to-day after a service at St. Jude's, Whitechapel, will be much missed by the East-end poor in the neighbourhood of his home at St. Katharine Dock House. There are not many men of his talents, filling such well-paid appointments as public-school headmaster-

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[1] Then aged nineteen. Now Mrs. Herbert Chitty.

ships, who are willing to give them up when in the prime of life, as he gave up Haileybury, and devote themselves to work unpaid among their poor brethren.

In earlier chapters mention has been made of the eager body of men who gathered round St. Jude's, and when Toynbee was built most of them became Associates. Everyone had to be elected by "Grand," and to pay an annual subscription which admitted them to the usual privileges of a West-end club. The scrutiny of "Grand" was no farce, for the system of Associates was inaugurated to obtain the support of serious men anxious for social reform. Thus sifted, a splendid body of men—with the members of the Association numbering some 500—joined Toynbee, each ready to respond to special calls, such as canvassing for the adoption of the Public Library Act, the management of Mansion House funds in East London, or the organisation of relief consequent on strikes or epidemics.

1898.—Many men who sympathise with the aims of the place are unable to become Residents. They are married, or they have their home duties, or they have business ties. Some are able to give an afternoon or an evening a week in which to act as a member of a committee, or as a visitor at a school, or as a class-taker, or as a helper in a club. Some are only available at uncertain times, when they will give a lecture, or take part in an entertainment or conference. These are elected as Associates, so that they may be able to take advantage of the resources of the House. They are, as Dr. Bradby used to say, buttresses, and they keep up many a structure which in the changes of Residents would probably fall. They are, however, something else than buttresses—they make a living link between Residents and other parts of London, between the Residents of the present and the past.

To the pleasure of the society of Toynbee the Associates added greatly, for, as Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell explained:

> The Hall tends more and more to become a house of call for thinking men of all classes, drawn there by their work, their inquiries, and their friendships, or invited for the particular discussion of some definite social problem.

Many distinguished men became Associates, such men, to name only a few, as Professor Jebb, Sir Donald MacAlister, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. F. W. Myers, Mr. A. H. D. Acland, and the Marquis of Ripon. As frequent visitors at Toynbee Hall they came into touch with the poor and ignorant, and thus into their large and influential spheres carried the knowledge of the Esaus of the earth, and translated the cry of "Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me? . . . Bless me, even me also, O my father," into Acts of Parliament and codes of education.

The increasing recognition of Toynbee Hall did not decrease the Warden's difficulties, for its success in the world attracted some men for motives other than the highest. Every intending Resident applied first to Mr. Barnett, who, after inquiries, invited him as a paying visitor. At the end of three months his name went up to "Grand" for election, one black ball excluding. Sometimes "Grand" demanded a further period of probation, and that decision the Warden had to convey to the often surprised would-be Resident. But the very suspicion that a man proposed to join the Settlement because it provided good society or offered means of introduction was enough reason for "Grand" to reject him. The desire for the opportunity to render service, unstinted, unadvertised, unappraised, was the only motive accepted by old Residents as a new Resident's qualification. On this Mr. Robert A. Woods of the Boston Settlement wrote in the Boston Paper:

> The education of Toynbee Hall, and what made it the index of a new era in social upbuilding, was that the spirit of devotion of its Residents expressed itself in terms of educational fellowship. . . It laid its emphasis upon values which had not been offered before. The Christian motive behind it was all the more spirited and dynamic because it undertook to begin to return the part of the price of human intercourse which had always been kept back.

Occasionally "Grand" feared to accept a man whose aggressive angularities might jeopardise the harmony of the house, but on that score Mr. Barnett had no anxiety. He acted on the dictum of the Master of Balliol—"Ignore differences. They will disappear." As a rule people understood, but when in 1892 Mr. G. L. Bruce and Mr. Cyril Jackson, both Residents, decided to stand as candidates for the School Board on opposite sides, it puzzled some of the 3,000 who every week entered the Toynbee doors.

> 1892.—The School Board election has taken place during the year, and of course excited great interest. . . Two Residents of Toynbee Hall offered themselves as candidates, and the opportunity of securing men familiar at once with the meaning of education and with East London needs, seemed to be one we should make an effort to seize. Mr. Jackson had the

support of the Church party; Mr. Bruce stood apart from any party: for him, therefore, Mrs. Barnett acted as agent, and gathered a band of 268 canvassers, who worked so admirably over an electorate reaching to Bow and the Isle of Dogs, that Mr. Bruce was returned second on the poll, the first being a lady.

In connection with this election Mr. Aves wrote:

> 1894.—Both the Moderate and Progressive candidates had their special supporters, and in the power of the House to fight hard and feel keenly, and to go through weeks of hard electioneering, without any weakening of perfect good feeling, there is great cause for satisfaction, for it gave proof of the corporate strength that can agree to differ, and of the latent force that will be able to show itself when no differences of opinion prevail.

Ten years later the Warden was able to report unbroken harmony, though the Boer War had strained it severely. My husband and I and four of the Residents were what was called "Pro-Boer," the other sixteen men being sometimes aggressively warlike. On some evenings we deemed it better not to dine in Hall, and we were fortunately away when London lost its head and its self-respect and went "Mafficking," but usually all matters were discussed with perfect good temper. On this one Resident wrote:

> 1886.—In spite of the really marvellous harmony and concord which reign at the Hall, it is the greatest mistake imaginable to look on men there as all of a colour, either in politics or religion. There are the widest and most fundamental differences of opinion on almost every subject. But I can say with truth that never during the year and a half I lived there was there anything in the nature of a jar or discord to break the peace of the family, and this though most of us were at the outset complete strangers to one another. It was a union of sympathy not of opinion. For my own part the time I spent at the Hall was perhaps the happiest in my life.

So spoke A. B., aged twenty-three, and here follow the Warden's words, aged fifty-nine:

1903.—The life of Toynbee Hall is, of course, made by the Residents and the Associates. It happily bears the same marks which it has had from the beginning—a unity of contrasts. Strangers are at once struck by the good feeling which is eminent, and by the diverse opinions they hear expressed. There has been no divisions into parties, no antagonism which has even strained friendship or respect. The life is still the same as when Mr. Bruce, the Progressive, and Mr. Jackson, the Moderate, used to go out in the morning, arm in arm, to separate at the door in order to canvass each for his own election to the School Board. The life of the place is essentially the same, happy, keen, liberal, and full of goodwill.

CHAPTER XXXII

" *We wish for our friends the Blessing of peace, the Pleasure of good-doing all their days, and the Hope that all generations will call them blessed.*"

It was quite an early decision that the salary set aside for the Warden of Toynbee Hall should not be accepted. Our main reason was the desire to foster the voluntary spirit, and example seemed the easiest way. In any case I do not think it would have changed the Warden's relations with the Residents, which were of a deeper nature than could be affected by financial considerations.

After fourteen years of their joint life he wrote :

> 1898.—For myself, I have nothing but gratitude for the past. Friendships have turned difficulties into happy experiences ; lively minds have put new life into old problems ; the prevailing harmony of the House has given a sense of peace ; and the sight of things done has been a promise for the future.

Of what he was to the men something has been said, but what they were to him has still to be told, and yet it is almost impossible, for each friend must hold a unique place. For some he had a real love, demanding of them the deeper sacrifices and the higher surrenders. For others he had genuine friendship, giving to and accepting from them generous service. There were those for whom his feeling was mainly paternal, finding for them their goal, and guiding them towards it ; and again there were men whose chief attraction was their intellectual power, and others who were just good fellows living under the same roof. He thought carefully of each one, first discovering what he would call his " Christed " self—" that is, his self as moved with the Spirit of Christ "—and then considering methods to help him towards his hope.

Those " half-hours in the study," already mentioned, were to some men made sacred by revelations of their own potentialities. My husband discussed every character with me, and often suggested that I should come in for part of the half-hour. When I opened the door, he would make me a little arranged sign if I was not wanted, but usually I was, and we had some splendid times, my *audace, toujours audace* carrying us over some fences. That quality I obtained by hunting—it is a fine training. I recall the half-hour when we decided women were to be admitted to all the classes—it is more than thirty years ago—and another when we agreed to staff the house with maids. At first wise folk said we could not run a young men's house with young maids, and talked of Oxford scouts and Cambridge bed-makers, but we did and without serious trouble, though occasionally, in the early days, girls who would not understand had to be changed, and Residents warned that offers to carry the heavy trays or fetch the coals were liable to generate mistaken notions.

My position in the organisation was difficult to define. I did not mind housekeeping—indeed I liked doing it efficiently—but my husband resented the assumption that to see to domestic comfort was my sole value. For seventeen years I managed the house and staff, and during that period no less than three times were Residents so convinced they could do it better, that "Grand" suggested, with many expressions of gratitude, that I should hand over the labour to their sub-committee elected for the purpose. Three times have I gleefully agreed, and three times have a chastened sub-committee come, hats in hand, to ask me to resume the reins of government. A year after one of my reinstatements the Council sent the following letter:

> TOYNBEE HALL, *July 27th*, 1894.
>
> DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—On the presentation of the University Settlements Association Balance Sheet at the last meeting of the Council a special vote of thanks to you was passed for the time and care you have bestowed on the management of the House, and for the invaluable help that you have given in securing the improved financial results that the year's figures show. I am, very sincerely yours,
>
> ERNEST AVES,
> *Hon. Sec. to the Council.*

But men—young men specially—always think that the male brain can accomplish *everything* better than the female brain—*vide* our sufferings now, May 1917, under the Food Controllers!—and so the experience was repeated! and new sub-committees set to work; but at last Mr. F. E. Douglas arose and assumed the duty, and did it until we left in 1906. Did it *well* too. I never knew such a man: he was as good as a capable woman!

The duty of decorating the House always came to me, and the " dust distributor " as well as the uses to which we put the rooms necessitated frequent renovating. The men's chambers were easy. It was only necessary to consult their tastes, and to see that some colour-scheme controlled wall-papers, curtains, and carpets; yet the most carefully thought-out scheme failed before the predatory instincts of some Residents—and then confusion! for in all rooms neutral drabs were abolished: Whitechapel needed lovely colours. It was more difficult to furnish the big reception-room, but we finally decided to make it exactly like a West-end drawing-room, erring, if at all, on the side of gorgeousness. Our friends added loans of pictures, and of those generous ones Mr. G. F. Watts was ever foremost. During many years he enriched our walls, and it was an unforgettable privilege to live for months at a time with his masterpieces.

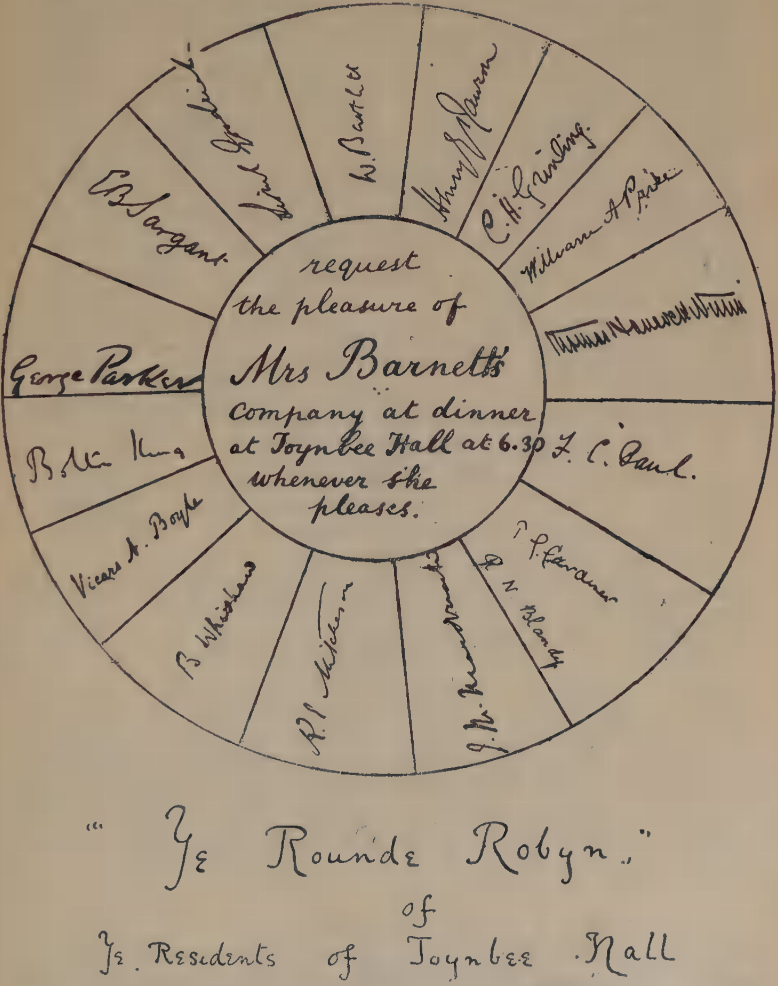
> 1888.—Mr. Watts has lent us ten pictures for the winter. They warm hearts by their colour, and suggest thoughts which cannot be put into words. Although pictures, like the mountains, have no language, their voices are of wide reach, so that men and women who turn away from preachers and from books stop before the pictures which tell of Life and Death, or of " the joy in widest commonalty spread." . . . The message which transformed the world came in parables.

But to return to the early days when my position was not easy. I was the only woman among twenty men, and, when Wadham and Balliol Houses were built, among seventy-five men. I did not like being treated as a man, and yet the house was a men's club, and one could not expect incommoding courtesies at all hours. A past Resident has written:

> To old public-school and University men, Toynbee Hall, with its collegiate atmosphere, had a familiar feeling. There was the society of contemporaries, there was the kindly guidance and supervision of an elder man, there were the meals in common and the community life—but there was also a new element. Mrs. Barnett was the surprise of Toynbee Hall. She was the unexpected element. Into this male society she brought a touch of womanly refinement which corrected bachelor habits, not always welcome, for while some rejoiced in, some resented, the presence of a

woman. But Mrs. Barnett did more than refine male roughness, she gave Residents a new ideal of married life, that of the wife as an equal partner with the husband in work and thought. Together they did what neither could have done apart.

Then, how often to dine in Hall was a puzzle, but that was solved by a round robin which is here reproduced.



request
the pleasure of
Mrs Barnett's
company at dinner
at Toynbee Hall at 6.30
whenever she
pleases.

Lionel Jacob
W. Bartlett
Harry L. Lawson
C. H. Grinling
William A. Price
T. C. Paul
T. P. Cavaner
R. N. Blandy
J. H. Muirhead
R. P. Mitchison
B. Whishaw
Vicars A. Boyle
Bolton King
George Parker
E. B. Sargant

"Ye Rounde Robyn,"
of
Ye Residents of Toynbee Hall

Thus assured of a welcome, I usually dined in Hall two evenings a week, and the Residents got to know those evenings and took the opportunity of the presence of a hostess to ask their friends. The Warden sat at the top of the long table and I three seats from him, guests on either side of us, and there was good talk, so good that old Residents had friendly rivalry for top table seats. Was it all spontaneous? or shall I confess that often my husband would rush into my room as he dressed for dinner to say:

"What shall we talk about to-night? give me a subject!" and then we threw the ball to each other, and guided the conversation to big issues to the consideration of the folk handicapped in life's race. Oh! the difference when he was not there! but even successful dinners don't happen without "taking pains." How fond he was of that expression! He used to say—echoing Mr. Jowett—it was the modern acceptance of the Cross in mundane matters.

Many people came to stay with us, and our guest-rooms were usually occupied, sometimes by undergraduates, sometimes by distinguished people. In 1900 we had visitors from Paris, Dresden, the Hague, Berlin, Hamburg, Madrid, and New York, and among the ten or twelve different names which were chronicled in the guest-book every month are those of Mr. Estlin Carpenter, Mr. Sedley Taylor, Mr. Oscar Browning, Professor Foxwell, Bishop C. W. Stubbs, Mr. F. T. Bullen, Señor Üna, M. André E. Sayons, Mr. Charles Rowley, Professor Arthur Sidgwick, and Mr. P. H. Wicksteed. Sir John Seeley often came. Of him it was told that, wishing like other right-minded people for his "night-cap," he ordered whisky from the waitress, and after a long pause received from the housekeeper one dose in a medicine bottle!

Of some distinguished guests the Warden wrote:

> 1894.—The visit of Sir John Gorst illustrates one of the uses of the Settlement, that of enabling men to get a close insight into the life of a great industrial centre. Mr. Henry Lloyd, one of the organisers of the American Federation of Labour, with his friend Mr. G. E. Hooker, also made Toynbee Hall their headquarters while in London. We welcome this use of the experience and life of the place.

Besides those who stayed, a very large number of people came to inquire into social conditions, to make our acquaintance, to see Toynbee Hall, or to obtain a new interest.

"I know the people you mean," said the Master of Balliol one day, when I was telling him what an interrupting influence they were in our lives, "and to so many of them it could be truly said, Thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep."

On one occasion M. Clemenceau came with M. Waddington and Dr. Bridges, the Comtist and Poor Law Inspector, and spent a long day with Mr. Barnett seeing the workhouse, the schools, the streets, and looking into many of our neighbours' homes. Of that visit it has been written that the French statesmen said:

"I have met but three really great men in England, and one was a little pale clergyman in Whitechapel."

As we sat in the drawing-room after tea he told us much of the sufferings of the French poor, unaided by State provision, and this was the summing-up of the three men with their varied experience.

"If I could establish a poor-law system in France, I would do it," said M. Clemenceau.

"If I could abolish it with a stroke of my pen, I would do it," said the Inspector.

"If I could reform it, I would keep it," said my husband, who knew the people's lives from a standpoint possessed neither by the politician nor the poor-law official.

To F. G. B., 1884.—On Wednesday we had a most interesting day. Clemenceau, the French successor to Gambetta and Waddington—brother of the French Ambassador, came to spend the day with us and be instructed in the condition of the poor and poor-relief. We went to the houses of the people, the co-operative stores, workhouse, schools, casual wards, etc. Clemenceau is a tender-hearted man and could not bear to hear of the deterrent policy. "If there are gifts, they should be graceful." He is a man of power, energetic, given to observe, keen to feel. He is not, though, a prophet, nor one of those possessed men who are strong because they feel themselves to be instruments of the Strongest. He is a materialist, and we had a smart talk on Church Reform. Waddington is much more English-minded. You can imagine we were very interested with their criticisms. The vastness of the Co-operative store struck them and they talked of the milliards sterling.

Mr. Wyllie was a frequent welcome visitor and showed his appreciation by leaving us 300 of his pictures and £50 to frame them with. Mr. Albert Grey[1] also came, specially in the early St. Jude's days, turning up unexpectedly to breakfast for earnest talks on Church Reform, or bringing parties of gay smart people in the evening after bicycling in the city, for that was the fashion when bicycling first was practised. To welcome Dean Fremantle was always a delight, and that our neighbours treated him roughly as they stole his watch did not deter him from coming again. To him my husband was bound by appreciation and gratitude, and frequently mentioned his visits with pleasure:

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[1] The late Right Hon. Earl Grey.

To F. G. B., 1905.—The Dean, in spite of his seventy-three years, is as active as a boy, with one foot wrapped in cloth, still keen and alive because he is active. Just as boyish and inconsequent as ever, just as full of ideas, and as unconscious of failure, and just as selfless.

He became very friendly with some of the Residents, who enjoyed taking care of him when we were not at home. He wrote:

November 6th, 1894.—I thank you for the kind hospitality I enjoyed when I went to Toynbee to lecture on Sunday in your absence. Everything was provided most thoughtfully, even to the morning tea.

Indeed, one of the advantages of the hotel side of Toynbee Hall was that friends could use it when they had to come to town. This brought many men besides those who were personally invited, and among them Mr. T. C. Horsfall. We always felt both honoured and refreshed by his visits, and humbled also. To see a goal clearly, and to pursue it without pause or weariness, to accept successes but as goads to further achievements, to learn with as much avidity as to teach, to forget disappointments and ignore triumphs, to have a single altruistic aim for all action, those attributes made a character to love as well as respect, and Canon Barnett deeply cared for him.

To F. G. B.—1887.—We are with the Horsfalls at Swanscoe Park and enjoy them as we always do. His Museum is most interesting and gives promise of much which will be done when people learn to teach through the eye. . .

1905.—He is as full of enthusiasm and go as he was thirty years ago. His force is I think at last telling at Manchester! Well, we should be every day thankful that Bristol is in the south. The gloom, the hard gloom felt like a physical weight. His own house is beautiful and his garden is one of the loveliest I know.

3, Little Cloisters, Westminster, *April 21st*, 1908.

My dear Horsfall,—I have been reading again your words about my brother and my heart moves me to write to you. A sense of loss makes one conscious of the value of one's friends. I wonder how you are working away by yourself and if you are getting light from the end of your labours. We have lived on into times for which we hoped when we were young. Times which are full of promise and so also full of danger. What is wanted is some people who will stop and look and tell us where we are and what we are and where we are going. There is too much hurry. "Doing is a deadly thing."

But you and I may, I think, give praise for what we have seen. For myself I have had a good time among friends and seen the growth of ideas into forms. Don't answer this, but come and see us when you are in town. We often talk of coming to see you.

Affectionately yours, S. A. Barnett.

The Rev. E. D. Stone, of Radley, who had stayed with us, wrote to me, February 6th, 1916:

> I am sorry that I am too crippled now to be in the Abbey for the unveiling of the tablet erected to the memory of your husband on Tuesday. . . I always remember that day at Whitechapel years ago, which brought me into contact with real life, how I went out to the boys' club and found a welcome and taught them how to play "go bang," and read to them; and the spectacle of a boy eating a herring between two hunches of bread remains with me; and how a rude intruder broke in on our séance; and the curate had not come to fetch me; and I returned alone through streets in which folks were sitting out on their doorsteps and I thought an assault possible. Fremantle, you remember, was robbed of his watch. However, I got back safely, and had to make a small extempore sermon next day in the afternoon, and did not acquit myself well, and then the organ recital—a memorable visit.

The two visits Mr. Jowett paid were great occasions to us, but I do not think he enjoyed them. Whitechapel was rough and noisy, the number of interests confusing, the freedom of equality too apparent, and everybody perhaps over-anxious to please him. Among other places he visited with my husband was the great Co-operative stores in Leman Street, when, perched on a clerk's stool in an office hung with food advertisements, he ate with a pewter spoon honey from Hymettus brought by Mr. Benjamin Jones in the "way of business." The Master referred more than once to all he had seen during his visits to the East End, but he evidently preferred to see us amid the dignity of Balliol.

In 1890, while Lady Gorst was in New Zealand, Sir John Gorst came to live in Toynbee, and, after that, he was usually with us for some part of every week while the "House" was sitting. He hugely enjoyed the youthfulness of the men, and the go and stir of the place, and, unlike

Mr. Herbert Spencer, rejoiced in being asked questions and in expounding his views, which did not exactly fall into party lines or bear recognised labels. Mr. Barnett very often told his brother of our friend:

October 24th, 1896.—On Tuesday Gorst came. Government has as yet fixed on nothing. He has got a strong committee to overhaul South Kensington, and he is very happy about his article and the sensation it makes. I fear he is playing with edged tools. Lord Peel came to lunch on Wednesday to talk over poor-law children. He was extremely nice, wise and helpful. He is a man I greatly like—a human with his eye on the unseen. . .

December 5th, 1896.—Gorst has been staying with us, and we have tried to make him consider why he is a Tory; he is so much with Liberals that he forgets his essential difference. I think his distinction is that he believes—as Costelloe puts it—in the government of an aristocracy which has to justify itself to the people, whereas we believe in the government of the people by the people. At least we each say this is what we believe, but probably in practice we come near one another.

February 5th, 1898.—Gorst is with us. He is as despondent as ever and is now angry that Stanley and the School Board people are blocking his attempts to establish educational authorities under the Science and Art Department. He is very able, with right instincts, but so failing in temper that he will achieve nothing. He constantly reminds me of our father. He has the same ability, and the same inability to push or even to persist.

February 7th, 1903.—Gorst came on Thursday. He is off on a Social Reform campaign and we try to bring him up to date. He trusts too much to troubling the waters and forgets that people have to be carried to be cured. We keep Founder's Day on Monday and have sixty people to dinner.

Sir John dearly liked amusing stories, and among his favourites was a reply given by a child to a question in an examination paper on physiology:

"The body is divided into three parts. Your head where the brains are placed, if you have any; the chest which is a large box containing your heart and something else—I forget what; and your stomach where the vowels are—they are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and why?"

That answer delighted the Vice-President of the Council—Education—especially the final and pathetic "and why?"

Under his cynical manner and often contemptuous words, under his dour silences or suspicious sentences, Sir John had a deeply religious nature, a capacity for enthusiasm, and a dogged sullen loyalty to his hopes for the future. The contradictions between the real and the apparent man were exceedingly annoying to those of his friends who cared for him, and all the more so because a certain strain of impishness in his nature made him enjoy puzzling people, and take pleasure in their not always courteous confusion.

Among the subjects on which he was enthusiastic was the creation of better relations between classes, and as he held that Settlements promoted mutual understanding, he urged that steps should be taken to get others established. A conference met in Toynbee Hall in January 1895, when, to quote *The Leicester Post*, "such a galaxy of speakers of national repute is seldom found on a public platform." They included the Marquis of Ripon, Sir John Lubbock, Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P., Canon Browne, Lord Farrer, Canon Scott Holland, Lord Herschell, Mr. Lumsden Byers—Sunderland—, Mr. W. Garby—Birmingham—, Mr. H. Rathbone—Liverpool—, Mrs. Arthur Booth—Liverpool—, Mr. T. C. Horsfall—Manchester—, Mr. T. R. Akroyd—Manchester—, Principal Bodington—Leeds—, Mr. J. A. Green—Nottingham—, Canon Beaumont—Coventry—, Mr. G. Hare Leonard—Bristol—, Mr. Matheson—Oxford—, Miss Gittins—Birmingham—, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, Mrs. Humphry Ward, the Duchess of Newcastle, Mr. E. P. Arnold Forster, Lady Jane Feilding, Hon. Lionel Holland, Rev. A. F. W. Ingram, and many others. The discussion was admirable if saddening, for all seemed to agree as to the increasing separation of rich and poor in towns. Canon Barnett took as his text "not programme but permeation," and said:

> 1895.—The meeting this afternoon is in some ways unique. It aims neither at raising money nor forming a Society, but only at suggesting to busy educated people, both men and women, that they may serve their generation by living among the poor in University Settlements. . . They are communities of men and women associated to spread knowledge . . . and owe their strength to what each character supplies. . . If the way of "residence" seems good, if the meeting realises how much unhappy divisions may be healed by better understanding, and bad habits existing among rich and poor be cured by contact, then those who have tried this method of residence will gladly visit other places, and, believing that blessings not shared tend to degrade their owners, will give to others the experience they have gained.

Perhaps the most interesting speech was by Sir John

Gorst, who, fresh from a visit to America, told of the work of settlements in the United States, and spoke with enthusiasm of Miss Jane Addams, who "exercised a strong and beneficial influence in public affairs." He told also the story of her workers investigating the condition of child labour in Chicago and the reforms obtained by them from the Illinois State legislation, and, moved with a tenderness which so often surprised his listeners, he described how they got a woman appointed State Inspector with "power to watch and obtain the due execution of the law for the protection of little helpless children."

The promise made by Canon Barnett to pass on to others "the experience that had been gained" was abundantly claimed, and we had some interesting and fruitful visits to many towns.

Mr. Werner Picht in his book[1] speaks of the existence in England of forty-six Settlements. And America lays claim to 400; but whether all the organisations which call themselves Settlements are worthy of the name, it is not possible to say. Not long ago I came across a small centre which mixed indiscriminately relief and religion. On asking about the Settlers, I was told that no one lived on the premises, but that the place had been called a "Settlement" because the title had been proved financially to be helpful.

To strengthen the genuine Settlements in London, Canon Barnett endeavoured to establish a Union—1896—and invited all the Settlers from all the Settlements to discuss it. It was an exceedingly interesting occasion, and though organised interwoven work did not commend itself to the meeting, it decided to hold frequent conferences to encourage common action. Of one of these meetings Canon Barnett wrote:

To F. G. B.—WHITECHAPEL, *April 4th*, 1897.—After the trivialities of the Chapter, I had a good sleep in the train and got home in time to get ready to go to Oxford House and meet the Bishop at dinner. He is an able, somewhat secular man, careless of sentiment and careful for form, a man's man rather than a woman's man—without faith enough in anything to make a mark, but with judgment enough to avoid calamity. It is a question whether he rises above the triviality which is the curse of all ecclesiastical positions. There are few minds which can think of clothes as for the body, and not of the body as for clothes. He and his wife came to meet members of the various

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[1] *Toynbee Hall and the Settlement Movement.*

Settlements and there were about 120 present—a striking lot over whom the Toynbee Hall men towered. The women were many—too many, I think, for the movement. We had a talk about Settlements and the very poor. My wife and I both said a few words, but Aves and Horsfall made the best speeches.

In reference to his words "the women were many—too many, I think, for the movement," it must not be forgotten that when that was written, men, young men, intellectual men, had but recently joined the ranks of the philanthropists. The care of the poor, the children, and the handicapped had hitherto been left to women, or men of mature if not advanced years. Indeed, the novelty of Toynbee was not so much that men lived among the poor, but that young and brilliant men had chosen to serve them in ways based on thought. It was the fear that men, still shy in their new rôle, would retire if the movement was captured by women that made Canon Barnett anxious to keep the Settlement movement primarily for men. Also those were the days of chaperons, when it was "fast" for a woman to ride in a hansom, and "out of the question" to go on the top of an omnibus. To the difficulties inherent in co-operative life, he did not wish to add those dictated by convention, and yet which, if ignored, would have injured the important objects he had in view. But that Canon Barnett had unlimited faith in women, their aims and capacities, he gave many proofs. In view of the recent discussion on the work of women in the Church, a report of one of his lectures will not be out of place:

The State should repeal all laws and abolish all customs which tempt men to lord it over women, or which interfere with the complete development of women's nature. In reply to a question as to whether the legal and clerical professions should be thrown open to women, the Canon said, "I would abolish all laws which prevent women developing themselves as they choose. I do not think St. Paul's prohibition of women speaking in the churches was intended to be of perpetual obligation."

I am in favour of the removal of all legal restrictions on the occupations and voting powers of women. They should have the same liberty as men to follow any calling and to vote at any election. Their present position of subordination develops the more brutal and selfish instincts of men, and at the same time provokes women to do acts and make claims which are unwomanly.[1]

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[1] *Bristol Mercury*, June 1894.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"*Too few laws is a sign of an uncivilised society, too many is the sign of a corrupt society.*"

One of the effects of attracting more attention to social conditions was exaggerated statements. Mr. Barnett, therefore, early set a St. Jude's worker to inquire into and to tabulate all the facts concerning the entire population of one street—Newcastle Street. Later Mr. Charles Booth became our friend, and, lodging for weeks together as a workman with workmen, organised and carried through the colossal work always associated with his name. Mr. Barnett was indifferent to praise, but I think few things pleased him more than when, in a generous speech, Mr. Booth told his audience in Toynbee Hall that the first impulse of his labour had come from my husband.

In 1889 the Toynbee Report said:

> Special investigatory work has been carried on in connection with Mr. Charles Booth, into the industrial and social conditions of the population of East London. It was part of his original plan that cross inquiries should be made, the scope of which should be determined, not by areas, but by trades or groups of trades carried on in the districts with which his general statistical inquiry had dealt. Of the trades thus singled out for special investigation the Furniture Trade Group, the centre of which lies within three-quarters of a mile of Toynbee Hall, was undertaken and written on by one of the Residents. . . Another Resident has investigated and written on the question of immigration into East London, including in this the vexed question of the immigration of aliens, as forming part of the wider problem of industrial movements.

The inquiries here referred to were only those undertaken before 1889, but in later years many more were added, too many to name, but including: sweated industries, wage-earning children, school children's home meals, the unemployed, pauper boys' trades, weekly food budgets, shoeblacks' careers, and juvenile thrift. When Mr. Charles Booth's great book *Life and Labour of the People* came out, he presented it to us with affectionate and graceful words. Of its supreme importance everyone was convinced, and the Toynbee Council said:

> *May* 1889.—In this book Mr. Booth has given what may be called an instantaneous photograph of the 908,000 inhabitants of East London; he shows us the criminals, the poor, the thrifty, the well-to-do in their relation to one another; he gives us an insight into the hardships and the pleasures of their life; he puts before the public a series of facts, to take the place of exaggerations and rhetoric. No partisan will be satisfied. They who talk of the poverty of East London will not care to hear that 35 per cent. means that 314,000 persons cannot be said to have sufficient to live on. Mr. Booth has made the dry figures live by descriptive matter and special articles, and two of these articles have been contributed by Toynbee residents.

In 1892 a fund raised by some of Arnold Toynbee's admirers for the "promoting of the investigation and diffusion of true principles of political and social economy" was placed in the hands of the Council, who decided on what subjects inquiries should be made, appointed men to make them and to write the results. In connection with this "Toynbee Trust" various books were published, among them being the *Inquiry into the Unemployed*, 1896, by Dr. A. V. Woodsworth and Viscount FitzHarris; *The Jew in London*, by Mr. H. S. Lewis and Mr. C. Russell; *Problems of Unemployment in the London Building Trades*, by Mr. N. B. Dearle; *The London Police Court To-day and To-morrow*, by Mr. Hugh R. P. Gamon; and *Studies of Boy Life in Our Cities*, edited by Mr. E. J. Urwick. My husband gave much thought to the methods of inquiring as well as to the presentation of the facts and to the diffusion of these books, but of their value as a contribution to social betterment he was not convinced. The schemes were not large nor thorough enough to be of scientific consequence, nor superficial enough to be popular. He also realised that to get works on social economy noticed in the press, names of men who would be recognised as authorities had to be on the title-page; whereas these inquirers, being young, had not yet accomplished notable work.

As was to be expected, Mr. Charles Booth's work created imitators, and many proposals to inquire arose. Indeed, at one time it was more easy to obtain the volunteer services of men and women eager to investigate conditions than to reform them, or rescue their consequent human wreckage.

In January 1903, in reply to a letter on this subject from Mr. Moore Smith, Canon Barnett wrote:

TOYNBEE HALL, WHITECHAPEL, *January 22nd*, 1903.

DEAR MOORE SMITH,—You raise a question which needs a big answer. The gain of Booth's and Rowntree's work has been, I think, a certain modification of public opinion. The facts, disputed or not, are preparing the public mind for reforms and for efforts. Perhaps this is the best result of any work. It is better to prepare the soil than pluck the flower.

Booth and Rowntree have done good, but I question if the same good would be done by inquirers who started after a flare of trumpets and with some suspicion of political bias. There is ample evidence that the people are underfed, whether that condition is due to low wages, low physique, or drink. An inquiry, conducted as I gather it is proposed, would not alter that evidence, and it might raise all sorts of controversies.

Would it not be possible for Sheffield to take a line of its own? I have not thought it out, but could not some facts be found as to the consumption of drink? Sherwell's guess of 6*s.* a week per family is a guess. Could the customers at public-houses be counted? Is there any way of discovering what beer and spirits are delivered at a public-house?

Then as to physique, could any account be taken of factory work-people who come to hospitals, infirmaries, or dispensaries during the year with any details as to character of disease? Or lastly, could the inquiry be limited to people over sixty with a view to finding out how they are dependent on private or public relief? There would have to be much thought to make any inquiry perfect, and it need not be published beforehand. The inquiry would thus be unexpected. . . I expect this is what you mean by a "sanitary census," and I can conceive such as being very valuable. The details would be interesting to work out.

Ever yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

P.S.—I have sometimes thought an inquiry as to the use made of leisure would be instructive. How do members of building trades spend the time after four o'clock?

A paragraph in the Toynbee Report bears on this subject:

1889.—The object of Toynbee can never be fully realised if the attempt is not made to render the Hall more and more a repository of systematised facts, relating to the complex life and varied social and economic problems that East London presents. And if the results of special investigations, and gleanings from the varied knowledge that is floating in the minds of many at the Hall, can be made generally accessible, Toynbee will have provided, not only valuable information of an academic kind, but more of that truth upon the knowledge of which wise action must be based.

To meet the spirit of inquiry and to prepare the public mind for reforms, an Inquirers' Club met regularly in the Toynbee drawing-room. Though I was "only a woman," I was allowed to be present, and among my most interesting memories are those meetings, which were conducted in a free and easy manner, the men smoking and asking informal questions. The opening speech was always by an expert, who fully stated the facts and thus abolished the need for elementary inquiries. To the club came not only Residents and Associates, but Government officials, civil servants and active administrators, who brought wide experience to the talks. Many of them dined with us first, the table being usually laid for thirty-five or forty on "inquirers'" nights, and the talk was excellent. Mr. Barnett was generally asked to take the chair; for, knowing who had been summoned from east and west, he was able to call for speech from those who had special knowledge. His memory for the mental furniture of individuals was wonderful, and his almost instinctive recognition of what was the main stream, or what were only the eddies, made him very valuable as a chairman. He spoke but little himself. Some of us often wished he would say more; but, on the other hand, talking chairmen are apt to be annoying, and he agreed with the wag who said the duties of the man who presided were to "sit up, speak up, and shut up"; but whether the last injunction refers to the speakers or to the chairman is yet undecided.

My husband had a little habit of saying "um, um," very low and quite unconsciously, when he was worried, and often as I sat on the settee at right angles to his chair have I heard this little evidence of dissatisfaction, usually when men aired the inconveniences of their positions, or, in reply to queries on conditions, boasted of their own accomplishments. Indeed, to him any intrusion of the personal was an offence. I remember saying to him once:

"You 'um-um'd' so much to-night that I thought people would think you had a sore throat."

"Did I?" he said. "It was that stupid ass, So-and-so, telling all about his broken nights, and his long hours, and his disturbed meals, when he ought to have told about the people and their difficulty in getting medical orders and adequate relief."

"But his disturbed meals, etc., are all part of the facts being inquired into," said I.

"Of course, so they are, but So-and-so is a good ass, and it was a pity not to do himself justice, for those men will now judge his class of officials by what he said, whereas relieving officers are, as we know, often devoted people. I could not switch him off his grievances either, though I tried."

"Cross," said I—"indigestion—result of 'broken nights'—'disturbed meals'—further inquiry needed—effect probably harsh on the applicants." An argument which appealed to him, for in his foreground ever stood those handicapped by poverty. One of the members of the club with whom he had but slight acquaintance, Mr. W. F. Nicholson, C.B., has written of those evenings :

> I remember how much I was struck by the way in which Canon Barnett used to preside at the meetings of the "Inquirers' Club," There was a minimum of formality, and the duties of a chairman might have seemed negligible. But one came to realise that the apparently casual remarks and questions which the Canon interjected into the discussions had the effect of keeping us straight on the essential lines of the inquiry, whatever it might be. He was, perhaps almost without knowing it himself, driving a team and keeping it on the right road. A touch here and a flick there was enough to get us to our destination when he was the driver.

The following are extracts from Mr. Barnett's letters to his brother on a few of those meetings :

WHITECHAPEL, *October* 21*st*, 1905.—We had an interesting evening yesterday. Mrs. Sidney Webb talked admirably on method of inquiry to forty University men. She was wise and beautiful, taking them by storm. Her point is that scientific methods may disclose the laws of the growth of society, but that it is only a philosophy or a religion which will set such laws to work. She had enjoyed her five days in Bristol. She thinks S—— admirable, and sees an advantage in good provincial dinners as they are likely to make vacancies in the town council! She had interviews with various members and came to that conclusion!

WHITECHAPEL, *February* 10*th*, 1906.—Last night the "Inquirers," thirty young men, discussed with a Labour man the relief of the unemployed. It was interesting to see the respective strength and weakness of knowledge and labour. Knowledge so clear-sighted and so often hard, labour so blundering but always sympathetic. Patience, patience with much zeal is our need.

3, LITTLE CLOISTERS, *May* 18*th*, 1907.—On Tuesday I had a party of young men to hit out a report on "Uses of Wealth."

We came upon this phrase, "Employers must make living wage a first charge, landlords must provide a living house, and manufacturers a living workshop." Gore is leading in this matter. I will send you a copy of the first report.

After the meetings men often asked Mr. Barnett how further to pursue the matter discussed, and then he would appoint a time for a "talk in the study." Increasingly people called on him for such help, and on some mornings our drawing-room—next to his study—was like the waiting-room of a fashionable physician, without, though, the intermediary in the shape of the butler. Usually he himself managed his patients, polishing off those who demanded short time first, and asking others to do so-and-so while they waited. Sometimes he tore up to my work-room—on the floor above—to ask me to take an inquirer in hand, and occasionally he came to say he "must be rescued in ten minutes" by a little ruse which I won't divulge in case it is recognised, for it was invented to save pain, so why give it now? But indeed many people did not know when to go, though that was partly his own fault, or—shall I not say?—the result of his fathomless sympathy, which made each man feel that his affairs were of deep consequence to the Canon, so why not talk and talk? But the fatigue! No one knows the *suffering* of fatigue that his output on those long mornings caused.

Visitors

A few weeks ago my friends the Rev. Percy and Mrs. Thompson were talking over this book with me.

"Let me write my impressions of my first 'talk in the study,'" she said, and here is what she sent me:

> I went, a complete stranger, led by the reputation of Toynbee and its Warden to think that there was the man who could give me ideas as to how to carry out the directions of my brother (Sidney Gilchrist Thomas), that money coming from his inventions should go to improving conditions of life for the people. The remembrance is of the calm of that study, and of the wisdom of the man who in it gave his whole mind to the personal problems of a stranger. Concentration on your personal point of view, so as to allow for it; insistence on ideals which must not be transgressed against; the necessity of personally seeing the poor to save one's own soul; conviction that good was evolving out of all the chaos; and the wisdom of temperate counsel. Then the visit to the Toynbee drawing-room—wonderful meeting-place—and the brilliance and paradoxes of its mistress and the way she summed things up, and by degrees, very often by startling degrees, you learnt of her intuitions and creative power and organisation. Was there ever such a complement the one to the other? Little marvel that to them came visitors from every point of the compass.
>
> No! I can't put on paper my real recollections.

The mention of the drawing-room being next to the study reminds me to tell that in 1892 we moved into the Warden's Lodge which the Toynbee Council had built at the gateway of Toynbee Hall. It was a nice house with lofty rooms, but the parting from the old Vicarage in which we had lived since 1873 was painful, for it was saturated with beautiful memories. It was, though, a consolation that our friends, the Rev. Ronald and Mrs. Bayne, were to occupy it and further enrich its walls with children's laughter.

Mr. Barnett's desire to obtain for every class the advantages of knowledge of the others often resulted in conferences. Sometimes they were small and held in our drawing-room, if politicians wanted the opportunity of meeting experts on the matter then before the " House," or on which the Press desired to be informed to guide public opinion. Sometimes they were organised from Toynbee, and included every social question that was occupying, or should occupy, the minds of thoughtful people. Among the subjects dealt with were, " Oral teaching by teachers," " Old-age pensions," " Teachers on the teaching of history," " The new Code 1890," " The essentials of a good friendly society by friendly society men," " Co-operative credit banks," " Costermongers," " Co-operators on co-operative difficulties," " The possibility of extending trade unions," " The relation of the London School Board and the school managers," " Labour homes and farms," " New openings for co-operation," " Is the study of literature a failure ? " " Precautions against overcrowding and infection in country villages," " Nature study for children," " Higher education of the working man," " The unemployed," " Juvenile thrift," " Underfed school children." One on the " Utility of strikes " was reported in the Toynbee Report :

> 1890.—Lord Herschell presided, and the discussion was carried on by members of the Hardwicke Society, with Mr. Tod, a dock director, on the one side, and by representative trades-unionists on the other, including several members of the Dockers' Union. . . An interesting and useful interchange of views took place between men who do not often have a chance of meeting. Lord Herschell summed up the discussion in a speech of balanced discrimination, in which, while emphasising the losses, both material and moral, which strikes cause, and the grave responsibility which rests on all those who advocate them, he admitted that under many circumstances they were justifiable, and also that the altruistic form of labour contest, called the " strike on principle," might become necessary.

I remember also one on " Vaccination," when Dr. Ernest Hart, after listening to the amazing discourtesy of some of the speakers to the Bishop of London, asked the chairman's permission to put some questions on facts, and then, when only ignorance was revealed, poured out the vials of his righteous anger on people who could make assertions that a little trouble and a few hours' work would show to be false.

When Sir John Gorst was living in Toynbee, he usually sat unobtrusively through any conference, leaning back in his chair, his legs straight out, his pointed beard stiff, his head up, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, gently rubbing the tips of his fingers together, apparently oblivious of all that was going on, and then towards the end he would begin, and in a monotonous, almost sing-song voice sum up the whole position, and ask probing questions. It was masterly, and even when cynically done was always influenced by the desire for reform. He used to chuckle with amusement when we had returned to our quiet clean-aired drawing-room, and recalled how he had taken the humbug out of one speaker, or exposed the rotten foundation of someone else's theories.

I recollect also another Conference when Mr. Corrie Grant allowed the splendour of his indignation to wing his words, and left his listeners ashamed that their reforming spirit has been so long weak, that the evils they knew of still placidly continued.

To F. G. B., April 10th, 1897.—On Thursday the Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton dined at Toynbee. We had designed a conference on Education, but it was not good. The Bishop was vague and out of sympathy, the trades-unionists did not understand a system of education which was to be without subjects—that was the Bishop's point—the Socialists were rude, the teachers professional. We were both a bit sick to have used up a chance so ill.

To F. G. B., December 2nd, 1899.—Yesterday we had a conference on Boarding-out. People came from the country and plans were discussed. I was struck by the acrimony of public women. Dear creatures, doing good work and with right views, faced opposition with such temper, they were like dogs and cats, snarling, scratching, and barking. My wife and Miss Townsend were quite different, but I more and more dread publicity for women.

In July 1896 one of those waves of disease which pass over all thickly populated areas broke over East London. Diphtheria and scarlet fever had their victims, besides the nondescript complaints which carry off the babies. The main cause was dirt, and the reason for the dirt was the scarcity of water. The weather was very hot, and the holiday season at hand, making it easy for the Toynbee Residents to keep to their plans and go out of town. But the House stood firm, and stayed at home to unite to get the authorities prodded into action. A mass meeting was held on the Mile End Waste, at which resolutions were passed condemning the action of the East London Waterworks Company in not carrying out their undertaking of a six hours' supply of water a day. The Residents investigated facts, for the company made the strange assertion that they were "pumping oceans of water into East London." The Associates connected with the Press brought the help of publicity, and a conference was arranged in Toynbee, when, under the presidency of my husband, the members of Parliament, chairmen of vestries, county councillors, and medical officers of health of the East End, took part and, led by Sir Samuel Montagu, passed vigorous resolutions. Finally, as the company still starved us of water, a deputation waited on Mr. Henry Chaplin, as President of the Local Government Board. In introducing it Canon Barnett added to his picture of the sufferings of the people the statement that "as the company's £100 shares now stood at £236, they had the power to supply water even if it cost more." The President answered the deputation with excuses and courtesy, but the battle was won, and the intervention of the Government resulted in the New River Company selling to its sister-organisation 3,000,000 gallons of water a day—a satisfactory conclusion.

The Waterworks Company were very angry and scolded Canon Barnett, on which he wrote to *The Times* as follows:

August 3rd, 1896.

SIR,—Mr. Crookenden has publicly charged me with countenancing "false premises" and "deductions deplorably erroneous" and easy to be refuted. May I restate some of these premises from which a body of representative men unanimously deduced the conclusion that the East London Water Company should be compelled to put on the constant supply and deliver water at a greater height?

1. The Company well knew—if by no other means, by the yearly increasing amounts paid to its collectors—that the population was increasing, and it ought, long before it did, to have applied for powers to give an increased supply of water.

2. The Company knew that industrial dwellings over 40 ft. in height had become common, and it ought to have put in machinery to drive up the water to the necessary height.

3. The Company has, after pressure from the Home Secretary, made arrangements to buy water of the New River Company. It ought during the long droughts to have spontaneously made such arrangements before calling on people to give up baths and let their flowers die.

4. The Company has seen its property doubled in value by the increase of value of the property on which it levies rates, and it ought out of its abundant profits to have made every possible provision before stopping the constant supply.

Such are some of the premises to which Mr. Crookenden alludes and of which he says refutation is easy.

It is now further urged in defence of the action of the Company that thirty gallons a head are under present arrangements poured into the mains and that consumers should provide themselves with cisterns or receptacles.

In answer to which I would submit (1) that there is no proof that this amount of water reaches consumers. A large quantity may escape through leaks in the supply pipes or be used by manufacturers who pay by meter. (2) That a large number of the poorer consumers have, as your correspondent shows, no room in their narrow homes for storing receptacles, and that cisterns cannot be well placed in small tenements so that the water may be kept pure and sufficient for the families occupying the tenement. In my earlier years of East London life, Mr. Liddle, one of the best of medical officers, traced disease to the existence of cisterns which were then everywhere in use and advocated their removal.

The absence of any demonstration of indignation is, I think, neither a proof of the absence of need, nor is it always a testimony to the patience with which the poor endure hardship. The fact is that the use of water is not sufficiently common, and many East Londoners welcome an excuse for not washing. It is certain, however, that a decreased use must mean greater liability to disease and a greater disposition to self-indulgence. I trust the vigorous course which Mr. Chaplin has taken may be followed, and that by purchase of water from other companies, East Londoners may have the constant supply to which they are used, and by which alone they will be helped to fight dirt and dirt disease.

Yours, etc., Samuel A. Barnett.

I have set out this incident at length, not because of its importance, but as an example of the way Canon Barnett and the Residents worked in concert. Without their aid, he could not have obtained facts, or employed the large body of students to rouse enthusiasm. Without his calm leadership, they could not have planned the campaign and marshalled the forces. Without the confidence that his moderation had taught the public to feel in him, his word would not have carried weight. For instance, many philanthropists would have used the occasion to paint in strong colours the sufferings of our neighbours—and great heat causes more suffering than great cold—but even an interviewer could obtain from him nothing more sensational than the next paragraph :

> "*Daily Graphic*," *August* 1896.—Out of the din of Commercial Street I turned into the quiet quadrangle of Toynbee Hall, and luckily found the Warden, Canon Barnett, in a pleasant room overlooking the creeper-clad porch. He was busy with the details of the deputation he was about to take to Mr. Chaplin, but found time for a few minutes' conversation. "From our point of view," he said, "it is not an attack on the Water Company we urge, but an attack upon uncleanliness. The fact is, sanitary reformers have been preaching for years up and down the country the necessity for greater cleanliness and plenty of water to procure it, but when the stress comes—as for instance now—the dial is put back. People in these crowded streets and houses soon get careless, and the washing day is put off. The sanitary arrangements go wrong, and you have an outbreak of disease. I do not think that there is any illness just now directly attributable to scarcity of water. Hot weather and indulgence in fruit sufficiently account for any rise above the normal state of sickness. Nor are there any signs in St. George's or Stepney of exceptional distress from want of water such as would necessitate its purchase. You don't see yet any carts about selling water."

In a similar manner, my husband dealt with many difficulties—first obtained facts, and then used every power he possessed to obtain reform.

It was never difficult to get the men for one of the Canon's reforming sallies, but it was more difficult to induce them to care for the House as a whole, and to feel that all their labours were interdependent. As one method of attaining this unity, we invited all the Residents to come to us once a week to talk. Sometimes we had poetry evenings, each man reading what he counted worthy, but usually we discussed. The Warden would sit either on the floor or in a low chair by the small Sutherland table, and by short sentences direct the thought, or, with knowledge of each man's mind, effect mental introductions between those who would say in conference things too big or too real for normal conversation :

To F. G. B., October 23rd, 1886.—Monday went in its usual round. At our evening meeting we discussed "Right," and how far each man was bound to do what he thought right. Almost alone I held that the limit of action is law; a man must try to get his view of right adopted and made law, but until then he must obey law. The talk was interesting and I am confirmed in my view. A need of our time is a basis of authority. It is not in Kings, in Church, or in numbers. It is in the expressed will of a nation.

To F. G. B., October 12th, 1887.—Monday went in interviews, but in the evening the men came in and we talked of how workmen could be made at home in Toynbee. I am sure that attractions won't bring them, but only the personal touch. . . A disposition to put machinery in the place of persons grows up.

To F. G. B., December 13th, 1887.—I had a dull day of seeing people without any sense of anything to give them. Such days come often.

The Residents came in in the evening, but the talk on the "limits of obedience to law" was not good. My position that disobedience is right only when it is successful has a nasty look, but I think it suggests the truth.

To F. G. B., January 21st, 1888.—On Monday Costelloe came and held forth to the Toynbee men on "Luxury." He was very clever, but as really we all agreed in practice, he defended the doctrine that there is an absolute right. Nothing came out which was helpful.

To F. G. B., May 1889.—On Monday Haldane and Sidney Webb dined and discussed Socialism. The latter won the fight, but nothing was said to instruct or to inspire.

These do not read as if Mr. Barnett enjoyed the talks, but he did, though he bore the responsibility for their usefulness, and often came to them when tired after a long day's work. But to most of us they were inspiriting hours and have been described as follows:

> It was very refreshing after a strenuous week amid depressing surroundings to accept Mrs. Barnett's and the Warden's Monday invitations, and to find them both in their beautiful drawing-room, where welcomes and refreshments were followed by first-rate common talk on a previously settled subject. The play of their minds on each other was in itself of sufficient interest for one evening, but when to that was added the mental play of eighteen or twenty men, many of them the flower of their respective years at the Universities, the talk became not only of entrancing interest but, as has been seen in later events, with significant potentialities.
>
> Who can calculate how many of the ideas and aspirations thrown across the room in one of our hostess's bursts of enthusiastic insight, or interjected in one of the Warden's epigrams, has not found its way on to the Statute book or into the region of practical politics? In his sphere the writer can trace more than one result of those Monday evening talks.

CHAPTER XXXIV

"*In the richest country of the world the great mass of our countrymen live without the knowledge, the character, and the fullness of life which together make the best gift of this age.*"

FORTY years ago no one could live closely with the poor without realising how their poverty bred the fear which became a temptation to the oppressor. The landlord, the keeper of the general shop, the pawnbroker—indeed, anyone to whom it was possible to be in debt, could declare that their legal rights were anything they desired, and be believed. It was not only the oppressed and the defrauded who were harmed. With his conviction that sin was the only thing that mattered, Mr. Barnett grieved as much that men should be encouraged to oppress and lie, as that pain should be caused. In our early East London days we often troubled our lawyer friends with cases; but there was the difficulty of making city appointments, so it seemed best to bring the lawyer to the people. Thus was begun unpretentiously and intermittently the plan of "The Poor Man's Lawyer," which Mansfield House has brought so efficiently before the world.

In 1889 a "Tenants' Defence Committee" was formed in Toynbee at the suggestion of our friend Sir Samuel Montagu.[1] The Canon became chairman, and it soon extended its arms to aid others than tenants. As a rule, about forty cases were considered every week, of which some were taken into court. But the difficulties were often settled by both disputants agreeing to accept as arbitrators the solicitor, and the Resident and Associate who acted as hon. secretaries.[2]

To F. G. B., February 4th, 1899.—On Thursday I did my rounds in Toynbee. The Tenants' Rights Committee is interesting. Man after man reveals the lawless conduct of landlords, and our lawyer tells them how to resist and force them to use legal methods of eviction. We have an able fellow who is called Van Dam. The pressure on tenement rooms is wonderful alongside of the building in the suburbs.

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[1] Later Lord Swaythling.

[2] Mr. G. O. Roos, Mr. Sanders, Mr. A. E. Western.

Few sights could be more pitiful than those groups of men and women, angry and afraid, suffering from injustice, often thin, half-clothed and self-neglected, having honestly tried in spite of their penury to discharge their debts. Sometimes they neither spoke nor understood English, and were therefore more alarmed and indignant than necessary. Many were so ugly too, the young Polish Jewesses with their false "fronts," and the German or Russian Jews with their unkempt heads and shaggy beards. And frequently they thought it would clear up their troubles quicker if they all talked at once and in loud voices. Gently but firmly would "our Mr. Lewis"[1] disentangle their tales, pouring out in his turn strong advice clothed in Yiddish, or a dialect which they understood. He indeed earned the compliment a Resident accorded to him:

"Lewis, you are the best Christian of the lot of us," but he was a thoughtful Jew and seemed dubious of accepting the laudation offered.

All lovers of justice must have been glad when, in June 1914, there came into force the rules for providing poor suitors with legal assistance in the Royal Courts of Justice, and to receive the news that 500 solicitors and 300 counsel "have intimated their willingness to act on behalf of the poor suitor."

Toynbee Hall did not avoid labour questions, nor omit to try to strengthen trade-unions and to solve the troubles which lead to strikes. It was anxious work, and I remember the fear and trembling with which Mr. A. P. Laurie, Mr. Arthur Rogers, Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith,[2] and I—in 1888—interviewed the managing body of Bryant & May's, intimate information of the disputed conditions having come to us through many rough girl-friends. Perhaps we did no good, perhaps we did; in any case we cared, and later the London Trades Council intervened and a solution was found.

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[1] Minister of Reformed Synagogue in New York (Rev. H. S. Lewis, M.A.).

[2] Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith, K.C.B., Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade.

The following summer—1889—the great dock strike occurred. Of that historic event Mr. Llewellyn Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have told the tale. When the strike broke out, we were abroad; for after seeing the Paris Exhibition, we had joined, for a few days each, two parties of the Toynbee Travellers' Club in Switzerland; but we immediately came home, and with the men who could be mustered in August, Mr. Barnett did all he could to support the strikers in their demands for better organisation of unskilled labour, aiding by relief those who would have been, without it, starved into unrighteous submission.

On September 21st of that year the Central Strike Committee were entertained at supper in Toynbee Hall. Mr. John Burns, Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. Tom Mann, and about sixty other guests were with us, and it was a great occasion, but not, as my wise husband said in his speech, "to be considered as one to identify the Settlement with the strike," for Oxford would indeed have been alarmed at that policy. To me the evening was memorable because it was the first time Mr. John Burns and I talked. We received our guests in our—St. Jude's—big drawing-room, and he, as is his wont, prowled round seeing everything. Presently he commanded me to explain one of my pictures, a photograph of Mr. Watts's first sketch of "Hope." I was able to tell him what the "Signor" had told me he meant by it, and its spiritual significance.

In Mr. Barnett's weekly letters to his brother he said:

> *August* 1889.—I don't know what this strike may bring forth. The lesson I would enforce is the danger of letting a system continue which outrages public sentiment. It was that scramble round the dock gates, the sight of the wretched creatures, which has brought out all trades to support men who as individuals would perhaps get no commiseration. The treatment of the poor in the casual wards is a like outrage and will cause the upset of good work. . .
>
> My feelings are with the men, but how to give those feelings expression is more than I know. As I walked yesterday in Regent Street I wished I were young again and beginning. How I should like to make the kindly, well-mannered, and well-dressed people of the West understand their selfishness and their folly. How I should like to smash up the sympathy which does nothing—which keeps knowledge and beauty for itself.
>
> Good-bye, old boy. My leg is better, but it will never again kick anyone downstairs.

Eight months later, though the men had nominally won, my husband was still anxious :

> *March* 1890.—Somehow without any evidence I have a sense of anxiety about the Docks. I don't like either the feeling of directors or dockers. The first don't believe in the Union, the last don't know what Union demands. There may be another strike in which the men will be beaten and driven back to strike again with renewed viciousness. In the end labour must win, but like Napoleon in Russia it may be in a field on which it will starve.

On September 25th the first meeting of the Trafalgar branch of the Riverside Labourers' Union was held in the lecture-hall, when the Warden presided over about 200 dockers. That this memorable strike was the parent of much that was good will be seen from the following paragraph, which is from the Toynbee Report :

> 1890.—Until the summer of 1889 the East End of London could hardly be described as a stronghold of trade-unionism. . . The task for the leaders is enormous, and it is one of education almost as much as of organisation. This is especially true of the unskilled labourers . . . and of women. But difficult though their task is, if trade-unionists combine, not only for strength, but to become a great moral as well as an industrial force, and . . . recognise the bounds that justice as well as wider economic laws impose, there is a great future before them. By trade-unions the problem of unequal competition will be largely solved, and working men and women will earn more of that respect which justice and self-dependence always bring. In this way the hands of the better classes of employers will be further strengthened and their numbers increased. . .
>
> The case of the woman is complicated by special difficulties . . . but it is hoped that the efforts of the Women's Trade-Union Committee, formed during the past winter, will be enabled to spread still further the principles and practice of mutual support among the women workers of East London.
>
> The Tailoresses' Union has continued to hold its meetings here, and the Women Cigar Makers in St. Jude's schools. Meetings have also been held by members of various trade societies, including the Stick Makers, Cigar Makers, Tailors' Cutters and Pressers, Railway Servants, Furriers, Shop Assistants, Fellowship Porters, and Dock Labourers. . . Committees of Conciliation, representing smack owners on the one hand and the fish porters on the other, have also met at Toynbee Hall. But meetings are only the more formal outcome of the many new friendships that have been made with officers and members of trade societies. . . And of these, reports can say little.

From that date until 1906, when we ceased to live in Whitechapel, my husband was often an invisible but a potent influence in labour disputes. He thought that "numbering the people," or counting results, was a sin against holy spiritual forces; but sometimes when he was depressed I deliberately encouraged the committal of that sin, and can recall one anxious year when he was obliged to own that he had "interfered" on no less than fourteen occasions between masters and men and women, with peace-making consequences. The Hall was constantly lent to aggrieved employees, and when part of the injustice consisted in such long working hours as to prevent the men meeting at a time when halls could be hired, Toynbee was available even for midnight conferences. Canon Barnett's enjoyment of seeing all round a question, his calm detestation of battle, and his faithful certainty that all concerned were anxious to do right, made disputants ready to place confidence in his judgment and welcome his guidance.

Much of the indirect knowledge of the attitude of the workers on labour conditions, whether in their own or other people's trades, was gained through the clubs, of which many owned St. Jude's and Toynbee Hall as their parents; but as that story is best told in chronological order, I must go back to 1877, when in St. Jude's Report the Vicar wrote:

> A room in the new buildings has been fitted up as a club-room, and handed over to a committee of men dwelling in the houses under our control. The walls have been really beautifully decorated with paintings of the seasons of the year, and the room is the admiration both of the club members and of visitors. . . It is well that the men have this winter been left to themselves, the absence of members of another class having removed all appearances of that patronage with which good works are so often burdened. I hope, though, that in the coming year the room may be enlarged, a bagatelle board erected, and refreshments served; and then I shall be disappointed if I fail to enlist as members some who will bring to our East End the culture and the knowledge which are so unfairly massed in other parts of London.

He was not disappointed; for the supply of men, ready to devote evenings to the sharing of what they held best with the East London men and boys, never failed.

Each of the Toynbee clubs had its own individuality. Some were instituted to carry on the traditions of schools, where devoted teachers grieved at losing their boys at the age when temptations were strongest. Others were used by young men to whom athletics made attractive appeals. At the Lolesworth Club, which was established in the Toynbee precincts, women as well as men were members, at that time considered a daring innovation. Occasionally, the club constituents were all of one trade or employment, such as the Whittington for the shoeblacks, but usually Mr. Barnett's tenet, that everyone gains by the widening of his social horizon, resulted in the inclusion of many sorts of members. Some of the clubs were teetotal; others admitted alcohol.

To F. G. B., 1888.—The Men's Club is about to move into larger premises and we are kept very anxious as to what may be the result. They will pay their rent out of the beer they consume. However, the best cannot be reached without risk of the worst.

It was not only to the clubs which they had founded, or for which they were responsible, that the Toynbee men went; they also became members of other clubs in East London; and as Mr. J. J. Dent, the leader of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, was a *persona grata* in Toynbee, the Warden was able to introduce him to Residents who were likely to be useful. One has written his experiences:

> The club I managed to be made a member of was one of the oldest of its kind, radical to the back-bone and with no inconsiderable influence in local politics. It had about 300 members . . . who were all of the working or artisan class, and came there at the close of a hard day's work to enjoy their beer and baccy and talk. I used to drop in once or twice a week and have a chat, till I knew a good many pretty well. Then I was asked to give a lecture. . . After the summer vacation I proposed a weekly meeting for the real study of some work on Political Economy. . . The book we chose was George's *Progress and Poverty*. . . Some of the men showed great enthusiasm for these meetings, reading George by themselves during the week and entering with spirit into my plan that they should give me their practical experiences as workers on matters of which a student fresh from Oxford must necessarily be ignorant. As we had representatives of many different trades gathered round the table, a good deal of useful information was thus elicited. . .

When Mr. Sydenham Peppin became a Resident, part of his work was to visit clubs on Sunday mornings. At each could be found a crowd of men drinking, smoking, idling, ready—in some cases, eager—to accept suggestions for worthier uses of the day of rest. For many clubs, lecturers were found who told in informal talk of the scientific harvest of our age, or discussed politics from a standpoint other than that of class interests. In 1889 the Council of Toynbee in their report wrote :

> 1889.—The ideal of an East-end club, be it political or social, is still far from being realised, and the best clubmen are those who are most alive to the dangers as well as to the advantages that are secured by combination. The " proprietary " clubs form an unsatisfactory class by themselves, but the excessive drinking and gambling that are common in them are dangers against which the responsible men in many of the other clubs have also to guard. The clubs in which these dangers are not avoided are harmful influences at the present time, but they, and others like them, may become serious obstacles in the future to the usefulness of any Parliamentary or municipal action that may be taken for the control of the liquor traffic. The work of club leaders lies in stimulating healthy political and social life, in providing desirable forms of recreation, and in promoting all forms of educational activity as counteracting influences.

The best work in clubs was that done by the men who held on to them for years. For instance, Mr. F. C. Mills began his Broad Street Club in 1883, and, in spite of its many vicissitudes, he is still responsible for it. Mr. R. W. B. Buckland has never to this day—April 1917—dropped friendship with the Old Rutlanders which was begun when he came to Toynbee in 1891. To him also was owed the inception and success of the Sydney Club, which as a boxing club attracted the vigorous and pugilistic. Himself a boxer of no mean order, Mr. Buckland commanded the respect which by some minds is only rendered to a man who is able and willing to knock another man down. When the members learnt that to the admired prowess could be joined a high and sensitive honour, a chivalrous reverence for women, a sense of happy humour, and a character permeated with unobtrusive piety, they awoke to other sides of life, and some of them understood and strove to copy.

With the clubs Mr. Barnett had no direct touch. His share of the work was to talk with the men who were managing them, hear their difficulties, suggest new outlets for youthful energy, discuss individual characters, and find fresh workers as the clubs grew, or the circumstances of experienced Residents deprived the neighbourhood of their services. In the Council's Report of 1902 he reviewed some of the clubs which Toynbee Hall " ran " for men and boys :

> The " Old Northeyites " has kept the educational side well in front. The members excel in acting and gymnastic displays,

and the performance of *Twelfth Night* at the Limehouse Town Hall showed work of high order.[1]

The "Rutlanders," whose managers are Millhillians, have brought education, music, and the spirit of the Mill Hill School into the club.

The "Old Dalgleishers"—whose special feature is the Easter expedition—enjoyed it for the eighth year in succession, when the party spent four days and three nights in Essex bivouacking in barns—an anticipated joy which influenced expenditure throughout the year.

The "Whittington" is managed by students from the London Hospital, who aim at drawing boys who have escaped school discipline, and by closing each meeting with prayer keep the religious object prominent.

The "Brady Street Club" for Jewish boys is managed by Jews, many of whom are Associates. Here, as in other clubs, men who are regular, who keep in sympathy with boys, who enforce order through friendship and initiate new departures, find a response in the affection and enthusiasm of the boys. Another club has lately been started in Commercial Road, on similar lines.

In 1901–2 active discontent strengthened among the poor and took, with other forms, that of the use of lawless force. Some of those anxious for the protection of property called for further punitive powers, while others demanded more clubs where the young roughs could safely spend their evenings. On this the Warden wrote in the Toynbee Report:

> The outbreak of Hooliganism has suggested clubs as a remedy. The public is told that if meeting-places and games are provided, the boys will not so often break from control. There are obvious advantages in club life, but it is not easy to see why the opportunity of meeting in great numbers, of playing billiards, and perhaps dancing, should of itself develop good and orderly habits. Clubs have their advantages. They encourage associated action, they promote sociability, and they offer a field in which ideas may be planted. . . There has been talk on Hooliganism almost as wild as the actions of the boys. There is nothing in the so-called outbreak to astonish people familiar with East or South London, and the one thing certain is that repression is not its cure. The remedy for evil is not single but manifold. There must be ampler housing and more opportunities for healthy exercise, there must be truer education and compulsory continuation schools, there must, above all, be closer human relations

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[1] The scene-painting, all done by the members, was remarkable.

with neighbours of wider outlook, through whom the world will be seen to offer other fields of enterprise. Hooliganism represents the spirit of revolt against authority, written in the coarse writing of a neglected neighbourhood. The spirit of revolt and the coarse writing will not be changed by hasty action, whether it be the use of the "cat" or big clubs started in a hurry. The spirit of revolt in East and West will only be checked when an Authority is acknowledged "Whose service is perfect freedom."

The experience of Toynbee Hall is that clubs are valuable just so far as they are permeated by the influence of the managers. The practice, therefore, is not to build extensive premises, and not to gather large numbers. The old boys of a school are gathered together by two or three men who act as "managers." The rooms of the school are hired for three or more evenings a week, and one of the teachers is appointed as "responsible." Arrangements are made for games and classes. The boys, as they get older, pass on to a senior division.

The advantages of this plan are: (1) the creation of a school tradition; (2) the establishment of close personal relations between managers and boys; (3) the union of discipline and pleasure; (4) the absence of a building whose upkeep is expensive, and which will remain after the managers have left—the corpse of a dead charity.

Of the Warden's influence on East London club life Mr. Douglas, who lived in Toynbee Hall from 1898 to 1909, and still looks after the clubs he then managed, wrote:

1916.—The influence of Canon Barnett impressed itself strongly in East London clubland. It was to him that the many difficult problems were brought by club managers who asked his counsel and never asked in vain. He had no faith in the club which existed to bring together merely for amusement large numbers of diverse elements. He had no sympathy with the idea of providing pleasant if noisy lounging-places, which left no opportunity for the exercise of personal influence. How often has he expressed the view that the value of clubs is to be found in the nature of the bonds that unite the members together, and that the aim of the managers should be to promote true citizenship by inculcating discipline based on self-respect.

With these views it was small, as against large, clubs which met with Canon Barnett's approval, and thus "Old Boys'" clubs became the speciality of Toynbee Hall Residents; the objects being to gather together boys on leaving school, to help them to continue their education and to foster that spirit of comradeship which had developed during school years.

Our Warden also took a keen interest in the boys' annual camps, and constantly suggested methods whereby the impressions of camp life might bear fruitful town seed. The opportunity of spending a health-giving holiday in country or seaside surroundings was to him of secondary importance compared to the fact that the community life in camp made stronger the bonds of personal relationship between boys and managers.

In explanation of the Canon's attitude towards work among boys I cannot do better than quote what he wrote in 1900 when the air was full of talk about the rise of the "Hooligans," and the necessity for some legislative action was being discussed:

> But when all these proposals are considered, the old doctrine remains true that good can only be done *one by one*. Unless the friendless are befriended, unless the boy is considered and put in circumstances fitted for his character, unless his teacher, or a school manager, or a visitor, or the head of his club, act as his friend, he will hardly feel himself a member of society. Hooliganism is, indeed, the protest against treating the *poor in a lump*. The police may secure order in the streets, the School Board may provide the means of education, the local authority may secure healthy homes, charitable people may learn how to give, but each individual has his own needs which another individual can discover. Machinery may do much, but it takes a man to help a man.[1]

Mr. John Lea, who as an Associate did much work in clubs, sends his views on Canon Barnett's action:

> Canon Barnett's keynote to workers in clubs was "Remember it is *their* club, not yours." He might almost be called the founder of boys' clubs, the real club as opposed to the school, or place of discipline. . . The boy, he affirmed, wanted not a "teacher" but a friend, not charity, patronage, food, and clothing—hitherto the aims of well-meaning philanthropy. What he wanted was to learn to control himself, to "run his own show," to pay his own way, to lead his own life, to respect himself, to hold up his head in his community. That was why Mr. Barnett taught in the early eighties that boys must pay for their clubs, must form committees of control, make their own rules and enforce them. . .
>
> No better illustration of the value of "autonomy" or self-control in alliance with self-government could be found than the way that *gambling* was dealt with in the Whittington Club. In all clubs for boys, gambling was the one real difficulty. No policing of the club could do it, however watchful; and after all the voluntary worker does not want to be a policeman. . . At the very outset of the Whittington, we told the Committee—which consisted of twelve boys and three Toynbee men who represented the tenancy of the premises, and had to find the deficit from working the club—that gambling could not be allowed; it would give the club a bad name. This they all recognised, and it was agreed that if any boy was found gambling he must be brought before the Committee, censured, and, if he offended again, expelled.
>
> At almost the first meeting a small boy was rated for the offence and cautioned by the chairman—always a club member.

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[1] No mention has been made of women's and girls' clubs in this chapter, not because they did not exist or were unsuccessful, but because they were not Mr. Barnett's work, and except to sympathise with what troubled or interested me he had no relation with them.

"Why don't ye call up *him* ?" he said, pointing at a member of the Committee. "He was 'gaffing' at the same time." Tableau !

Confession of guilty member, and inward resolve by all present that gambling would not do for those in authority. Consequent result—those at the top clearly took very good care that no ordinary member should do what was denied to the leaders. And we hardly ever had any gambling directly or indirectly connected with the club.

The records and memories of the Whittington and the earlier Brothers of St. Katharine's Clubs would swell the evidence of Canon Barnett's far-sighted vision for the welfare of the boy. He lived to see the results of the control of the boy by the boy in preparation for the man. And the man testifies to-day how the club with its self-government taught the boy to respect himself, to stick to his work, and depend on his own efforts for his future good.

The Warden knew the value of games to which England owes so much to-day. That among other reasons was why he welcomed young men—who had for themselves realised the value of games—to help in boys' clubs.

The difficulty of uniting all the members of the three houses in common work did not become easier, but my husband kept it undeviatingly before him and pains were taken to arrange work in which all could unite. For this the two Jubilees, 1887 and 1897, gave excellent opportunities. It was not easy to join in the general rejoicing and yet maintain our principles on either relief or hospitality. The rich seemed determined to throw money at the poor, and to assist all mankind to grovel in gluttony, but Mr. Barnett's ingenuity found new channels for public gladness. Among the events were a lovely flower show in the Toynbee quadrangle free for all to visit; a concert with a souvenir programme which included Tennyson's "She wrought her people lasting good"; a gorgeous dinner party also out of doors, when the lowest examples of humanity were discovered in the common lodging-houses and "compelled to come in" to find their meal spread with exquisite refinement, and a Resident or Associate told off to every half-dozen guests to sit by, eat with, and talk to—and not to run round with plates. Poor wrecks, how their very appearance filled one with shame! A Jubilee, the greatest Queen of the richest nation, and these the inhabitants of her most splendid city! Many of them knew us, and shook welcoming hands with mixed feelings and much misgiving.

"You won't tell on me, Mr. Barnett, will yer? It's a long time ago."

"I ain't seen yer since I come out, Mum, but I'se straight since."

"Gawd bless yer both! Who'd 'ave thought we should 'ave dinnered together?"

"I know the place, and don't always come in by the door," was a remark which startled one Resident whose neighbour was crop-headed. The tales of how hawking was "off colour," and "the road not what it was," and "the cops so sharp on a chap," were illuminating; but to me saddest of all were the diffident manners engendered by fear, and the surprise at courtesy.

For the children's Jubilee a dozen plans were carried through, and we both greatly enjoyed the creation of so much innocent enjoyment. Mr. Barnett's letters tell of his pleasure.

St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, *June 17th*, 1887.

My dear Frank,—This is Jubilee weather, and sitting here one almost feels as if one were wasting a gift in not being out of doors to enjoy the beauty and the feel of the "full air."

To-night I begin to Jubilee by dining with the Lord Mayor, and as I have only taken a bit of toast for breakfast and am going to walk with the Wadham men, I hope to do justice to my first and last dinner. Last, because I have a notion that after one dinner I shall feel I must hereafter protest. My wife is going to see a Greek play, and afterwards we meet at Lord Ripon's, when we expect to see the diamonds under which the Indian princes will appear.

Yesterday I spent in town; the West is wild. The streets are crowded with people, the buildings hidden behind stages and scaffolding, structures for flowers and light everywhere. . . The contagion is strong and everyone is getting to think he must push even without knowing why. If one stops to consider, it would be easy to grow nervous over possible accidents. But every precaution is being taken and kind crowds are manageable.

On Tuesday we forgot an engagement with the Rothschilds and had a nice evening at home.

With love for ever, S. A. B.

To F. G. B., June 25th, 1887.—Jubilee has captured us body and mind. Day after day we have been gazing and gadding; gazing at decorations, processions; gadding among crowds of sight-seers from eight in the morning till two the next morning. Gradually our carping, criticising radicalism has faded, we feel that only a monarchy can express national feeling, that expenditure on show is profitable, that the past is more than the present, that unity is stronger than individualism, and that "God save the Queen" is as true as it is beautiful. There!

Really the week has been an education. It has shown the

Ideal

value of a big idea and the need of a big expression to convey the idea. People have lived down to the mean idea of profit and loss and have been mean; they can live up to the big idea of a nation and be good-tempered and generous. Then big shows are wanted to express the big idea. The week, too, has shown that content is more than discontent, the force for order stronger than the force for disorder.

To F. G. B., February 18th, 1888.—Yesterday my wife went to her Board at Forest Gate—I, to see the Queen's presents. Great crowds of the working folk are present daily. Their constant remark is, "What will she do with this ?" A question which, if care for beauty and pleasure at reminder be eliminated, must remain unanswered.

As a whole I do not care for the things. They represented individuals who were not a unity by common thought or feeling. There were caskets, fans, jewellery, etc., etc.

It seemed such a pity to throw away all the banners and bright-coloured mottoes, so I wrote to *The Times* to offer to be a dumping-ground for any "thing of beauty," which I undertook should find a home "in clubs or kindred institutions whose walls were bare for want of money to decorate them." A very large response was made to this short letter, for the comic papers took it up, and drew pictures of elderly ladies draped in paper wreaths, stout dockers great-coated with banners, and children plentifully bedecked with "V.Rs." and "1837–1887" welcomes. East and West London laughed together and so gaiety was increased.

It was delightful, feeling at one with everybody else, and the night of the illuminations of the first—1887—Jubilee is a gladsome memory. We took old Nurse, and with a bodyguard of some twenty Toynbee men, Mrs. Hart, Miss Paterson, the Canon and I spent the night walking about the streets, not only seeing beautiful devices in light and colour, but enjoying a thousand incidents of human interest, when conventional barriers were broken down and the communion of goodwill was universally partaken. The source was so innocent also, just a genuine congratulation that a good old lady was still living; so different from the celebrations of Peace, which must always mean defeat to some other member of the family of nations.

CHAPTER XXXV

"*We would nationalise luxury and we would give to everyone the higher thing which he does not want.*"

Wherever the Residents worked they always brought their friends or fellow-workers to Toynbee for parties, not only because the rooms were large and beautiful, but because it was where they and we were living, and so could be introduced. It was written of my husband:

> Barnett combined in a remarkable way the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. His ingenuity in devising methods by which East and West might usefully and profitably and pleasantly meet together was inexhaustible.[1]

Certainly very ingenious were the arrangements to enable men to mingle without formality, or the prohibition of expense. To pay the cost of the parties the past and present Residents subscribed to the Entertainment Committee, which also paid for any dinner guests who lived east of the Bank. All the Resident had to do was to add E. or E.C. to the ticket which the parlourmaid slipped unobtrusively under his glass. This plan permitted everyone to entertain his friends regardless of the length of his purse. The consequent addition to the interest of the meals had to be experienced to be believed. What unplumbed depths of pleasure we deny ourselves by enjoying only a few layers, and those often the shallow ones, of what is known as "Society."

One of the original Toynbee Hall Residents wrote:

> Do you remember the time when my aunts came to dine with me at one of the Toynbee dinners, and my anxiety when I found one of the dear old ladies was seated next a radical pawnbroker? It went off all right. But it was high comedy to see the Tory old lady, with her white hair and refined features, looking like a French "Marquise de l'ancien régime,"

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[1] From *East London Church Chronicle*, June 1913.

unbending to her plebeian neighbour, as she found him well-behaved and well-informed. She never forgot the deep interest of that dinner, and, I believe, she "snatched a fearful joy" in recalling her experience and the glimpses of another social world which she had gained by it.

When Mr. Barnett wanted to bring men closely together, he believed in excluding women.

"They are too distracting," he affirmed, "for each other as well as for the men." So the "Pals" parties consisted of men only.

To F. G. B., 1888.—On Monday evening Toynbee entertained their "pals"—*i.e.* each Resident had four of his East London friends, so we had about seventy guests. We had supper and speeches. The party had elements of great good but wanted the perfection which more care would have given. They *did* talk, and they, better than "classes," represent our work.

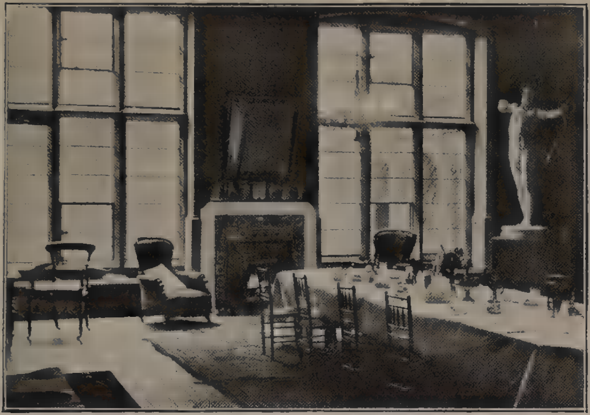
On this occasion the *Toynbee Record* reported:

1888.—The party to East London friends, technically known as "Pals Party" (is Pal the shorter form of Pylades or the masculine of Sal ?) came off on November 12th, and was duly successful. After supper, Mr. Barnett, in a short speech, told our guests "who they were," pointing out that each of us soon developed some special line of work, and formed his own group of friends, trades-unionists, co-operators, school teachers, members of particular clubs, or whatever they might be, and that all were represented that evening.

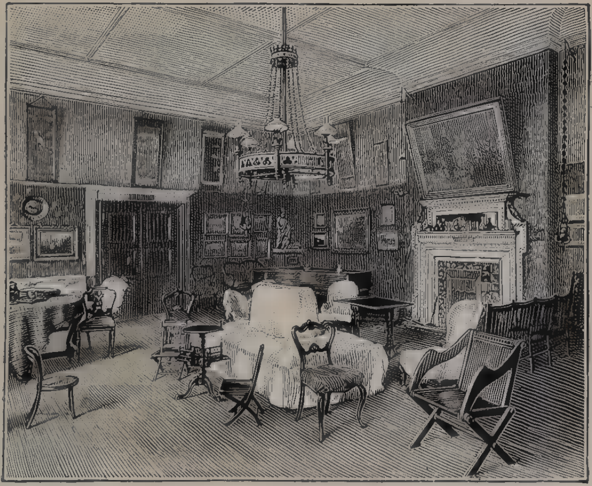
Once a year, before the winter session, we had a great party when all the Toynbee students were invited. The following describes what usually happened:

September 29th, 1895.—Toynbee Hall is always a welcome oasis in the middle of the grey desert of brick and mortar which stretches depressingly to the east of Aldgate pump. But last night it was more bright and cheerful than usual, when the winter session was inaugurated with a conversazione, to which all the Toynbee students, numbering over 2,000, had been invited. The Warden and Mrs. Barnett held a reception in the drawing-room, but earlier than this many guests had arrived, and proceeded to enjoy the delights and treasures of the colony which energetic culture has here so practically housed.

The quadrangle was artistically hung with fairy-lights and coloured lanterns, which glowed softly among the Virginia creepers which trail along the old brick walls; the lights gleamed out from the latticed windows, over which the gables rose against the stars; around the quaint dove-cote opposite the clock the pigeons sleepily clustered; while above all, with the tower of St. Jude standing out darkly, the moon rose through a ripple of white clouds. Out there in the cool night, with the music of the violins floating out through the drawing-room windows, or the voice of a singer



THE TOYNBEE DINING-ROOM, SHOWING THORNYCROFT'S STATUE.



THE TOYNBEE DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING THE WYLLIE PICTURES.

swelling above the chords of the piano, the roar of London was all unheard; and the crowded streets hard by, with their long lines of costers' barrows, and their flaring lamps, seemed far away indeed.

Within doors was quite a multitude of varied attractions. In the lecture-hall was a very interesting loan exhibition of black and white pictures, including examples by Herbert Railton, Aubrey Beardsley, Phil May, and Walter Crane. In the dining-room there was a fine collection of photographs, a few of which were the productions of the students, but most of which were gathered by the Toynbee Travellers' Club in the course of their various wanderings. In this way their summer excursion of 1889 was represented by photographs of Switzerland; Easter 1889, Venice; Easter 1890, Siena and Perugia; Whitsuntide 1891, Paris; Easter 1891, Florence and Camaldoli. In the common-room of Balliol House the Toynbee Natural History Society exhibited a collection of fungi from Epping Forest, geological specimens from Aylesbury, Teesdale, and Jersey, and dried plants and pressed ferns from North Wales, all of which had been gathered in their trips to these places. Besides these, there were several cases of butterflies and an interesting exhibition—chiefly of aquatic animalculæ—under microscopes. In the Exhibition buildings was a display of all kinds of articles necessary for medical and surgical uses—cots, beds, nursing appliances, arranged by the Toynbee Hall Nursing Guild; and also shows by the Sketching Club, and of handicraft work by children. During the evening there was musical drill, and the Toynbee Hall division of the St. John Ambulance Association gave displays in the tennis court, which had no more enthusiastic spectators than the dwellers in the tenements which overlook the court.

The Warden in a brief speech reminded the guests that "the aim which has been kept in view throughout is to offer to students 'not the means of livelihood, but the means of life'—the opportunity of making a worthy use of leisure, and of laying in mental culture and knowledge, the only real basis of equality." He then introduced as an old Balliol man, Viscount Peel, the new President of the Toynbee Council, who made some short and highly appreciative remarks.

At the first conversaziones the speeches were given by the Presidents or other distinguished men such as Viscount Bryce, Sir John Seeley, Mr. J. R. Lowell, and the Marquis of Ripon; but interesting as were their utterances, it was subsequently felt that the students would gain more from words by one who knew their needs and all the place stood for. So to my husband came the duty of addressing the guests.

To F. G. B., 1889.—On Saturday Toynbee is to have a great party—1,200 people have been asked. We hope it may draw together East and West. I have to make a speech, but of this terror I do not think. "Sufficient unto the day."

It was, though, difficult to arrange for the speech. The hall was too small, and to shout in the quad too trying, so one year the following leaflet was put into each guest's hands:

September 29th, 1894.

Speech is better than words. Voice and manner express human sympathy as things written cannot do. But a speech of welcome to 1,500 students is impossible when our largest room holds only 300 persons; and yet, without a speech, we may forget the distinctive character of our relations.

We are not an educational institute of teachers and students, with fees and examinations as a bond of union; we are, rather, a community of men and women associated to spread knowledge; we are a co-operative society, in which every member gives as well as gets—we owe our strength to that which each character supplies—we depend on what our members are, rather than on what they have or know.

It is well, therefore, that I, speaking in the name of all here, should ask each of you to believe in a personal welcome, and to look at his neighbour as one who is glad of his presence this evening. No one ought to feel lonely or strange, everyone is guest and everyone is host.

This fact of our personal relationship suggests a warning and a duty.

The warning is, that we must not undervalue discipline. It is good to feel free to come and go, unbound by rule or fear, but it is also good to obey. It is good to call no one master, but it is also good to be under authority. Strength lies in restraint, and they do most who most deny themselves. Let every student, therefore, own as his master his own good resolve; let him do the thing he sets himself to do, and go through with the class he begins; let him be regular, punctual, and submit himself to examination. There is a freedom which is weakness, and there is a service which is perfect freedom.

The duty is, to extend our association, to strengthen it within, and to enlarge its borders. If knowledge and society are good for us, they are good for others. If the pleasure of travel, of thinking, and of social meeting, has been given to us, we ought to give it to others. Gifts not passed on become corrupt. Possessions not used degrade their owners.

Let, therefore, the students of Toynbee lead others to become students. Let each one, in class-room, in club-room, and in committee, as steward, as canvasser, and as secretary, do something to increase our strength. Let all, in some way or other, be missionaries, and act as those "sent" to increase joy and goodness on earth.

SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

Sometimes we *unintentionally* had a great party. My husband's reference to an incident of this sort is amusing and brings to remembrance our dismay when the unexpected guests arrived in their hundreds. One good friend introduced no less than fifteen people whom she had brought, saying, " I am so pleased to be able to show the place to them all."

To F. G. B., 1887.—After a long afternoon's work we got back in time to welcome a party of Co-operators. The Committee had invited members and *friends*. Poor Toynbee was stormed, and its Queen stood like Queen Elizabeth on Tilbury, while she marshalled men, ordering one to sing in one room so as to divert too simultaneous an attack on the refreshments, ordering another to keep the door of the museum into which 200 had been enticed. She won, of course, and the evening ended without a breakdown. Carpenter made them a fine speech; but it was sad to see how uninterested the Co-operators were in men, politics, or ideas. They were comfortable, they had enough, and everything else was immaterial. Such negative goodness will never resist the coming onslaught of Labouchere and Co.

Frequently groups of people dined in Hall before the concert, or the conference, or whatever it was they had come for. For years parties of undergraduates were arranged by the Oxford college secretaries, to assist East London to music. They arrived about five o'clock, saw the place, dined in Hall, had a short explanatory speech from the Warden, gave their concert, and rushed for the 9.50 from Paddington. Unfortunately Cambridge did not then provide so accommodating a train, and so many more men came from Oxford to be thus introduced to that " dreadful hole," only to be surprised, and often to come again to stay.

To F. G. B., June 23rd, 1888.—On Wednesday some Balliol men gave a concert. We hoped it might have been in the Quad, but it was too cold to light up. John Farmer gave an inimitable sketch of the development of music in an English family rising from a cottage to an 'all. He showed how the daughter of the house played as she learnt from different teachers, and ended very pathetically by showing how at the end the father sang " See the conquering hero comes," and urged all to make that the basis and test of music.

Often, especially in the early days, we had big dinners, when the Residents welcomed their own families or friends, and many new friendships were begun. It was all most carefully arranged, for I never was ashamed of being a good housekeeper, and felt—I hope, pardonable—pride in well-coached servants, daintily decorated tables, and properly cooked food. My husband took as his share the arranging of where everyone should sit. He did it always sitting on the floor, moving slips with the guests' names into their places round the great horse-shoe table. Subtle was his sympathy and sometimes wicked was his enjoyment in bringing the widely sundered together.

"It will be all right," he would say; "the fact of Whitechapel will bring them together." And it did.

I append seven extracts from letters to his brother, each one speaking of a different class of party:

July 3rd, 1886.—In the evening we had a most interesting party. We had de Lavaleye and about sixty foreigners to dinner. I told them what Toynbee Hall means; then we went out into the tennis court, where there were about 150 East Londoners—men of mark and leading. All chatted together till ten o'clock, when de Lavaleye gave a short address in English in the lecture-hall. Then we all went into the dining-room for supper. The meeting was greatly enjoyed, and it was a representative meeting of all sorts, from noble folks with titles down through workmen to a little gamin who crept through the rails. I hope it brought the world a bit closer together.

1886.—On Thursday Butler entertained people from Poplar and told them about India, and we had a big dinner of fifty people at Toynbee of which my wife was the life and moving spirit.

February 23rd, 1888.—Thursday we had the annual dinner of University Extension students, sixty sat down, and we had speeches. The price, 3*s*., of the dinner excluded all but our rich, and it gave a certain sense of falseness to the proceedings. What a trouble this money is, and how gradually all things work together to make us socialists. Perhaps, though, without socialism hospitality might be more generous, if everyone had sufficient to remove him from the temptation of selling his self-respect for a dinner.

1888.—Tuesday we occupied the evening by several parties. Estlin Carpenter and Lord Desart entertained the ethicals—George Dixon of Birmingham the teachers. I dined with the latter—he has the Dissenter's strength and limit. . . Y—— in the meantime was welcoming a party of neighbours. They were some of our neighbours in the new buildings, and it is refreshing after fifteen years of the lowest class to have some parochial dealings with the orderly.

June 1*st*, 1889.—On Tuesday we had a dinner party in Toynbee which went pleasantly. We had East and West together.

September 11*th*, 1894.—You would have enjoyed the evening. Thirty simple workmen, more like the Bristol men, came to dinner. They talked, looked at photos, chose Botticelli rather than Murillo—were enthusiastic over their classes and teachers, and generally did me good.

May 4*th*, 1901.—Thursday Toynbee had a large dinner party with many rich people needing, as our American visitor said, a "spanking."

The majority of the receptions were, however, neither dinner nor supper parties, but simpler entertainments, the guests being personally welcomed and no set programme arranged. The big drawing-room, which was then furnished with settees, low lounge chairs, and small easily moved stools, lent itself to conversation, and as the guests usually had shared interests, or were told it was a duty to dispense with introductions, the parties were very friendly and lively. Of some the Toynbee Report commented:

> 1897.—Thousands of persons have been brought together at Toynbee Hall at conversaziones and parties, at meetings of societies, and at concerts and miscellaneous gatherings, for the organisation of which the Entertainment Committee is responsible. On all these it is impossible to report with any degree of fullness. The occasions and the manner of meeting have been different—at one time it may have been a conference of those with special knowledge, but representing different shades of opinion; or the music in the lighted quadrangle may have entertained poorer neighbours; or students may have met together; or the bond of special friendships with East-end neighbours been made stronger by a "pals' party"; but on all occasions the hope has been "to provide a meeting-place where, simply and naturally, without undue conventional restraints and wearying etiquette, people may come to know each other's characters, thoughts, beliefs," knowing that "the cultivation of social life and manners is equal to a moral impulse, for it works to the same end. . . It brings men together, makes them feel the need of one another, be considerate to one another, understand one another. How far this may have been done it is impossible to report, but it is certain that every year increases the number of those who . . . say that through Toynbee Hall life for them has been touched with finer impulses.

Occasionally people were invited to hear of the place, the object of which was a puzzle to many.

To F. G. B., 1887.—I took a party of neighbours round Toynbee Hall, explained how they might take advantage of its resources. There are few workmen who rise above the ruts; here was a body from the new dwellings paying 5*s.* and 6*s.* a week rent, and there was not one who was a bit superior to the ordinary rich man. They were only equal to the gang which one meets at West-end "At Homes."

This page from the Toynbee Report illustrates the variety of purposes which hospitality was made to serve.

The following list includes the uses to which the entertainment-rooms at Toynbee Hall (the drawing-room, the dining-room, and, on Tuesdays, the lecture-hall) were put during the year:

Toynbee Hall Challenge Shield—party to winning team, and friends.
Conversazione of Old Students' Association.
Party to members of the Limehouse and Poplar Students' Union.
Quad concert to members of Ambulance Brigade, and friends.
Sydney Club sociable.
Old Rutlanders' Club prize distribution.
Parties to Mothers' Meetings.
Party to meet teachers from French Training Colleges.
Party to Buck's Row School Girls' Club.
Opening conversazione.
Party to members of Whittington Club.
Teachers' party.
Farewell party to Mr. Cyril Jackson.
Students' Union conversaziones.
Party to neighbours.
Parties to the boys of Howard House.
Parties to members of the United Order Total Abstinent Sons of the Phœnix.
Ambulance Brigade party.
Party to old boys of New Castle Street School.
Party to members of Men's Evening Classes.
Party to members of Dockers' and Barge Builders' Union.
Party to old members of the Teachers' University Association.
Party to parents of children attending Stepney School.
Social evening to members of the United Order Total Abstinent Sons of the Phœnix.
Supper to members of Northey Street Club.
Conversazione to members of the Limehouse and Poplar Students' Union.
Social evening to members of Court "Garibaldi," A.O.F.
Party to parents of children attending New Castle Street School.
Party to members of Old Dalgleishers' Club.
Pensioners' tea-party.
Sociable to members of Ambulance Brigade.
Party to members of Jewish Girls' Club.
Concert by members of Sidney Sussex College.
Party to members of Jewish Communal League.
Party to members of Girls' Afternoon Classes.
Party to watchers at the Picture Exhibition.
Party to members of Millwall Ambulance Brigade.
Party to members of Men's Evening Classes.
Party to Poplar workers.

Party to Jews' Free School teachers.
Party to Hoxton friends.
Shakespeare Commemoration Festival.
Party to junior members of Old Rutlanders' Club.
Social evening to Jewish pupil-teachers.
Party to boys of the Old Leysians' Club.
Toynbee Challenge Shield—display by members of teams.
Supper to trade-unionists.

1901.—There have also been meetings of the Toynbee Travellers' Club, Toynbee Economic Club, Toynbee Antiquarian Society, Philosophical Circle, Toynbee Natural History Society, Elizabethan Literary Society, St. John's Ambulance Association, Toynbee Nursing Guild, Library Readers' Union, Sketching Club, Orchestral Union, Swimming Club, and monthly debates of the London Pupil Teachers' Association. . . Every party has its reason ; the guests are always united, both among themselves and with the Hall, by common membership of a club or society led by a Resident or Associate, or by ties of friendship slowly formed in various ways.

Among the difficulties of our lives was the necessity of harmonising Toynbee and St. Jude's. To assist the fusion, we gave an annual Christmas party to the staff—about eighty—and the Residents. Of one such party I have found the following account. It is undated and I do not recognise the writing.

Christmas passed very quietly at Toynbee Hall. There was a week's break in the routine, an oratorio service in the Church, and a large family party given by Mrs. Barnett and the Warden.

The Vicarage party was unique, its guests being the large official staff connected with St. Jude's, and every inhabitant of the Settlement, from the kitchen-maid to the senior Resident. Thanks to the careful planning and happy way of the hostess, all were enabled to meet on common ground, the ground of helpfulness to others, and the effect of gifts exchanged and good cheer partaken of in communion will doubtless smooth down some of the ups and downs which are to be expected in the history of a large and varied household.

How amusing those parties were, and did anyone of all the thousands who saw Barrie's *Admirable Crichton* enjoy his kindly satire on the mixture of classes as much as we did ? The Canon almost choked with laughter, and when we went behind the scenes to thank Mr. H. B. Irving for his sensitive interpretation, he was both pleased and interested that we had recognised so many of the subtleties.

When the Residents were new, they were somewhat alarmed at the notion of giving parties ; but we had had eleven years' experience of entertaining " all sorts and conditions of men," and feared not. Then, however, anxiety made them unduly grateful, and yet I value this early letter :

> TOYNBEE HALL, *January 13th*, 1886.
>
> DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—Permit us, as members of the Dinner Committee, to tender you our warmest thanks for your very kind help on that occasion. We feel that the great success of the evening was mainly due to yourself, and that the graceful courtesy shown by you in welcoming the guests, and in endeavouring in every way to make the evening enjoyable, has left very many pleasant recollections, and strengthened the ties, which so many of those present feel towards Toynbee Hall.
>
> We have the honour to be, very sincerely yours,
>
> G. W. ANTHONY.
> J. MONK.
> H. LOVEGROVE.
> BOLTON KING.

But though they thanked me, it was really Mr. Barnett's speeches which made the parties all they were. It is a rare gift to be able to get large thoughts into small speeches, but the gift was his. It was partly his natural concise method of thought, partly his expansive sympathy, partly the sense, which never left him, that he had " taken Orders " and was bound to give a message. With perfect simplicity he spoke, going straight to the guests' capacity of reception, and not wasting words on apologies or explanations. He always gave a thought, sometimes direct, often paradoxical, occasionally whimsical; but unfailingly, a kernel lay within the shell. Of these talks he used to say he only repeated the same thoughts, and so far it was true that he usually spoke of the abolition of obstacles to equality, of the humanity below any accident of circumstance, of the duty of developing individual powers in order to see and value God's gifts to the present age. But even if the fundamental ideas were reiterated, he managed to convey them with such a freshness of language and a directness of communion that every group felt his words specially appropriate.

This was perhaps all the more striking, because between us we often entertained two or three parties in one evening. Sometimes with difficulty, for even Toynbee Hall could not be elastic enough to meet all the requirements of its hospitable Residents. My husband mentions one occasion when we all combined to play " Box and Cox " on a large scale :

To F. G. B., April 5th, 1890.—On Wednesday we had a long Whitechapel day and so we had on Thursday. In the evening we managed three parties in two rooms, by dodging them out from back doors.

At all the parties we had music, sometimes really fine rendering—Miss Fanny Davies was among those who made "a joyful noise" in Whitechapel—but always the best we could get, both of composers and in execution. Occasionally to sing together brought the guests into harmony in a double sense, and after Mr. John Farmer had published his *Gaudeamus* book, it was always used. To suggest as delicately as possible that the farewell hour had arrived, it was proposed to join hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne," or "God save the Queen," but with the words by the Rev. W. E. Hickson.

Very beautiful were the evidences of friendship that I, who acted as hostess for the Residents whenever they wished it and my tired health made it possible, was privileged to see. I could tell of a hundred instances, but one stands out conspicuously in my memory, for it was the farewell party to Mr. Cyril Jackson before he started for Australia in 1896. The number of his friends was too large for dinner, so 400 were invited to an ordinary "At Home" with refreshments daintily served, but taken standing.

"How do you do?" said I, standing in my sea-green plush gown by his side and shaking hands with known and unknown alike in a commonplace perfunctory manner. Not so Mr. Jackson. His greetings were otherwise.

"Ah, Jim! that's right, you managed to get away?"

"What, Will, come without the Missus?"

"Better, I see, Mrs. Jones: I am glad."

"Mr. Smith is following, you say, Mrs. Smith. He promised he would be here."

"Did those children get taken, Miss Robinson? I wrote as I said"—and so on and so on. Each one of those three or four hundred guests from his clubs, his schools, his Children's Country Holiday Committee greeted as individuals, with an intimacy which showed close personal friendship. It was so beautiful that I felt a superficial blot on the scene, but he would not let me go, and, as the Warden's wife, I was an evidence of friendship within the Hall, to which, as he said, he had come for three weeks and stayed ten years.

At many of the parties the guests were all announced by their names, a procedure which often led to comic incidents.

On one occasion the tall man-servant, Dormer, anxious to withstand too eager a crowd, had put his arm across the door, when a party of some of our saddest parishioners were expected.

"She know me, 'lor! years back; she don't want to be told my name, young man."

"Let me pass, sir; it's all right. I've 'ad my letter a-telling me."

But Dormer was firm to his orders, and the restraint of personal announcing was a desirable element, though no one could help laughing when little Mrs. Leary ducked under his arm with a "That's all right, mum; I'm safely in."

Every year on Mr. Barnett's birthday, February 8th, until his bad health in 1912 and 1913 forbade to him the pleasure of attending, there was a Founder's Day party. They were rarely two years alike: sometimes we had a big dinner, and it was at one—February 8th, 1906—that I asked Mr. Alfred Lyttelton to become the President of the Hampstead Garden Suburb Board of Directors; sometimes old Residents only were invited, or perhaps the Associates to join them. As years went on and many marriages had taken place, the wives were asked also. Sometimes it was a supper party, sometimes a gathering of Associates or a free-and-easy reunion, but each one had the family likeness of the presence of a few old friends and past and present Residents. At the large dinner party—sixty-two guests—of 1903, in Canon Barnett's speech he classed the guests either as the Founders, the Foundation, or the Foundlings. Of the last-named he said:

> They are the present Residents and Associates. They are from one point of view so much like previous generations, from another so unlike. They belong to Toynbee Hall, they breathe the spirit of the place, they talk and they rag, they work (and say they don't), as did their predecessors. But they belong also to a world dominated by new ideals. They have to justify the fathers to the children; to prove the unity of change, and show that if giving takes new forms that giving is still the law of growth. The oldest Resident, Ward, is absent; Bruce is leaving. Departures are painful, but arrivals are proofs of perpetual youth.
>
> Founders, Foundation, Foundlings make Toynbee Hall. On this anniversary day I stand between past and future. I look on Toynbee Hall as it has been and as it will be. The retrospect is pleasant. The unity of men gathered from all quarters, of all ages, tastes, and views, has been remarkable. Visitors have again and again testified how they have felt elevated by their

visit as they have realised the lively peace of the House. Many men have formed here their lifelong friendships, and Toynbee groups are gathered in home and foreign services. There must be something of the charm of Scotland in the House, its old Residents feel so strong a bond. The steadiness of policy through all the past is no less remarkable. Toynbee Hall has identified itself with no party and adopted no platform. It has been neither for master nor for men, neither for individual nor society; it has tried to take its place in the Lord's host. It has trusted to persons and not to institutions. It has aimed to share rather than to give, and it has avoided ways of luxury.

I love to linger over memories, fill up gaps, live again in old hopes, get enthusiastic with Sargant or Bolton King, to remember old arguments, disappointments, anxieties.

Retrospect is pleasant, and it gives courage to turn to the future. What may be our hopes of Toynbee Hall? The truest hope is that it may become unnecessary. In days to come there ought to be no isolated classes; the best in knowledge and beauty should be nationalised. In those days there will be no Settlements. This is the distant hope but far off. Our immediate hope is that Toynbee Hall may be a channel through which thought and knowledge may reach the poor. . . There is new thought in the world about God and about man. Our hope is that the larger mind which thinks in continents, and the larger heart which takes in care for empires, may be applied to the needs of the poor. The needs are great. The problem of the unemployed is still as it was; the people are still underfed, workmen are still blind to their possibilities, classes are still isolated and at enmity. At sixty I cannot hope myself to do much more. I turn to younger men and hand to them the hopes. They can succeed, if they dare and care.

For my husband's birthday friends always sent flowers, and with one of those welcome mid-winter offerings came this poem written by Mr. Robin Allen, who, when advanced in years, had become an Associate and added the charm of an old-world courtesy to his wisdom and experience.

DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—You will have many older friends, with more important tokens, but on Founder's Day all who thank God for Toynbee ought to offer their respectful homage to its Warden's wife.

Very faithfully,
Your servant, ROBIN ALLEN.

WITH SOME FLOWERS FOR OUR WARDEN'S WIFE.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1886.

Madam! when they regard the proud privilege in it,
Of their duty these darlings are almost afraid;
If their fragrance refresh you for only a minute
They are grateful, and amply repaid.

1

Is there, for mental poverty
  That hangs his head and a' that!
We Toynbee men don't pass him by,
  But welcome him for a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
  His want of grit and a' that,
Give him the chance to grow in grace,
  There's stuff in him, for a' that!

2

A job can mak' a foolish knight,
  A Laureate, and a' that;
But the Toynbee man's above his might,
  Nor can the muddlers mar that;
For a' that and a' that,
  Their feckless ways and a' that,
Our Warden's weight, our Lady's worth
  Lift us well out of a' that!

3

Then let us pray that come what may—
  (And come it will for a' that)—
That Toynbee's touch o'er a' the earth
  Shall heal life's wounds, and a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
  It's coming yet for a' that;
Whilst Toynbee folk the wide world o'er
  Keep Founder's Faith and a' that!

Robin Allen.

One of the most delightful of the Canon's birthday parties was arranged without his knowledge, though of course I had to be in the secret, so that the friends he counted dearest could be invited. It was difficult to prevent him dining in Hall, and even more so when he had settled to a quiet home evening to persuade him to go into Toynbee, but his pleasure on opening the door which united the two drawing-rooms and seeing his hundred best friends was so genuine that we were glad the secret had been kept.[1]

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[1] On February 8th, 1907, from Mr. C. H. Grinling, the first of Toynbee's Residents, came the following letter:

I had fully hoped that I might come to another Founder's Day gathering at Toynbee Hall. But at the last moment I find it impossible. May the true spirit of comradeship be amongst you all to-night! Some of us absent ones will be with you in spirit. It seems to me like yesterday when I started a charcoal brazier in the middle of three rooms on the left hand after you get upstairs, to have a place ready to sleep in at the Hall before the Christmas of 1884. That was the first room occupied, and H. D. Leigh and I had porridge there the next morning.

To his brother he wrote:

> 1889.—Your loving words came for my birthday, friends sent in flowers, and in the evening the Toynbee men gave me a surprise party. Billie will tell you of this. The thought was very sweet and to us it was pleasant to see old and new bound together. Life has vast possibilities of joy, and my intelligence resents the pessimist talk. If only we were good we should enjoy. Last night I felt how if we were only good there was Eternal joy in that party.

Founder's Day is still kept—this year, 1917—by a meeting of those who added mourning for the loss of Residents and Associates who have fallen in the war to the grief that is never dimmed because of the absence of the Founder, whose spirit, Bishop Luke Paget—of Stepney—said, "was still with us calling on his men to make the supreme sacrifice, as he had called them on countless occasions in that place to make the sacrifice of ambition, ease, inclination, and time, for the service of the saddest and weakest of our brothers."

CHAPTER XXXVI

"The spiritualisation of life is necessary to human peace and happiness, and every reform may be measured by its power to advance or hinder progress to that goal."

TOWARDS service on municipal bodies and established organisations the Warden directed all the ablest men:

> 1888.—Toynbee men serve on the Local Boards, and take with them the wider views they have gained by education. They keep their eyes on the needs of the poor, and inspire a spirit of honour and duty. . . I wish I had more strength in myself and in others to meet the future. The destinies of East London seem to be in the scales. If local government is intelligent, if the laws of health are obeyed, if means of higher education are used, if popular taste feeds on purer pleasures, if the spirits of the young are disciplined, if the knowledge of the country's true greatness be extended, and if the beauty of meekness, courtesy, and generosity be understood, East London may not only enjoy happiness itself, but do something to save West London. The time for effective action will soon pass, methods and opinions which are at present experimental will harden, and there will be an East London which will be to the rest of London as a foreign country with its own policy, its own manners, and its own morals.

In the next year's Toynbee Report more details are given:

> 1889.—The variety of the outside work may be illustrated by stating some of the undertakings of the fifteen men who were in residence at the beginning of the winter of 1888. Of these, six were managers in elementary schools; six were members of committees for promoting recreative evening classes; three were members of East London Courts of the Ancient Order of Foresters; four were members of committees of the Charity Organisation Society; two were almoners for the Society for the Relief of Distress; in the summer five were workers in connection with the Children's Country Holiday Fund; one was an elected Guardian of the Poor; nine were members of East London clubs of one kind or another; and two especially gave time and thought to co-operative undertakings, while others, by lectures and other means, aided the same movement.

Each year the production of the Toynbee Report caused anxious thought. It was necessary to say enough to render a true account of the stewardship of other people's money, but to avoid saying what might hurt those who looked on Toynbee as their intellectual home. It was necessary to state the needs of the people and the work of the Residents, but its best work of creating friendship it was impossible to describe. In 1891 and 1897 the Council said :

> In Reports we shall look in vain for the living picture of much that is embraced by the activities of the Settlement. Perhaps the following quotation from a leaflet recently written by Mr. Barnett will help.
>
> " Each Resident," he says, " takes up some citizen's duty which brings him into contact with others, and puts him into a position both to learn and to teach. The aim of all, whether they serve on public boards or in clubs, whether they take part in social movements or teach classes, whether they organise lectures or entertainments, whether they become school managers or children's playmates, whether they serve on committees or personally visit the poor, whether they preach the Gospel or serve human needs, is first to form friendships, and then through friendships to raise the standard of living and of life. . .
>
> " There may seem to be a vast space between others' needs, which cry out so bitterly in voices of poverty and crime, and the friendship formed between a University man and a workman. But it is in human friendship that the faith grows which is at last strong enough to move mountains. In breaking of bread—in holy communion—has come and will come the knowledge of the law of life."

> The value of the work is emphasised by the following extract from a report of Mr. H. Cunynghame to the Charity Commissioners :
>
> "The influence Toynbee Hall has had in the East End is enormous—much larger than merely appears at a first glance ; and, from the variety of movements in which it takes an interest, it might have for its motto, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

Some of the Warden's introductions indicate the spirit which permeated the place.

1889.—Is Toynbee Hall a college or a club ? That is a question frequently asked. It is a club in so far that the University men who make it their home live their own life, follow their own pursuits, and make their own friends ; it is a college in so far that classes are held within its walls, and that students' residences flourish under its shadow. Whether the club will develop till through its members the influences gathered at the Universities affect the local government, the amusements, and the religion of East London ; or whether the college will develop till all the buildings round Toynbee Hall be occupied by students under the direction of tutors and teachers, it is impossible to foretell.

There is room for either development, and the chief concern of the moment is not to secure any end, but to see that the forces at work are pure and true. It is the happiness of Mrs. Barnett and myself that our position enables us to judge of these forces. We see the men who come to live among the poor, we hear from them the motives and ideals under which they act, we hear from others of the results of their actions. We see year by year how the tone of the students changes, we know by the talk and conduct of those who frequent the place how far they are learning to admire the visible good and to think of the invisible God. When, after four years' experience, I sum up the result of our observation, I find much to justify the hope that, if not in our time, in some time, the forces at work will make a happier and better East London.

During the time there have been fifty-four Residents in Toynbee Hall, men, that is to say, who have remained for periods varying from three months to four years. These men have differed in opinion and in methods, they have followed various professions, but they have been bound together by common respect, and have thus made a society which, by the diversity of unity, has been pleasant and stimulating. They have each brought something in themselves, and by contact have shared that something with their neighbours. The positions they have taken in local government, on committees, in clubs, have served chiefly as the means by which they have got to know and be known, and they have done the most who have formed the deepest friendships. It would be tempting to count up the number of people who, having learnt something from the Residents, are now centres of influence, and to trace the changes wrought by them in elections, in shops, and in families. The result, better than a list of works, would show the value of Toynbee Hall, but results which follow from the action of character on character are not easily given.

Men whose thought has been for justice, men who have put others' pleasure before their own pleasure, men who have been taught to think clearly and feel deeply, men of piety and purity, have lived in touch with the people of East London. The gain has, doubtless, been greater than the gift. They who came to teach have stopped to learn. At the feet of the poor they have realised something of what love can do and patience can bear. They have seen real troubles, a real fight for life; they have unconsciously, through daily contact, absorbed the knowledge of their neighbours' ways of living and of thinking. They have gained in sympathy as they have felt for the poor; they have gained in humility as they have stood before the good revealed in what is called common or unclean. The gain is obvious; their gift, to themselves at any rate, seems small in comparison. The "vast undone" must, indeed, always dwarf the "petty done," and I, conscious of what is wanted and of the possibilities of joy and of goodness which might be realised for the poor, am more inclined to find fault with shortcomings than to be satisfied with achievements. At the same time, sixteen years' life in Whitechapel, familiarity with all the conditions of distress and with the remedies that are every year offered, confirms me in the belief that it is only through the personal service of individuals who, steadied, but not deterred, by the thought of their own unworthiness, bring thought and time and care to the consideration of every need, that permanent good can be done.

When men became interested in, and responsible for, their work, they stayed on. Thus Mr. Henry Ward spent twenty-eight years in Toynbee, Mr. H. S. Lewis eighteen, Mr. Wilfred Blakiston twelve, and Mr. F. E. Douglas and Mr. Ernest Aves were each there more than ten years. Neither were they peculiar, for Sir Cyril Jackson lived there over nine years, nine men over seven years, fifteen over six years, and thirty-five over three years. They were worthy to be called Residents, not lodgers. Of the value of sustained residence Canon Barnett wrote:

1899.—There are now six men in the House who have lived in Whitechapel over five years, and this fact is of great importance. They have accumulated experience which is valuable to new-comers, and they are recognised by neighbours as neighbours. They are trusted when they appear at public meetings, take up local responsibilities, or offer themselves for election. Their age is valuable, but it is more valuable because it is associated with the youth of new Residents. Men fresh from the Universities, or the West End, bring in criticism, which, like fire, tries old ways or inspires to new actions. They keep the House from being identified with phrases or causes, they force on it a continual readaptation of its principles to present needs, they prevent it settling down on its precedent. They keep the old young, and the old keep them from irresponsible rashness which often belongs to the certainty of youth.

Of the Warden's work the Council was unfailingly appreciative and many charming offerings of gratitude could be quoted, but the words selected will suffice and they follow almost naturally on what he wrote to his brother:

October 11*th*, 1902.—I have had a good week of quiet work on Toynbee, just hanging about, seeing people, encouraging, watching, and noting—noting "nothings"—like Browning's poet. That is the work I can do and which is wanted. Infection is the fact of life. Everything passes by contact. It is the learner who makes others learn, it is the leader moving about the place which keeps others moving about. A Settlement—ugly as is the word—is the solution of social problems. Well! Toynbee is going *strong*. The House is full. Wadham and Balliol overflow, the students have doubled in number, and so the promise is good.

1889.—We ourselves only realise with an effort the hidden skill with which Mr. and Mrs. Barnett have merged their influence and energy in the life of Toynbee Hall; but the same spirit has animated most of the work, alike inside and outside the Hall, both of those who live here and of those who work with Toynbee Hall. . .

1892.—Another year has increased our debt of gratitude, and to them for their devotion and untiring care, and for the example they afford, the special and grateful thanks of the Council are due.

Efforts to aid the poor usually emanated from religious organisations. But Toynbee Hall puzzled people by making no claim to piety.

The question often asked is " whether Toynbee Hall is religious ? " To the question in its more superficial sense the answer is that the House has neither programme nor platform. The man who wishes to connect himself with a Church or Chapel does so; he then works with its religious organisation, he invites to the House his fellow-workers, and he gives them the sense of belonging to its wide life, and the support of its many associations. The House cannot rightly be called " undenominational " when so many of its members are strong denominationalists, but neither can it be called denominational when its members hold differing opinions. In a graver sense the question whether Toynbee Hall makes for religion can be answered " yes," if the accepted sign of religion be a further recognition of the importance of conduct on government, an increase of peace and goodwill, a stronger belief in goodness and humility. The question whether Toynbee Hall itself is religious must be asked and answered at a higher bar than that to which witnesses are usually summoned. . .

A letter from Lord Bryce to the Toynbee Secretary is on this subject:

HINDLEAP LODGE, FOREST ROW, *September 30th*, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—To my very great regret it is impossible for me to come to the meeting on Monday next. I have read the draft Report with a great deal of interest and instruction and find it all good and interesting. I would suggest, however, that it be more clearly stated that what the members work for and what the Settlement exists for, is to seek and to diffuse knowledge and truth; to help all classes to live and work in concord; . . . to raise the ideals of life and strengthen faith in God, all these being the forms of work in which the spirit of true religion is the strongest prompter and the best guide.

Yours faithfully, James Bryce.

How the Warden's religion appeared to other people is told by Mr. T. Hancock Nunn, who speaks of the friend with whom he had lived in daily contact for nearly seven years:

> Next, always next, to the Canon's invariable love, nothing about him ever impressed me more than his extraordinary nerve which was the physical counterpart of his deep, his absolute faith in the God of Righteousness. His whole life was an expression of the saying: "Be not afraid. Righteousness overcometh the world." In this faith he took upon himself, and he laid upon others, tremendous responsibilities, imputing righteousness, and finding it like bread cast upon the waters after many days. It was thus that Canon Barnett, whilst he was a maker of some of our noblest institutions, was essentially a maker of men. He made men because he believed in men. And he believed in men because, more than any man I have ever met, he believed in God.

faith

The following paper was written when Mr. Barnett was a very young man, and kept in his private drawer:

When I calmly think what is best in life, I see it is goodness; that which I feel to be good, which means restraint from spite, impurity, or greed, and which manifests itself in love. Goodness is more desirable than power. I set myself to gain goodness. I check all emotions towards its opposite and I reach out to contemplate itself. I try to find what that is of which I feel my impressions of goodness to be but a shadow. There is somewhere Perfect Goodness. I commune with ideas of goodness which is equivalent to praying to God. Across my vision passes a figure of perfect Man. I am seized, borne on by Jesus Christ. In communing with Him I find the greatest help to reaching goodness. I pray to Jesus Christ and through Him come to the Father.

Why, though, stand alone, why dissociate myself from the body of worshippers I find in my country? All their forms express a conviction of the greatness of goodness, an aspiration to teach goodness.

So, I worship God.
So, I worship Jesus Christ.
So, I worship with my fellows, using their forms as being the ancient expressions of aspirations like my own.

Then I think of what is my object in life. I see it must be to do good, to improve the condition of the people. Before attempting this, I ought to consider how far their condition falls short of what it might be. I ought to see where the poor suffer, how far those sufferings are due to bad laws and might be affected by good laws, or whether they might have what is best in life if they could be simply good.

All of us who knew Mr. Barnett well recognised his faith, and yet he made few protestations, and demanded none. Every morning we had prayers in the drawing-room for those who liked to join, but they were not always very helpful. He did not rush through a set of prayers as some of the clergy do, nor gabble over a whole chapter of the Bible regardless of its length or variety of subjects. No, he always selected a short passage, and spoke of it before the prayers, which, as well as the hymn, were carefully chosen. Yet in spite of the preparation, his hearers were rarely personally gripped or even interested. He led us to a higher table-land than most people were used to. It was saddening to Mr. Barnett that the Residents did not care to come; but if he had not credited them with too lofty a spiritual attainment, they would have felt more called, or if he had forgotten the men and talked simply for the staff, all would perhaps have found food in the humbler fare offered.

His private spiritual duties were performed regularly, and he placed himself under daily rule in regard to religious exercises and devotional reading; but he never gave directions to anyone on these matters, or remonstrated if such observances were neglected. He recognised the supreme importance of sacrifice, and frequently asserted, both in sermons and in prayers, that the Cross was the keynote of life and had to be carried. Some bore it voluntarily; some, as Simon of Cyrene, were compelled to carry it; but all were raised by it. He held that everyone had by nature a capacity for spiritual life, but because it was atrophied from want of use, people neglected so rich a source of joy. It was this belief that made him anxious to use Sunday, to provide opportunities for the development of the spirit.

"Religion," it has been rightly said, "depends on the Sabbath." Unless, that is, people break off from work, they will not think about God. Unless the day comes to remind them of their relation to One outside themselves, they will fall into slavery to the present. The Sabbath is thus the security of religion, the means by which the relation between man and God is realised, the weekly stimulant to man's thought about God and the duties which grow from that thought. . . When will law and individual restraint secure such a Sunday? When men realise that such is the will of God.

To his brother my husband wrote:

October 13*th*, 1885.—As I get older, I think I see more and more the need of law. Law self-imposed might make for us a real Sabbath. Yes, if I were going with a Gospel through the land, it should be the gospel of a Sabbath, a day of quiet, a day set apart from the search after health and wealth, a day devoted to meditation and communion with the Unseen. . .

The weeks fly all too fast. I wonder by what sort of development we shall get back that joy of childhood which made time seem both full and long. Will it be by putting them into new surroundings that our minds shall be again virgin minds, open to impression and keen to make ventures? Or will it be by remaking laws which shall portion out our days and give them the dignity of a solemn march?

In the early days of our life in Whitechapel, Sunday lectures were arranged, usually in Church at 4.15, when "there will be opportunities given for asking the lecturer questions." One course of six dealt with "England and Young America"; another series of twelve instructed the congregation on "Great Englishmen"; and a third taught of "God in History," "so treated that the hearers might, on the broader plane of the nation's life, see what is God's dealing with every life."

After Toynbee Hall was built, the opportunities for Sunday study were more numerous. There were Sunday morning lectures, when men were taught of the poets and their ideals, of the artists and their works, or of the workers who made history. There were Sunday afternoon lectures when large audiences gathered to listen to subjects such as "Physical Phenomena in Relation to Morality," by Professor Muirhead, of "Lassalle and German Socialism," by Mr. R. B. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., or "The Possibility of a Scientific Knowledge of the Unseen," by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, M.A. These lectures were arranged by the Ethical Society. Of its inception Mr. J. Murray Macdonald recalls that, on telling the Warden that he, Mr. James Bonar, and Mr. John Muirhead had had a talk and formulated a plan, Mr. Barnett somewhat damped their enthusiasm by saying:

"Did anyone ever hear of three Scotchmen meeting together and failing to form some sort of a society?"

Of this society Professor Edward Caird was the first President, and among its lecturers was Mr. J. Murray Macdonald, who took a course on "Religions of the World," and Dr. Fairbairn, who spoke on "Religion and History."

There were also Sunday evening lectures, when the audiences were composed mainly of our neighbours, though people of all classes came if attracted by the speaker or the subject to be discussed. On one of these Sunday evenings, when Mr. Barnett was going to lecture on "Religion and Life," the Chairman did not turn up.

"Whom will you appoint?" Mr. Barnett asked the audience.

"So-and-so," shouted a man, naming one of our most ruffianly neighbours.

"Mr. Such-and-such," suggested another.

"No! no! he's too —— respectable—let's have So-and-so," mentioning the first nominated.

"Kindly vote," said the Canon, and the voting appointed the man who was not "too —— respectable." When he reached the platform, my husband explained that his duties were to catch the eye of any speaker who wished to address the meeting, and to call him to order if his time-limit was exceeded.

"I ain't got no watch; you lend me yours, Mr. Barnett," said the Chairman; but the remark was received with roars of laughter and hilarious cries from all over the room.

"Bill with a gold watch!" "Say good-bye to it, sir." "Keep yer eye on the door—he'll 'ook it." But the Canon solemnly handed his presentation watch to the Chairman, and then the whole room pealed with laughter, if "pealed" can be used to describe the raucous guffaws of the coster or the docker.

About two of these occasions Mr. Barnett wrote to his brother:

March 3rd, 1906.—Mrs. Creighton lectured on "Man and Woman" to the Sunday audience of men. She was brave and they tried to behave well, but oh! they are low and think themselves lower than they are. In education, manners are neglected to the public loss.

October 19th, 1907.—I lectured on Sunday at Toynbee, and was made sad by the speakers' glib ignorance. They had their word-idols which they worshipped and to whom they would sacrifice truth any day. The one thing to press forward is education in its fullest sense. I must preach that all through November.

It was not until the autumn of 1904 that the Sunday Discussions were started, when—

1905.—The introductory addresses have aimed at setting forth some aspects of the religious ideal in its relation to the thought and life of to-day, with opportunity for frank criticism from every point of view.

The Canon and I had often wished that those who had thrown off religion because of vague indefinite doubt, and never entered places set apart for worship, should have the opportunity of hearing men speak of holy subjects, or secular subjects from a religious standpoint; but the man who could conduct such meetings never seemed to present himself, until Mr. T. E. Harvey suggested that he should do it. Of his Chairmanship it can be said that it had to be seen to be believed. The audience was male, large, uncouth, inclined to be irreverent, summed up by the words of the collect, "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics." He allowed anyone to speak and say anything, only keeping the time-limit carefully; but his piety, his calm confidence, his lofty spirituality acted as a charm on the ribald and rude, and I have seen men, who began their speeches in aggressive tones and with blasphemous thought, trail off under Mr. Harvey's expression of gentle pain into apologetic platitudes and unexpected readiness to resume their seats.

To help so daring and pious an effort many thoughtful people offered service, and it is chronicled that Mr. G. P. Gooch, Mr. George Lansbury, the Rev. H. S. Woollcombe, Mr. C. Roden Buxton, Mr. Fred Rogers, and Mr. A. E. Zimmern, opened discussions, and that the Rev. Hastings Rashdall spoke on "What is Revelation?"

The evening when Mr. G. K. Chesterton talked on "Revolution and Evolution" is still vividly in my memory. He came to supper, but refused to eat, and stood in front of the fire drinking glass after glass of some innocuous liquid. His address was interesting, but delivered mechanically and as if he were bored with it, his listeners, and himself. In the course of the evening a Jew spoke discourteously of Christ. Mr. Chesterton bore him for the allotted time, and then slipping off his indifference like a loose coat, sprang to his feet and, with glorious eloquence and rapidity, told of his own faith, stripped the incidents of time or circumstance from the Character which had transfigured history, and declaimed that reverence and humility were the paths all men should keep open, for they alone led to the evolution of the true. I never now read anything by Mr. Chesterton without seeing him on that platform defending, in a physical elephantine rage, his spiritual angelic surety.

On another occasion, "The Reality of the Unseen" was dealt with by Sir Oliver Lodge. His address resembled those he has published; but the talk after we three had returned to the Lodge still cheers me through these sad days; both men so reverently confident that the invisible world was the real world, and that the verities were eternal and indestructible. Later we visited him in Birmingham, and like Pilgrim held sweet converse by life's road.

At the Sunday meetings—which were carefully, though sometimes with difficulty, kept to the class of men for whom they were intended—so many earnest questions were propounded that Monday fireside talks were instituted. The men, who met in the lecture-hall so as to avoid the ordeal of a front door and a bell, were welcomed by Mr. Harvey, and then continued in informal chat the subjects opened out the previous night. Remarkable were some of the evidences of religious hunger, and still more remarkable the books which had been read to obtain faith. From unshorn, shabby—I had almost written dirty—men came evidences of having studied works of philosophy, treatises on psychology, arguments about theology. They often pronounced the names inaccurately, and showed that they had worked without guidance, having read the right books in the wrong sequence, or someone's refutation of a theory and not the theory itself. They were exceedingly shy of their clothes, and their realisation of being social failures kept them from attending classes or societies; but their mental attainments preserved self-respect, and real and close friendships between individuals resulted from meeting to seek what really mattered.

It was the same desire to make Sunday a day on which the mind and soul could be fed that caused my husband to support the Sunday Society, and in 1895 he became its President. His inaugural address was reported in the Press:

> 1895.—Canon Barnett said that the advocates of the Sunday opening of museums, picture-galleries, and libraries have now no serious opponents. The camp, which was noisy with the shouts of workmen eager to defend their day of rest and brilliant with the banners of ecclesiastical warriors, is deserted, save by a few camp-followers. Trades Councils and Trades Union Congresses now pass resolutions in favour of Sunday opening, and

a committee of Convocation has reported "that the cause of Christ has nothing to fear from the reasonable and careful extension of the principle of Sunday opening." The question now is what is to be done with the victory? On the one side, the opening of museums, picture-galleries, gardens, and libraries is not sufficient if it is not made lawful to use public halls for music and lectures. On the other side, Sunday must be protected from the demon of greed, which would fill its hours with the noise of strife and strain, substitute for the week-day competition of work a Sunday competition of pleasure, and drive from life the feeling of quiet. Sunday opening should be allowed for all places of recreation and culture which are under national or municipal control; private places for the same objects at which money is taken should be opened under licence from the local authority, or when they are under the control of a society either incorporated to trade without profits (30 & 31 Vict., cap. 13), or registered with like limitations under the Act 6 & 7 Vict., cap. 36. A law considerately framed should be rigorously enforced to prevent unnecessary trading; contracts for weekly labour should be for six days; and for all people so contracting a certain number of rest-days during the year so secured should be Sundays. Canon Barnett stated his reasons for coming to these conclusions, and the social and religious advantages which he believed would be thereby attained. He described the "Sabbatarians" as "the enemies of the Sabbath," and said that the members of the Sunday Society claimed to be the true Sabbatarians, who recognised man's need for a day of rest and a day of worship.

The following year Canon Barnett went with Lord Hobhouse to Newcastle and read a paper at the Congress of the Federation of Sunday Societies on "Sunday Labour in National Museums," in which he urged legal protection for the workers against encroachment on their Sabbath privileges.

Under the forcible guidance of Mr. Mark H. Judge, the Society pushed its principles in both Houses, and in the Commons—1896—obtained support for Mr. Massey Mainwaring's resolution that "it was desirable to open these places on Sunday." The next year Lord Hobhouse introduced in the Lords his Bill to amend the Lord's Day Act of 1781. Petitions were influentially signed, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. George Alexander, the Rev. James Martineau, and Sir W. Martin Conway agreeing at least on that subject. Meetings were held, letters written, and much work done until the society's object was accomplished; and, the Chancellor of the Exchequer having found the money, the nation's treasures were opened to the nation's people on the only day when they had time to enjoy them. What my husband would have said to the later development of Sunday cinematograph shows, I do not know, but I believe he would have thought that if the marvels of nature or the great works of humanity were shown, they would help man to "keep holy the Sabbath Day."

It was not only the poor who needed their sympathies widened, and therefore Canon Barnett warmly supported the action of the London Reform Union, from whom sprang the appeal to the clergy "to endeavour to arrest, upon a particular day, the attention of Londoners upon the duties of their citizenship." To the document were appended thirteen signatures, among them those of Canon Barnett, Rev. John Clifford, Rev. J. H. Cardwell, Canon Scott Holland, and Dr. Horton. In the first year 170 men of all denominations intimated that they would observe "Citizen Sunday," and preach in the hope of uniting "the entire force of religion in London upon the prayerful consideration of what might be done for this city, if we set in motion the force of a wise and energetic citizenship," but now the number is very much larger. Until his weakened health forbade all preaching except what had to be accomplished in the Abbey, Canon Barnett never missed doing his share on "Citizen Sunday," and not infrequently it was his initiative brain which suggested fresh subjects, and his unconventional pen which drew up the leaflets. In his own sermons he never wearied of asserting that social injustices wronged humanity by making it "incapable of appreciating Christ the great Social Reformer."

In the last report that Canon Barnett wrote as Warden of Toynbee Hall he re-states his opinion that the social problem is a religious one, a conviction which thirty-three years of life in Whitechapel had but deepened.

> 1906.—Every age is, I believe, inspired by the spirit in the age. The older generation may offer guidance, but the driving force comes from the young.
>
> I trust therefore, that, driven on by younger men, Toynbee Hall may approach nearer and nearer to the solution of the great social problems of the time. My hope, if still I may strike the personal note, reaches farther. The problem of Society seems to be at root a religious problem. Nothing lasting can be done to raise the poor above the cares of this world and the rich above the deceitfulness of riches, till all alike live to do the will of God. For the moment men seem to have lost their touch with God as they clamour over religious difficulties. My hope is that the Residents of Toynbee Hall, men often of strong and diverse opinions, hearing together the call of human needs, and discovering in every human being something divine, may at last enforce the truth of the old faith which worships as God the Father of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XXXVII

"*There is no great movement where there is no great vision.*"

On the subject of Canon Barnett's work for University Reform I do not know enough to enable it to be treated as its importance deserves. I was never on any of the Committees, and during the last years of my husband's life his health demanded that he should get his thoughts off his work after it was done. We therefore did not discuss this movement as had been our custom with all our schemes throughout our lives. To repair this gap in my knowledge, Mr. R. H. Tawney, one of the younger friends of Canon Barnett, has kindly written the following account.

Canon Barnett was at once too practical and too idealistic to be interested in the niceties of educational method which occupy the expert. If education is the sphere of the specialist, he was not an educationalist. Nor, though a sagacious interpreter of the past, was he altogether in sympathy with the appetite for accumulated knowledge. In his humane, joyous, and poetic spirit there was more of St. Francis than of St. Dominic; and if he would not have consented to resign learning to the least of the demons, he was conscious that the schools, like the Churches, have sometimes imprisoned the spirit as well as liberated it. He felt an instinctive dismay at the formal, the mechanical, the over-laboured and pretentious. There was a serious intention, as well as something of characteristic playfulness, in his choice of the words "Be ye not called Rabbis," as the climax of one of his public addresses upon education, delivered to an audience composed partly of working men, partly of representatives of the University and Colleges, in the Examination Schools at Oxford.

The aims and conceptions sheltered by the word "education" are a miscellaneous and not always a harmonious multitude. To Canon Barnett education meant the cultivation of personality through contact with what is excellent in human achievement. What made him an educational reformer was a vivid appreciation of the inspiration which education ought to give to social life and institutions. Materialism in all its forms of luxury and poverty and mental torpor seemed to him the enemy, and education the surest and most effective counterpoise. As the movement to abolish the grosser evils of social life grew in strength, his conviction that society lacked something which the discipline of the spirit alone could give grew with it, and he always spoke of education with a passion removed as far from the languid sympathy of culture as from the scepticism of the materialists. Looking back over his thirty years of social experience, he thought that industrial conditions had improved, and that the time was not far distant when the control both of industry and of Government would rest on the shoulders of men drawn directly from the working classes. He lived too much in the future to regard it with apprehension when it approached, and he welcomed a change which, he thought, would bring an element of greater seriousness and reality into political struggles. But the spiritual Renaissance which he desired even more intensely than a political or economic transformation seemed to him to linger. He wrote in 1906:

> The workman of to-day is better off, more healthy, more self-respecting than the workman of thirty years ago. He is less superstitious, but he has also less idealism. Workmen are scant of life, of the thoughts, the hopes, the visions, and wide human interests which come of knowledge. . . The Labour Party, if it came to power to-morrow, would probably be set on its own material advantage, just as the propertied class has been set on securing its property for itself. There would be change without progress. There would be the same carelessness of the things which make for common joy, the same indifference to beauty, the same exaltation of rights above duties.

In the new world, which he told his younger friends that they would see, he thought that there might be more affluence but less enthusiasm, and that those who had been crushed in the past by economic misery might be drugged by prosperity. At a time when German patterns of social legislation were more potent in high places than they are to-day, he spoke with repugnance of the policy which would soothe discontent with doses of comfortable narcotics. He knew that there is a poverty which breaks the will, and he was as eager as the youngest reformer for an improvement in material conditions. His comments upon the speech of a wealthy member of Parliament, who adduced the example of the Saints as consoling evidence of the blessedness of modern poverty, were marked by an agreeable pungency which he usually avoided. But it seemed to him an insult to offer immortal spirits more money or more comfort, instead of more life. He did not desire for democracy the life of equable and uninspired prosperity which he would not have chosen for himself. To a visitor who asked him the most urgent requirement of East London he answered, "The development of imagination," and when requested to write an article for the opening number of a monthly review, on the reform which he most desired, he chose as his theme, to the mystification of some of its readers, the need of a poet. The wider diffusion of intellectual curiosity, a taste for spiritual adventures, a life of mental ardour and aspiration and enthusiasm, and, if need be, of suffering, were essential parts of his social ideal. He hoped for the growth of a new standard of social values which would subordinate the all-pervading economic calculus to art, to religion, to a keener sense of human dignity. He looked to education as one of the powers which might bring about that moral transformation. It is possible that he expected more from education than it can give.

Yet if there were more persons to expect as much, perhaps something not much less might be given.

In the eventful chapter of English Education which was unfolded between 1870 and 1913 Canon Barnett had played a considerable, if self-effacing, part. His special interest lay, however, in an aspect of education which, till a few years before his death, had hardly begun to receive serious attention. The importance of Adult Education is to-day a commonplace. It is assisted by organised labour, by the Universities, by the Board of Education, and by an increasing number of Education Authorities. If the facilities for humane studies open to working people are still far short both of the need and of what Canon Barnett demanded, the principle has been established, and most Universities now recognise that the provision of extra-mural teaching for adult students is not a luxury or a side-issue, but an integral part of the proper functions of a modern University. In the days when he pleaded for the co-operation of Universities and working people in the creation of a popular system of higher education, he seemed to many of his friends a visionary. His conception was not, of course, a novelty. Somewhat the same ideas had been part of the creed of the fathers of co-operation, and indeed, as Lovett's memoirs show, of an earlier and more sorely stricken generation. Under their influence F. D. Maurice had founded the Working Men's College, almost the sole survivor of a crop of similar experiments, in the middle of the nineteenth century; and the University Extension Movement, in the first flush of its enthusiasm, had drawn large audiences of working people in the north of England.

The lesson of the earlier experiments was not altogether one of encouragement. Could it be said that extension work had either been taken seriously by the Universities or attracted the working-class students whom Canon Barnett was eager to reach? Was there not a tendency for it to become a system of popular lecturing upon subjects which lose their meaning when they lose their austerity, half education, half entertainment for the spare hours of the leisured classes? Could extra-mural University teaching ever be more than a pastime? Was the development of liberal education for men who had left school at thirteen or fourteen, and who spent their day in manual labour, an attainable ideal? Twenty years ago practical educationalists were inclined to regard Canon Barnett's whole conception as a mirage. Like most generous ideals, it could be made to look foolish on paper. The children of light are sometimes more merciless to the prophet than the less sophisticated children of this world. "Cheap culture for the masses" has always been a target for witticisms which apparently it requires some more than usual degree of culture to refrain from uttering. A clever writer in *The Oxford Magazine*, who has since helped to realise some of Canon Barnett's hopes, made merry over the idea of bricklayers building their degrees. Nor was it easy to reduce his plans to the concrete shape needed to appeal to the administrative mind. Technical instruction, more scholarships, better secondary education, the educational ladder—these were the watchwords after 1902. When there was so much of obvious and immediate urgency to be done, the suggestion of what was really a plan of extra-mural University education seemed to break into the natural development of the successive stages of educational progress with a demand for the impracticable.

Canon Barnett was under no delusions as to the deficiencies of the University Extension movement. He drew an unfavourable contrast between the energy and system which American Universities had brought to a similar problem and what seemed to him the uncertain aims and perfunctory methods of adult education in England. Nor was he unaware of the importance of perfecting the slender handrail to which our national habit of self-deception has given the name of the educational ladder. But he refused to acquiesce in the idea, surely one of the strangest applications of competitive commercialism to the things of the spirit—that the need for a wide diffusion of humane education could be met merely by creating facilities which would enable the brighter children of the working classes to enter the professions. Like Ruskin, he thought that the main aim of education ought not to be only to enable the exceptionally brilliant or exceptionally industrious to climb into positions usually thought higher than that of the workmen, but to raise the general level of society and to humanise the life of industry. What he desired to see was not merely the creation of greater opportunities of higher education for working-class children, but the establishment of a system under which education of a University character would be easily accessible to adult working men and women. In his view such a system was not merely a temporary expedient, a *pis aller* necessitated by the backwardness of secondary education, but a permanent and indispensable part of the educational edifice—a part which would be equally indispensable, even if the road from the elementary school to the University were as easy as it is now difficult. What was needed was not merely selection, but universal provision: the Universities ought to provide education, not merely for the boys and girls who had been at school full-time up to eighteen, but also for the young men and women who had entered the workshop at fourteen, and to whom a liberal education was the condition both of personal culture and of intelligent citizenship. He wrote in 1907:

> The industrial classes need a wider outlook on life. The Universities do not meet the need. Scholarships by which clever boys obtain degrees lift the boys into another position where they cease to be workmen. Extension lectures are suited to the needs of the middle classes, and are generally supported and controlled by middle-class committees.

It was characteristic of Canon Barnett to be willing to wait for the realisation of his ideals. The fact that previous attempts to give effect to such conceptions had produced little permanent result did not shake his faith that sooner or later there would be a need for further demand for higher education of a humanistic character. In the general revival of the activities of organised labour at the beginning of the century his hopes seemed to be partly realised. Ruskin College, founded in 1899, and gradually winning the support of some of the larger trade unions, was one symptom. Another was the foundation of the Workers' Educational Association in 1903 by a group of trade-unionists and co-operators. In the early days of the Association, when its members were a handful of enthusiasts, and it was supported only by the indomitable enthusiasm of its secretary, Canon Barnett was its constant friend and adviser, to whose sagacity and inspiration it owed an immeasurable debt. He was its interpreter to the Universities and to the Board of Education. Among the last things he did was to draft a plan of closer co-operation between Universities in the promotion and conduct of tutorial classes.

The realisation of Canon Barnett's vision of a vigorous and popular system of higher education, uniting workman and scholar in a new Humanism, depended not only upon the presence of a demand for such education among working people, but on the co-operation of the Universities. The idea, if not new, was unfamiliar to them. It was necessary that the whole subject of University education should be discussed from a new angle, and that the relation of the Universities to the State, to the new classes now knocking at their door, and to the educational system as a whole, should be revised, as it had been revised under different circumstances in the middle of the nineteenth century. Precipitate action is not one of the faults of those august bodies, and Canon Barnett, who had laboured for thirty years as an interpreter between the world of industry and Oxford and Cambridge, was not sanguine that anything less than a review of the whole situation by a Royal Commission would shake the dry bones. The meekest of prophets who addresses himself to the reform of ancient and conservative corporations is aware that he enters a den of lions. His demands that, of all the Universities, the older Universities, and of the older Universities Oxford, should be selected to submit to the ordeal of a new Commission caused pain among some of the Oxford men who knew him, and some indignation among those who did not. Why should Oxford be chosen for censure ? Had it not been thoroughly reformed more than once in the last half-century ? Had it not more than discharged its obligations by providing a secretary and an office for the University Extension Movement ? "Canon Barnett ought to know something about Oxford," commented *The Oxford Magazine* upon an article which he had written, "but his statement about University Extension work is reckless to a degree beyond even what we are accustomed to in our critics. He says that Oxford gives hardly any direction and practically no financial support to it. . . The University gives a grant of £550 a year and privileges which are worth at least £150 more."

These revelations did not substantially modify Canon Barnett's opinion. He was convinced that extra-mural University education would never take permanent root among working people until, like other kinds of higher education, it was sufficiently endowed to make it unnecessary for the full cost of the lecturers' fees to be borne by the students. But in urging the appointment of a Royal Commission, he had indeed larger questions in his mind than that of the precise degree to which Oxford supported, or ought to support, the existing University Extension movement. The Universities, he thought, were called to a new and glorious future. They might, if they seized the opportunity, lead another Renaissance, inspire and liberalise the democratic movement, humanise industry and industrial relations, be a golden link between the old world and the new. He wrote:

> The great sources of happiness which rise within the mind and are nourished by contact with other minds are largely out of the reach of the majority of the people. These sources might be brought within their reach. The working classes whose minds are strengthened by the discipline of work might have the knowledge which would interest them in the things their hands make ; they might, in the long monotonies of toil, be illuminated by the thoughts of the great, and be inspired by their ideals. They might be introduced to the secrets of beauty, and taught the joy of admiration.

Was it unnatural that he should turn to Oxford, which had given leaders to so many movements, to lead one more ? The affection with which its sons regard that great institution is sometimes mingled with exasperation. The magician seems to them unconscious of its power, so rich in secrets of sane and joyous life, yet so slow to reveal them to those who need them most ; a jealous guardian of social rather than intellectual standards, perpetuating in its exclusiveness the indifference to equality of educational opportunity, the obsequiousness to the ephemeral ineptitudes of wealth and social position, which are the essence of our national vices of vulgarity and materialism. In Canon Barnett's case the criticism that Oxford allowed itself to be used as an organ of a social tradition rather than of a national culture sprang from an intense conviction that, wisely directed, it could do much to create the atmosphere in which the problems of the modern world may have some hope of solution. He thought that the colleges did not use their revenues to the best educational purpose ; that too many scholarships were awarded without any inquiry into the financial needs of the recipients ; that life in most colleges was needlessly and mischievously expensive ; that All Souls, with its prize fellowships and half-empty rooms, was a scandal ; that Oxford would serve the nation better if the University had a larger income, and the colleges a smaller one ; that if Oxford was to respond readily to public needs, representatives of the public ought to have a seat, as at most other Universities, upon its governing body. He thought still more that Oxford was not alive to its opportunities. He wrote :

> Oxford is interwoven in the web of the nation's history. It has taken its shape by the thoughts and by the benefactions of many successive generations, and it has in return helped to make the men who have made England. Its traditions, its beauty, and its wealth are part of the heritage left by the past to the present, which the present is bound to develop and pass on to the future. The duty is not easy or light. It is not enough that its buildings should be preserved, and its wealth allowed to accumulate, because the future will not be content with trustees who keep their treasure laid up in a napkin ! The treasures must be put to use, and the Oxford which in the past inspired the governing classes of the nation must be so changed and adapted that it may inspire the minds of those who are now called to take up the government.

Between 1906 and 1913 Canon Barnett threw much energy into the attempt to secure the appointment of a Royal Commission upon Oxford and Cambridge. The demand was put forward first in a series of articles, inspired though not written by him, which appeared in *The Westminster Gazette* in the autumn of 1906. It was repeated in the following year more effectively and with fuller knowledge, by a group of Oxford tutors who contributed some articles on "Oxford and the Nation" to *The Times*. In the summer of 1907 the question was raised in the House of Lords by the present Bishop of Oxford (then Bishop of Birmingham), who urged that the revenues of Oxford were not used to the best advantage, that there were too many undergraduates in residence who had been sent to Oxford for reasons which were social rather than educational, and that it was unreasonable and unnecessarily difficult for a man of small means to obtain an Oxford education. The suggestion of a Royal Commission naturally caused some annoyance at Oxford, and there were many protests in *The Oxford Magazine* against what were thought to be unfair and inaccurate criticisms. It was denied that scholarships, as had been alleged, were wasted on men who had no financial need of them, or that the richer colleges—a point on which Canon Barnett and other critics had laid stress—used for purposes of secondary importance money which could have been spent to greater advantage by the University. More temperate opponents of the proposal, without claiming that all was for the best, thought that a Commission would involve a period of uncertainty and confusion, and that, if given time, Oxford would set its own house in order. Others, again, desired a Commission limited in its terms of reference to constitutional or financial questions, or an executive Commission which would act without the delay involved in prolonged inquiries.

On the other hand, the idea of a Commission found some support among both existing and past generations of Oxford men. Old friends of Canon Barnett—Sir William Markby, then Senior Bursar of Balliol; the Rt. Hon. Arthur Dyke Acland, ex-Minister of Education and Chairman of the Consultative Committee of the Board; Bishop Gore (Oxford); and Mr. J. A. Spender—gave him encouragement. He had the sympathy of a number of the younger fellows, and reform committees were established both at Oxford and Cambridge which discussed the relative merits of reform by a Royal Commission and reform from within. The members of the Parliamentary Labour Party for whose assistance he asked were ready to co-operate in any attempt to make higher education more accessible to the man of small means. Even the humblest attempts at reform involve what afterwards is apt to seem a disproportionate volume of work, correspondence, committees, the writing of articles, arguments with the half-convinced, exhortations to the hesitating, restraining advice to the over-eager. Everything fell upon Canon Barnett's shoulders. He contributed several articles to *The Daily Telegraph*, to the now defunct *Tribune*, above all to *The Westminster Gazette*, whose editor, an old and dear friend, was a tower of strength. The house in Little Cloisters became a centre to which all proposals were brought and where all plans for action were laid. A committee was formed, composed partly of Oxford and Cambridge men in Parliament, partly of men teaching at the Universities, partly of members of the Labour Party. He corresponded constantly with his friends at the older Universities, and as freely with those who were known not to favour a Commission as with those who did. Eventually it was decided by the London Committee, over which Canon Barnett presided, to press for two Commissions, one upon Oxford and one upon Cambridge, their reference to be to report upon such changes, if any, as might be needed in the constitution and legislative machinery of those Universities and in the administration of the resources of the Universities and colleges. The Labour Party sent a deputation to the Prime Minister on its own account, which made a similar demand.

In his answer to the speech of the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Crewe had suggested that Oxford might avert a public inquiry by a spontaneous policy of reform. The hint was taken. Lord Curzon, then Chancellor of Oxford, conducted inquiries into some aspects of University and college organisation, the results of which were published in his book *University Reform* in the summer of 1909. The Chancellor's review of the resources and administration of Oxford confirmed some of the statements made by critics, while discounting or rebutting others. Canon Barnett welcomed the exposition which it gave of the existing position, but he thought the proposals for reform which were based upon it inadequate. He was not alone in feeling that Convocation was too fluctuating and irresponsible a body to have the final word upon University policy. Where he parted company with some other reformers was in his desire that the financial independence of colleges should be curtailed, and that representatives of the public should find a place on the governing authority of the University, however that authority might be constituted. He was convinced that the extreme disparity between the financial resources of different colleges and between those of the colleges as a whole and the University, though somewhat mitigated by college contributions to University purposes, was incompatible with the most effective use of the funds available for University education. He wrote:

> The first step is to make the colleges poorer and the University richer. . . One college spends over £1,580 on servants for 118 undergraduates, and another spends under £400 on servants for 70 undergraduates; one provides chapel services at a cost of £150 a year, while others do so at a cost of over £1,000. . . Colleges together pay out of their incomes £21,500 yearly to heads of houses, £61,500 to fellows, and £52,000 on scholarships and exhibitions for men who, for the most part, are drawn from the schools of one class of the community, and are subject to no poverty test. Colleges and their wealth must be subordinate to the University, at whose door a new generation is knocking with deep, if not loud, demands for its services.

The new Central Finance Board, which it was proposed to establish, would fail, he thought, for lack of compulsory powers. He did not underestimate the educational and moral advantages of the collegiate system; but neither did he believe that the maintenance of those advantages was contingent upon the financial independence of colleges. Believing that, with all their excellences, Oxford colleges were timid and sluggish in adapting themselves to the new needs of a community in which social and educational conditions were undergoing rapid and far-reaching changes, he desired some system which would submit them to some closer public scrutiny. On some proposals for reform put forward by a Committee of the Hebdomadal Council, he wrote:

> The Committee has forgotten that the Colleges are under a University, whose wealth is a national trust, created in the past by the servants of the nation, and secured by the nation for the service of the present. When this fact is remembered, the justice and expediency of calling representatives of the nation into the management will be recognised.

During the years which followed the appearance of the Chancellor's report changes were introduced at Oxford which were designed to meet some of the criticisms passed upon it. To what extent the publicity which Canon Barnett had given to the subject influenced the University and

College authorities to introduce reforms, it is not for an outsider to say. If what was known in Oxford as "Reform from within" was not more effective than he had anticipated, if the case for a Royal Commission to review the whole question of the constitution, government, finance, and endowments of the two older Universities is still as strong as when he stated it, there was, at any rate, one new departure with which Canon Barnett's appeal to Oxford to meet the educational needs of students drawn from a wider circle, had a more than indirect connection. In the summer of 1907 a conference organised by the Secretary of the Workers' Educational Association, and attended by representatives of working-class societies and members of the University, had been held in the Examination Schools at Oxford. Its object was to consider what methods Oxford could adopt to satisfy the demand of working people for higher education. Its result had been the appointment by the Vice-Chancellor of a Committee composed of seven representatives of Oxford and seven members of working-class organisations to inquire into and report upon the whole subject.

Canon Barnett, though not a member of the Committee, was a close personal friend of several of those who sat upon it. He watched its proceedings with the greatest interest, and the proposals contained in its recommendations were, in the main, such as he had often urged. His ideas had been put before the Conference, and he developed them at greater length in a series of suggestions which he drew up for the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. He wrote:

> I propose that the University provide teaching which will help workmen, as workmen, to take large views of trade, of social relations, and of government. With this view courses of study in these subjects, extending over two years, arranged in consultation with workmen leaders, and leading to a diploma, could be offered. Teachers fitted to give teaching in such subjects, and familiar with workmen's habit of thought and speech, could be trained and set to teach in Oxford. The University might then offer scholarships to enable members of trade-unions and co-operative societies or any workmen's organisations to live in lodgings or in hostels in Oxford and to attend free of charge any course of such lectures. It might further offer a choice of course and teachers to any workmen's organisation in the country who would undertake to form a class—say—of thirty men, who would attend during two years, the payment of these lectures to be met wholly by the University.

Canon Barnett had little faith in the value of popular lectures to large audiences. What he desired was that Oxford should use part of its revenue to promote continuous and intensive study among adult working people. By these means outposts of Oxford, and of other Universities, would gradually be established in the industrial districts of England.

The Report of the Joint Committee on Oxford and Working-class Education followed somewhat the same lines as were suggested in this letter. Its direct recommendations were the establishment of Tutorial Classes, to be controlled by a Joint Committee of University and working-class representatives, to be financed to the extent of one-half from Oxford moneys, and to be taught by a Tutor appointed by the Joint Committee, who was to give part of his time, in summer, to lecturing in Oxford. The classes were to consist of not more than thirty students, and were to meet for twenty-four evenings each winter during three years. The first hour each evening was to be given to a lecture, and the second to discussion; books were to be provided by the Joint Committee; and students were to be encouraged to write essays. When classes desired it, arrangements were to be made by which some of the students would be enabled to reside and study in Oxford. The Reports of Committees are apt to be buried in oblivion, and some of the proposals which Canon Barnett had emphasised have not been carried out. But, on the whole, the policy laid down in "Oxford and Working-class Education" has had an impressive success. Since 1908 not only Oxford but most other Universities have attacked the same problem and established joint committees and tutorial classes. The Board of Education and the more enlightened Education Authorities have helped to solve, by their grants, the perennial problem of finance. Working-class students, by their demands for classes and by their enthusiasm in supporting them, showed that Canon Barnett had gauged a living need. Before the war turned young men to adventures of another kind, the 150 tutorial classes included between 4,000 and 5,000 students. And the tutorial classes led in turn to the growth of summer schools and to a swift increase in the number of one-year classes conducted by the Workers' Educational Association and other organisations. In more than one town in Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and Staffordshire there is the nucleus of the People's University of which Canon Barnett dreamed. The demand for classes grows year by year, and is limited not by the number of students, but only by finance and the number of teachers. Nor, perhaps, is it a small thing that to the policy of the educational ladder there should have been added the ideal of humane education as the right of the worker in factory and mine, his equipment not for professional success, but for the cultivation of the spirit and the better service of his fellows. Of that ideal, the natural application to education of Labour's vision of social solidarity, Canon Barnett was for thirty years the interpreter.

Calculations of utility, of effectiveness, of the probabilities of success and the possibilities of failure, were not congenial to his spirit. His vision of a system of Higher Education which would give back in inspiration to a more righteous social order the wisdom which it had drawn from the experience and ideals of every class in the community is still far from realisation. Yet more see education with his eyes than did ten years ago, and more will do so in the future. As values are readjusted and the habit of applying the economic calculus to all human relationships recedes into history, the conception of education for which he stood will come by its own, because the appreciation of human dignity will be higher and of material riches less. When that change takes place, the peculiar and disastrous feature of the English educational system, the organisation of education upon lines of class, will undergo a corresponding transformation. Education, instead of being what now it too often is, the great divider, will become what it might be, the great uniter. Oxford and Cambridge, instead of being organised primarily in accordance with the standards customary among the classes who attend the "Public" schools, will take their proper place in relation to the system of education which provides for the needs of nine-tenths of the population.

LETTERS, 1896 TO 1900

These letters have been selected from an enormous correspondence. In some cases I have united passages from more than one letter, in others only portions are printed, but the date sequence has been carefully preserved. They have all been chosen to illustrate my husband's work or to show some trait in his character.

Toynbee Hall, *February 8th*, 1896.

My dear Frank,

I am fifty-two and you are fifty too this year. How old we are getting! and yet I don't feel old, and to-day hardly restrained myself from playing "touch" with the children on the Heath. I suppose one ought to see oneself as others see one, and yet one knows oneself best.

Gorst has been with us during the week. He is in high feather, having got his Bill through, the Cabinet giving way over three points for which he cared. When proposals for better education were urged, Salisbury growled, "Made in Germany," but most got through and of it we shall see how Liberals bear the surprise. The School Board will be subordinate to County Councils. It is best so. School Boards have no two definite policies on which to found parties, and as people love fighting even more than their opinions, School Board people are bound to use religion for fighting purposes. County Councils are divided on other lines. I don't believe the Tories will have it and the Bill will be cut down to a few concessions to Voluntary Schools. Gorst has not the patient temper to win over fools.

In the Transvaal business of the four parties—the German Government, the English Government, Kruger, and Rhodes—the last is obviously the "suspect," and I expect things will go to prove this. At any rate I hope we shall not go in for a French Alliance. I like the Germans better.

Here things are fairly quiet. The Dean of Westminster lectures pupil teachers this afternoon. On Thursday I spent the afternoon among picture dealers and made a good haul of about thirty pictures. Rosebery cannot open for us, so we are asking Beerbohm Tree.

Other days have gone in interviews and meetings with men. I don't get more calm about the dangers of three months' absence in Bristol. I wish something would turn up to give me a change of residence. It is not, however, likely. Seventy-five young men cannot go on without difficulties arising for three months.

Yesterday my wife and Sir John went over another Industrial School—a better one than Bristol but still with small boys whose need of mothering roused her indignation.

To-night we have the usual Founder's Day function—all the people in active work are coming. Bryce is too unwell and so is Brooke Lambert. We shall not have much speaking.

On Wednesday we had a dinner party and also a large "At Home" during the afternoon. Alice and Hart, Gorst, Lady Battersea, Mrs. Bryce, and two workmen came to dinner. Mrs. Bryce gave me another view of the Transvaal. She says the Boers are run by a party of Hollanders—Dutch adventurers who direct their policy and enrich themselves.

I have seen Courtney, who did not tell any news, but he is going to let 'em have it over Africa. They brought us a present of two brass vases from Egypt, which was nice of them.

But good-bye now. I am surrounded by flowers full of sweetness and love.

With love always, S. A. B.

WHITECHAPEL, *July* 1896.

MY DEAR FRANK,

What a hot week! We have remembered Bristol as those in a hot and dry land remember fresh streams and cooling breezes.

The streets never looked more ugly or the state of the poor more trying. How can they endure the atmosphere, the heat, and the vermin of small over-crowded rooms. What a lesson for them in patience, what for us in sympathy!

We are both well, thanks to Bristol, and have got through our work.

To-day we go off at nine with eighty pupil teachers to Cambridge to stay with Gorst. He was here on Monday and Wednesday. He is in good form, but is not hopeful that the Government will do anything. He feels, however, that it cannot shunt him and that if a Bill is demanded by the country, he must be used to draw it.

There is some gossip about a reconstruction of the Cabinet.

I wish it might be true. If only they had been beaten on Monday we might have had Devonshire at the head.

Last night we dined with Hoare to talk over the Commissioners' Report on Industrial Schools which we hope will show up the mistakes of good people who make children play at being in prison, *e.g.* Clifton Wood Industrial School. Hoare has a wonderful house, but the West End after the East is altogether too extravagant After the Hoares we went to the Murray Smiths, met some old friends and got home late.

On Thursday we had a demonstration against the East London Water Company which has drawn comment and done, I think, some good. The Secretary writes beseeching me as a Christian not to stir strife. I should like to publish the letter, but it would not be fair as he wrote it "privately as a Christian." In the evening I dined with Yarrow the boat-builder. He is a simple man in the midst of great magnificence and one I greatly like.

On Wednesday we went to the Academy. The art of the nation proclaims its triviality, its want of passion, its thinness, but it is not the art of the nation, only of a class. In the evening we had a good party in our Quad. About 250 people came and among them seven or eight M.P.s, no notables. On Tuesday we dined with Knowles but met no one of special interest. Lord Morris was there—an expansive Irishman. On Monday we had the round of work and went also with the Guardians to see the new Fever Hospital, built at a cost of £300,000. It is a model place, where every care is taken to make a house as much as possible like open air. The one medium of which doctors are certain is air. How the officers will like the open corridors I wonder. The place is to take 500 patients. We realised how much more ought to be spent on prevention, on education, on consideration which stops infection, etc.

Love for ever to you all, S. A. B.

Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, *July* 1896.

My dear Frank,

Yesterday we had a good laugh. My wife went to a party at the People's Palace and was introduced to a man whose name she did not catch. He claimed acquaintance, but she said she did not know him. "You can't expect me to remember *all* the men I meet," she said; "there are hundreds who come to Toynbee." Then the conversation drifted on, and Y——, who had been reading Stepniak, began to pity the Czar who could not clear his country of abuses, but the man said "he was a good sort of chap." She then said that if that were so princes and kings were unfortunate because they could not display their characters. He doubted the assertion, but she held her own and enlarged it with examples. Then in the press of talk he was swept away. She had given him a lot of opinions! Soon after he crossed over to her and said, "Mrs. Barnett, I don't think you are right about princes having no character. I know one who has the highest I can imagine." She reminded him she had said they could not *show* character. "Who was that man?" she asked, and who do you think it was? The Duke of Fife!

She came home and I laughed at her so much that my tiredness passed off, and we went to dinner with Lawrence, M.P. for Liverpool, and met Sir Frederick Young and Lady Barrington, with whom we had some good talk.

On Wednesday we had the usual round, and on Tuesday entertained a lot of ambulance people. Sunday we spent with Gorst at Cambridge, and stirred up some friends.

With love always, S. A. B.

STEAM YACHT "MIDNIGHT SUN," IN CRONSTADT HARBOUR,
September 1896.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Here we are detained by the police till eight o'clock to-morrow, when they will come off, assure themselves we are harmless, and let us go on to Petersburg. We are vexed by the loss of a day, but if one visits Russia one must conform. We have had a delightful voyage. On Monday in Newcastle when we groped down the Tyne and found our steamer in a fog we should not have been sorry for an excuse to go back. The next day there was a ground swell and we were still very sad, but then it cleared and since the ship has had no other but the onward motion. We went through the German Emperor's new canal, which has no special interest, but it gave us a view of a very desolate country reclaimed to use by means of a peasant proprietorship. The Baltic has been almost baking, and Ward thinks a ship the pleasantest place in the world. My wife has been very tired and is hardly rested yet, but nothing can be better than a deck-chair and sunshine.

We like our company and all mingle well. They have brought good temper and there are many representatives of serious interests, officials, guardians, magistrates, clerks. They appreciate being taught and have crowded to hear our two lectures, mine on Russian History and Y——'s on Russian Art. They also enjoy talks on subjects. Of course there are the deck games, and to-day she gave away the prizes won at the athletic sports. Last night a dance under the awning was a pretty sight.

There are two or three men on board who have been connected with Toynbee Hall, and there are the usual Americans. One "first-generation man," as he calls himself, is most amusing. He has made a great fortune in three and a half years, and is now educating himself. I wish I could repeat his phrases. He is typical of what a Yankee is thought to be. By the way he talks of a proposal to boom Columbia and give it 100,000 inhabitants in two or three years, and to convey all London about in tunnels. To-morrow we shall get your letters and I will post this. Russia promises to be most interesting and suggests new lights on old questions.

With love always, S. A. B

THE "MIDNIGHT SUN," *September* 1896.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Russia has interests no other European nation has. It is young, it has institutions and beliefs which are original, it is just becoming conscious of a call to play a big part in the twentieth century. The land itself is dull, with long barren sweeps, and the villages are ugly. The people's lesson has been in fighting hardships, and in the fight they have stored up a power of patience and a power of suffering. A crowd of peasants in a Moscow church, with their big bodies, their bowed and sad looks, their honey-coloured beards, their long shirts, and high boots, is very impressive. But it is when one looks at the many great buildings, the warehouses, the palaces, and the churches, that one understands that this great quiet mass is moving. They spend three millions on a church as we spend it on an ironclad and they decorate it with their best. I wish I could tell you about the Art. The "Missus" will. If I were young and a picture buyer, I should buy Russian art. As it is, I am ashamed when I think of our Academy. The Russians have studied facts so as to forget themselves, and they paint as only those can who forget themselves. They have not studied God and so they are not what the Italians were, but they have studied something outside themselves.

Stockholm remains in our minds as an attractive city and it is remarkable how its light and freedom brought out the despotism of Russia. Here again we find a city which is the expression of vigorous life—stone buildings, broad streets, well-clad and contented people. As one sees the order and comfort, one grows discontented with England. Last night we went to some gardens where there was music. Thousands of men and women were simply enjoying themselves. Yet our ship's stewards who are let on shore on leave get so drunk they cannot do their work. What is it which makes us love rowdiness?

The Danes are not so good-looking as the Swedes. I have rarely seen women so attractive as women as the latter. They have sweetness and self-respect, strength and gentleness. These people have not the same grace, and are as we used to say, "full-chested behind."

All goes well with us. My wife threw off a cold which at home would have been troublesome, and I have been able to eat cake and do what I will. We shall now stick to the ship and get in to Newcastle early on Saturday.

With dearest love for ever, S. A. B.

Toynbee Hall, *October* 31*st*, 1896.

My dear Frank,

My wife came home last night in quite high spirits. She had made four speeches and felt all the joy of success. . . She takes to public appearances very hardly, but of course does the work all the better. In one sense razors have to cut stones when the stones are human. The razors are spoiling, but then without spoiling there is no progress. It seems that 1,200 women were present, among whom were most of the leaders. The President kept perfect order and the speeches were to the point. Curiously enough, what she missed in the women was art and poetry. They were too matter of fact, but what she liked was their seriousness. Everyone was in earnest and some in terrible earnest. Marion says that in the discussion on the Poor Law, Miss —— attacked the Departmental report with great bitterness and vigour. Y—— followed with gentleness, and, although the speakers were against her, the manner told and she scored. At the end of the conference she was elected a vice-president out of fifty-eight candidates.

On Friday Gorst was speaking at Horsfall's museum, where she spoke also. I was glad to have her home and glad to find how the experience had helped her to take a more hopeful view of herself. . .

To-day is brilliant sunshine, and we are enjoying the open. Dorothy is keeping her birthday and her friends are arriving. For myself I did a good week's grind at the Toynbee mill, and found how much there is to do, and how much is done by simply being on the spot. . .

Last Sunday we were at Oxford and I preached. There was a fair congregation, and I dined in Balliol, meeting some old friends. On Monday I travelled up with Welldon, headmaster of Harrow. He is a strong man, very down on military academies and anxious to get boys for Army and Navy through the Universities.

With love always, S. A. B.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, 1897.

My dear Frank,

Our first week is over and we felt tired in its progress, but Hampstead has set us up. My wife is going down to read *Romola* with the pupil teachers and I go down to entertain Ainger who lectures on Cowper.

She has been to Birmingham to stay with the Cadburys and give a lecture. All went well, she liked her audience and fell in love with the cocoa works. Such a factory!—dressing-rooms for the girls in which to change into white, bath-rooms, dining-rooms, heated and ventilated work-rooms, open spaces, and gardens between the workshops, about 2,000 employed. But, best of all, a model village in which every tree on the ground was preserved, a coppice left for shelter, and a playground within three minutes of every child. She liked the Cadburys and the other Quaker people vastly. What Christians they are, and how their success justifies the precepts, "Obey, and all these things shall be yours." . .

I preached at Lincoln's Inn on Sunday to a few Benchers and many officials. The chapel is dull, dignified, and stately, not provocative of religion, but refreshing in a day of hurry and after the fantastics of ritualists. I more and more feel that the day of ritualists is over, and when the revival comes, it will be swept off. A good sign of the times is the reverse of the Church party in School Board elections. The reverse is good in itself and good to awaken Church people to the fact of the fool's paradise in which they hide.

We have also dined with "Tommy" Lough and met Blake, Healy, and other Irish M.P.s. One was struck with the seriousness of these men compared with ordinary society. Blake is a handsome man and talked as if he were responsible. Healy, too, from another point, as a R.C., spoke as one to give account. It was very striking. . .

Toynbee is full, but as yet no sight of a man to fill Aves's place. I interview applicants, but I must have the man who, I think, will be right. The House has not yet found its own legs, and I don't see any evolution in that direction. Men are coming in, but it is hard to replace an influence like Aves, and there are some things which have to be removed. I expect I care too much and am too biased to be a good midwife, as Socrates says, to new ideas which may be coming to their birth. At any rate at the present moment I don't know where Toynbee is, and it does not "know where it are." . .

I am glad Bradlaugh polled as many votes as he did, and I hope Henry George will poll high in New York. The future looks dark enough and insolence is blinding sense; the success of George may not do much, but it may make those who have some reasoning power understand that numbers make for victory, and that it is impossible to indict a nation.

We will all be off to a farmhouse some day with the children to be our caretakers.

Love always, S. A. B.

HYERES, *December 22nd*, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK,

You dear people will like to hear on Christmas morning that we are well and at our journey's end. We like the place, which, unlike Cannes, Mentone, etc., has a life of its own. Old-fashioned houses and people with a sense of business. The palm trees sway against a background of sea or hill and the scent of violets hangs over the roads as we pass. This hotel is quiet and somewhat old-fashioned. We were brought here by an enterprising tout who met us at Toulon, and by clever allusions to the good nature of the landlord and the possible walks with picnic baskets packed carefully, to the fact that oranges grow in the garden and were to be picked as he had picked one this morning sweetened and sharpened by frost. We gave in and are not disappointed. We have our two rooms looking south over land and sea. Seven francs a day all included. I don't know how long we shall stay, but address letters to Poste Restante here.

We had three very pleasant days with the Lazards in Paris, save that my wife felt ill and unable to get out. The days were pleasant because we shared in a very beautiful family life. Mother, father, three sons, and a daughter live together in the greatest intimacy and with unfailing expressions of regard and affection. These expressions have a great value. I could say a lot about our experience. The house was very richly furnished and the food—well, I at last know what good cooking means! Our friend Max is beautiful—one of the most beautiful characters I have known.

I have read a good deal of Tennyson. He is a poet of thought rather than of humanity and so his dramas are poor. In *Queen Mary* his characters do not distil themselves in conversation and he does not understand the anatomy of passion. He puts on garments as artists do who have not studied the figure. But his *Maud* is fine, the finest of his long poems, and in it he gives voice to a time like the present, to the thought, that is, which is weary of itself, its enjoyment and its success, and is passionate only over its lost toys. Read it to-morrow not as the tale of a man, but as the tale of the thought of the age.

I have also read some Jevons and some George Sand, so you see I am giving my mind a change.

But now let me end with all the thoughts, hopes, and wishes which belong to Christmas. We have had many good ones together, may we have many more. May the day be full of joy for you and yours and ours.

With love always, S. A. B.

HAMPSTEAD, *January 13th*, 1898.

DEAR DOLLUMS,

Your party is just going on and we imagine you happy and gay. We often talk of you and of times when you will be with us. Guardey liked your letter and says it does comfort her to think of you sitting on her lap and crying with her. She is very sad at losing Uncle Ernest. He was so helpful in her work and cared so much for poor children. He was one of her closest friends, and although she is sad now she likes to think over all his life and how much of it he gave to the public. It is a great matter to care for public things more than for private, and there is a serious meaning in my joke about you being Mayor of Bristol, because a mayor is one who serves the public. I don't know if we shall go back to Brighton with Aunt Alice. We shall do what she wishes.

I think we shall both be well when we are rested and very glad to see our Dollums come home.

With love, S. A. B.

WARDEN'S LODGE, WHITECHAPEL, *May 9th*, 1898.

To a new Toynbee Resident,

DEAR ——,

1. As to reading. You had better master the Toynbee Reports, going over each year, marking what has been done, following on beginnings to their end or failure, and noting the feature of each year. By this means you will get a sense of our past. You and I might talk over the notes you make. Read also the introduction to *The Charities Register*, which you

can borrow of C.O.S. It is written by Loch. You might look over Booth's volumes and get some idea of East London from statistics. For light reading read Nevinson's *Neighbours of Ours*, published by Arrowsmith, Bristol.

2. As to residence. You would be my secretary on a private arrangement between you and me. In every other way you would be a Resident ; obeying the rules and living as an equal. You would pay according to your orders. A combination room, which would suit you best, costs with simple board and service about 30*s*. a week.

3. Whatever —— does I shall hold myself bound for a year to give you your salary, and you may be assured of a year's training which I don't think will be lost whatever you do.

4. As to time of beginning, you had better take holiday during August and be ready to begin here on September 1st.

Don't hesitate to ask me anything else.

Ever yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

CLIFTON, BRISTOL, *July* 1899.

To H. O. B.

The day is so glorious, the sky so rich, the sun so bright, the air so clean that I miss you more than ever. I get to judge days in reference to you, and a fine day without you seems wasted. . . . It is curious to-day how the beauty drives home my loss of you and your loss of it.

I am very well, and just back from a beautiful ride round Almondsbury, in that strong clear light which in the west follows rain. It was very restful. All is well here.

Yesterday I preached with a belief in my message, and so it went all right, but it could have been so much more effective. Frank said, as Duncan, that people probably disapproved, but could not, as Christians, gainsay. I enjoyed the Cathedral, the great solemn building, the grandeur and dignity of the fittings. All is helpful after the meanness or prettiness of other churches.

Your card keeps me anxious. You arrange the journey of your day for an express train speed, and unless I am near to get you on to sidings you cover more ground than your strength allows. You dear, dear express which carries so much to everyone and does so much work. I have been out to the postman two or three times looking for news. What about spending ten hours in a sick-room of 82. Your strength cannot stand such a strain. A breakdown will help no one. Please, please get air and freedom from strain.

There are now only twenty-two hours and ten of them will be sleep, so only twelve hours, and you will be here to talk and talk. . . Your telegram during the day was worth air, food, and drink to me. It did me such good.

8, ROYAL YORK CRESCENT, CLIFTON, *August 28th*, 1899.

DEAR COURTNEY,

My mind often goes to you as I read the papers and realise that we may be drifting to a position in which everyone will have to assent to war. Can nothing be done? *The Times* says that no one of any consequence except yourself has made a protest. I had a long talk on Saturday with Lord Hobhouse, who feels much the seriousness of the moment, but thinks that all that can be done is to educate opinion so that such a crisis may not recur. I suggested that you, he, and some others of unquestioned repute should issue a short manifesto to workmen. He said he thought he could sign whatever you would write on the subject. I have written to the Peace Society and suggest they should ask you. I believe such a manifesto might awake a response. The members of the Trade Council here are generally inclined to do something. A workmen's party here on Saturday was unanimous. The enclosed which the Peace Society has issued has gone—I think—well.

Chamberlain says plainly in this morning's paper that the assertion of supremacy is the aim. It is hard to stand by. I wish the prophets were rightly understood, and then it would be seen that their words apply to the present.

We were so glad of your wife's letter. May all go well.

Affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

THE CATHEDRAL, BRISTOL, 1899.

To a Toynbee Resident,

DEAR ——,

I have been meditating on your letter. First of all I put your career. From the beginning I have felt that Toynbee Hall ought not to take men off the lines of their life, but enable them to run better on them. If, therefore, you aim to be an inspector, I think these posts offer good training and I should say an interesting sort of inspectoring.

But now as to Toynbee Hall, I should miss you much if you left, and I think Northey Street, the Economic Club, and Poor Law Boys would suffer. I think this so strongly and believe you care so much for these things, that I should hesitate to advise you to go in if it meant giving up residence.

I gather it does not, and that in fact you would be doing Toynbee Hall work as an official. On the whole I advise you to apply. Tell me if I can do anything and ask Bruce. By the by, tell Walsh of your intention. I think your experience fits you for what is wanted, and I am sure social work is better done by people who are, as I said, on the lines of a career.

I congratulate you on the meeting at Poplar, and even more on that of the Economic Club.

Ever yours, Saml. A. Barnett.

Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, *September* 1899.

My dear Frank,

Mrs. Courtney came and spent last Sunday morning with me and we had a good talk over things private and public. She, like everyone else, is concerned at the unsettled state of affairs. It is a time of expectation—old things are breaking up and new things have not come. There is order, manners, comfort more than formerly, but there is no sort of faith. To put it in a paradox, people have not faith enough even to be enthusiastic atheists. A Bradlaugh would now be impossible. Because there is no faith, human energy and interest absorbs itself in love of flags—big empires, rituals, forms, etc., etc. . .

You must read Trevelyan on the American Revolution. There is so much likeness between what we did with those colonists and what we are doing with the Boers. We are so superior, so rude, so irresponsible in the way we call others ignorant, liars, etc., etc. We may be a great people but we are not a nice people.

—— thinks there will be no war. I can't help thinking so too. Both parties play the game of brag, and if we win it will be bad for us. Sometimes I think war will be better than the pride which will swell and swell till a worse thing happens. War would take us down because all would not be as easy as we think—men with a Bible have always been the best fighters. . . . Kruger is, of course, a difficult person and deserves some knocking about, but he ought to be judged by his peers and not by a greater and superior empire. . .

At the week-end at the Batterseas' we met some interesting people. Sydney Buxton took the line that the Liberal party must not interfere lest it encourage Kruger to fight. I tried to show that the policy was inexpedient and immoral. If the nation is made more and more insolent, it will fight one or other of its neighbours. It is for the Liberal party to remind it of justice. Spencer Lyttelton (Gladstone's old secretary) supported me, but weakly. G—— L—— is dead against the war, but out of his office he is strangely commonplace and very inferior to his wife. Courtney's speeches have been admirable.

Love always, S. A. B.

WARDEN'S LODGE, TOYNBEE HALL, 1899.

MY DEAR FRANK,

We are happy hearing that your boy is going on well. There are compensations in such an illness. He is for the moment taken out of the running, but he has the chance of browsing in a rich pasture. Many men owe as much to browsing as to the running. They tell how, being free, they laid hold of books to their taste, formed ideas and opinions unbiassed by masters, learnt to read for themselves. I know it must to you all seem a loss of time, but I can imagine to one of ——'s sort it may be a gain if he has books in reach which are classical and which he will enjoy. . .

On Monday we went on a visit to —— at —— Palace. Our experience of these wealthy lives made us very sad. Rich beyond conception. Italy had been ransacked for hangings, ceilings, mantelpieces, tapestries, etc. Our hostess had had a grand task, and the effect was that of the Lyceum or Haymarket stage. The life of the house was boastfully self-indulgent, and there was no regard for any but self. It was a revelation of much that is modern. The master is our friend, and he underneath is a fine fellow and does his public duty, while at home he is generous. Sad wealth. . .

On Wednesday we had an interesting dinner—Gorst, Bond, Sargant and Macdonald with others. There was talk about education, and as Bond is chairman of the Technical Education Board, the talk was with knowledge. Opinion went against School Boards—"Why should they not control education?" said the School Board man. "Because of the elementary teacher," said Bond and Gorst. The answer was convincing. An *ad hoc* board must fall under the army of its own officials. . .

On Thursday I did my rounds in Whitechapel. The Tenants Rights Committee is interesting. Man after man reveals the lawless conduct of landlords, and our lawyer tells them how to resist and force them to use legal methods of eviction. We have an able fellow who is called Van Dam. The pressure on tenement rooms is wonderful alongside of the building in the suburbs. . .

Yesterday I had a good talk with Spender of *The Westminster* and Nevinson and Nash of *The Chronicle*. Sherwell, the new writer of this new book on temperance, had been to see me in the morning, so we discussed temperance. We all agree that Sherwell may have hit on a plan for catching intemperate teetotallers and interested publicans. The last may get compensation, the first will get the traffic controlled, and the wise men will have secured a means of education. Look at the book, I know you will agree.

Spender and I had a talk on Church matters. He has been dining with Chamberlain, who thinks that in about ten or fifteen years the Liberal party will unite in disestablishment. He had also met Halifax and other High Churchmen at dinner, and had been struck by the irreverence of their high talk about "holy things."

I have also been seeing Norman Lockyer, who is sad about the Leonids, three all-night sittings and nothing seen. I met Mark Twain, a slow, serious person from whom somehow one expects sparks. At the smoking debate, St. Loe Strachey opened on the war to a crowded lecture-hall. He, you know, is *The Spectator*. He favoured the Government policy, and was opposed in admirable speeches by the Socialists—admirable, that is, for them, though the taste offended frequently.

With love always, S. A. B.

CAMBRIDGE, *October* 1900.

To H. O. B.

Your letter of love has called up all the gratitude and joy of my nature. It is wonderful to know the protection and comfort of love. . .

I had a healthy journey, but I fought a man over an open window and had my way. I don't like fighting, least of all for myself, but it would have been useless to get a headache.

I went to chapel. You would have enjoyed the simple singing of the men. I called on O. Browning and was amazed by his enthusiasm for culture and democracy. We settled some business and I came back for a rest. We lunched, and at 2.15 went with pokers to church. There was a fair congregation, about as usual, and I preached, having shaken hands with Gorst, Jebb, Canon Mason, Ryle, and many others. The sermon did not capture me. I felt outside it, but my host approved. . . . I do so want you. You would have made the sermon all right, and you would enjoy my host.

We had a good meeting last night, and one man came and spoke privately to me with enthusiasm about the sermon. He is, however, an enthusiastic man. I talked at the meeting about the poor, and pleased Rackham, but got no manifest response. . .

I enjoyed going about Norwich as well as is possible without you. I wonder all the time how to tell you about what I see, so that I may feel we have seen it together. . . Norwich is a quiet garden city bursting in places into glories of expression through its very ornate buildings. I liked my hostess. Her soul does fly from change to change, even if it be like a captive balloon with a somewhat short chain.

I am getting impatient for home and found myself counting the hours. I could not do without my menagerie. I am troubled about Dollums. I hoped the heart symptom would pass.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

“*The problem of thinkers is to forge a bond which shall be lasting, something to keep individuals and nations together, a federation of mankind which will secure peace.*”

In the spring of 1889, while Mr. Barnett was still responsible for both St. Jude’s parish and Toynbee Hall, I had one of those severe attacks of pneumonia which periodically bring me within sight of death. Recovery was slow, and the difficulties of our work so increased by my enforced absence, that it seemed wiser not to attempt to do my share of work again until a long rest had brought strength. Accordingly we decided to go round the world.

Taking Miss Paterson with us and a hospital nurse, we left England for India on October 4th, 1890. No less than sixty-eight friends came to Tilbury to see us off, and there was much tenderness shown. Into the hands of five of the Residents, Mr. Aves, Mr. Ward, Mr. Bolton King, Mr. T. H. Nunn, Mr. Cyril Jackson—a “Punchayet”—the Warden had placed Toynbee and its large and growing organisation. The parish was left in the care of the Rev. G. H. Aitken and the Rev. Walter Wragge, while the hundred and one jobs that did not belong to either organisation were undertaken by our faithful friends Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew. So with full confidence in our efficient and affectionate representatives, we left England and spent ten glorious months seeing the glorious world.

Mr. Barnett had taken much trouble to get letters of introduction, not only to the rich and prominent, for that was comparatively easy, but also to humble and unimportant people, and to the native inhabitants. The consequence was that we were able to see people and life from many more aspects than could have been obtained from the hotel *salon*.

We had a calm Bay of Biscay and a lively Mediterranean. We saw Gibraltar scintillating with light, and dirty Port Said and Suez under the glamour of the East. We enjoyed the Canal, so dignified by its desert banks, and revelled in the Red Sea, so maddening by its elusive beauty; we were fascinated by the Indian Ocean, aflame with colour; and then came India.

For four months we lived in that marvellous land, travelling from Ceylon to Darjeeling, from Madras to Bombay, from Calcutta to Poonah, from Hyderabad to Rajputana. People of all degrees offered us hospitality, from the Viceroy,[1] who invited us to join him on tour, to a native missionary in the Deccan.

We usually went on arrival at a town to the hotel, and from there launched the letters of introduction, which Sir William Wedderburn, Mr. Malabari, and Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., had given us, to native gentlemen. Quickly they courteously called and, speaking excellent English, responded to all Mr. Barnett's questions. After two or three days, during which we saw the guide-books sights, the letters to the English officials were sent off. These were immediately followed by shocked remonstrances at our being at the hotel and invitations to stay with them. Very delightful were those visits, and valuable the friendships that followed.

From the vantage-ground of their homes we saw and heard of the work of Lieutenant-Governors,[2] Commissioners, Residents, Inspectors, Agents, colleges, schools, and clergymen. Primed with all he had learnt from the verandah conversations with the native gentlemen, Mr. Barnett was able to obtain insight into many of the Indian problems, and I was often asked whether he had made a special study of the subject, his talk being "so different from that of the usual winter globe-trotter." It was amusing, too, to be told of my husband's prowess at billiards, it being assumed that at home he practised a good deal!

In every town also we visited the schools, the mission station, the bankers (to whom Lord Rothschild had given us letters), and, as Lady Dufferin had asked me to see the women's hospitals, time was often found for a cursory inspection of them. Thus we gained some knowledge of that fascinating, absorbing, disappointing, alluring, glorious portion of our Empire, and the result of our experience has been to speak more doubtfully of its problems and more admiringly of its official servants—that splendid body of men who, loving truth and pursuing justice, accept service away from home in terrible climates, where misunderstandings are prolific and the sense of duty achieved is, in the majority of cases, the sole reward.

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[1] The Marquis of Lansdowne.

[2] Lord Wenlock, Lord Harris, and Sir Charles Elliott were then in India.

Every day Mr. Barnett wrote a diary, which, with added notes of mine in the margin, was sent off once a week to his brother and the other friends who cared to see it. Sometimes I think that diary might be published, for it shows the conditions then prevailing and the thoughts they provoked in two observers.

The second time we were in Ceylon, we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hart and their dear and valued servant, Elizabeth Short. Together we all went to China, where we stayed with Dr. Cantlie (now Sir James) in Hong Kong, were welcomed by the consul, Mr. Alabaster, in Canton, and had a thousand fascinating experiences. Amid the intoxicating interests which meet the traveller on every side in that very foreign country, we found time to visit mission stations and realised that by some minds Christian teaching was assimilated, though by others considered only as an addition.

From China we went to Japan and revelled unstintingly in the fascinations of that topsy-turvy land. Indeed, the interests of our party were too many for the time at our disposal. Mr. Hart's great knowledge of Japanese art and curios took us into one of Japan's worlds. My sister's interest in technical chemistry and applied arts and crafts introduced us to another. Mr. Barnett's care for education and social reform brought us into touch with a whole regiment of interesting people; while I made them all leave their hobbies and see the beauty, and the streets, and the people, and the homes, and enjoy innumerable human incidents in the daily life of that courteous nation. We did not go about all together, for our introductions took us into different circles. A Japanese gentleman, whose faith my husband had been able to strengthen when he was at Oxford, brought to him many friends, and the Embassy opened its hospitable doors to us. It was whilst we were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fraser that I was called on to address, in the presence of the Court, the daughters of the nobles, and to tell them something of what English women did for the poor. With bowed bodies they listened to the Mikado's proclamation exhorting them to consider the poor, but no etiquette could prevent those dainty maidens peeping, as well as their bows permitted, to see Miss Paterson and me give our Court curtsies to the Princesses, who condescended to accept what we gave to our Queen instead of the oriental kotow.

Among the good things that the Japanese Government did for us was to provide us with a guide in the person of a member of their Education Department, a gentleman who gave us a fresh standard in the fine art of taking the pains involved by hospitality. From the great Dosh~~o~~sh~~i~~ College i/a/ also was sent a student who, as our guest, travelled with us when we left the town and took a tour into the country, and instructed us every day and all day long—a young man whose intelligent knowledge of English affairs was startling.

"Do you think," he asked, "now that *The Pall Mall Gazette* has lost Mr. Stead as editor, it will preserve its liberal traditions?"

Do the most intellectual of our undergraduates know even the names of the Japanese journals?

In a huge wooden hall, crowded by the members of the sect his friend had founded, Mr. Barnett preached. Many curiously dressed, shock-headed, flat-faced, active-minded men called on him to hear his views. We saw Archdeacon Shaw and his Settlement, and the missions, and the great palaces and colleges, and the temples, and the monasteries, and the museums, and the parks, and the shops, and the hospitals, and the prisons, and the schools, and the home industries; and we drove many miles behind the little man-ponies, through the great forests and by the wide rice-lakes, and we saw the mountains, and the hot springs, and the castles, and the native villages, and behold it was very beautiful and most of it very good. But all this and much more, is it not written in the diary which perhaps enough people will want to read to set me and the publisher at work?

From Japan we went to California and saw its civilisation, its hideous towns, and wasteful farming, its mountains and valleys, its woods and roses, its horses and its snakes. We were welcomed, fêted, and feasted to an extent that greatly surprised us. Indeed, all the time we were in America, the appearance of our names in the papers as hotel guests immediately brought unknown friends, who either placed themselves or their carriages or their houses, or all three, at our disposal, and were determined to give us a "good time."

Up to British Columbia we travelled and then across Canada, to the United States, "stopping off" to see the glories of the Rockies, the grandeur of Niagara, and the children emigrated by the Guardians.

We stayed with a host of hospitable people, including Miss Jane Addams in Chicago, the Rev. Howard Bliss in New York, and Mr. Goldwin Smith in Toronto; but the culmination of hospitality was reached at Boston, when the hotel proprietor refused to present a bill, and the town authorities put a carriage and a guide at our disposal, as well as a shorthand writer to report our remarks!

We spent ten weeks in America, ten enriching but tiring weeks, resulting in a reverence for that great country and its great hodge-podge of peoples, a reverence not unmixed with fear. Will its great soul—for it has a great soul—burst its body? or its spiritual force be crushed by its physical wealth? Much depends on its women, for they possess the responsibility of the consideration which in England my sex has hitherto—1916—struggled and failed and agonised to obtain.

We returned home greatly refreshed, and found everything in such splendid order that it seemed right to carry out a plan which had long been in our minds.

It has been told how deeply Mr. Barnett felt that his first duty was spiritual work, and how confident he was that the contact with individual souls was of paramount importance. As the St. Jude's organisation grew, and in its growth produced Toynbee, around which organisation again grew, the strain of keeping it all in order and alert, and the drain of time, made dealing with the individual souls among whom we lived almost impossible.

Back to Japan I must carry my readers, when, one warm April day, walking by the river which rushes deep and strong past Nikko, we had solemnly decided to leave Toynbee and St. Jude's, and, going farther eastwards, to start work in a new parish on different lines. One dare not deny one's calling or take the lower way when one has been shown the higher, so we returned from that evening walk determined to turn our backs on beloved St. Jude's, and on Toynbee with its brilliant society, glad eager life, influential following, and troops of devoted friends, and to go, just he and I alone, farther east, and there, stript of the paraphernalia of a successful organisation, live side by side with the poor and the sad, and reach after their souls. We did not hide from ourselves that it was a pain; and sometimes, when I was so often ill, we were frightened; but we never wavered.

Therefore, soon after our return, Mr. Barnett asked for an interview with the Bishop—Temple—on a matter of importance. He would not let me go with him, not even to wait outside, and so I sat at home and did no bodily thing until he returned. By a glance I saw he was disappointed.

"The Bishop never stopped reading and tearing up his letters," he said; "I told him that we would take charge of any district farther east that he selected, build a church, find the money, and be responsible. I tried to tell him that I wanted to deal with individual souls, and to do that I must get clear of so large a following. He had hardly answered me at all, but at that he rasped out:

"'They will follow you and Mrs. Barnett wherever you go.'"

"But what did he say of the plan?" said I.

"Nothing," replied my husband, "absolutely nothing. He was reading his letters, and you can't do well two things at once. At the end he said he would write."

We comforted each other, feeling that mixture of sad and glad emotions that one feels when one has braced oneself up for a great sacrifice, and finds it is not required.

Then we waited for the promised letter, and day after day looked for it in vain. No word came either of acceptance, refusal, or advice, a fact astonishing but true. The "Bishop of London's Fund" tries to move heaven and earth with appeals for money and service, and yet here was the offer of both—£30,000 at least and a free clerical staff—ignored. We rarely spoke about it; for Mr. Barnett was too pained and I was too indignant to make discussion on the subject fruitful of good. But it added to his humility that his Bishop had not thought his offer worthy of consideration, and my husband's humility was a flower that became unhealthy if too much watered. The renunciation had been made in the realm where alone things matter; and though it had not been accepted, I think the action taken, on the recognition that spiritual work was the best work, had considerable influence in my husband's sermons, and perhaps made him give more thought to the individual souls of the large household of East Londoners that I later gathered in Erskine House.

CHAPTER XXXIX

"*The true love of our neighbour depends on the love of God. Moses discovered God first, then helped his brethren; Isaiah met Him in the Temple, then told his neighbours to 'be just and relieve the oppressed.' It was from the love of God which Christ showed them that the Apostles lifted men to a new righteousness.*"

In 1889 we took Heath End House, and Mrs. Moore agreeing that she had done her share of girl-training—ninety-eight girls having passed through her hands and remained in her heart—a new matron was engaged. She was upright and sober, kept the house clean and the girls in order, made rules and carried keys—*but*, oh the difference! Love is a mighty power, and has not yet been fairly tried as a creator of good and the destroyer of evil.

The new house, which we renamed St. Jude's Cottage, was not reserved for girls and ourselves, for, as it was much larger than Harrow Cottage, it was possible to have "rest-rooms" for tired Toynbee men or workers, accommodation for a lady superintendent for the Home, and sundry other "happy family" arrangements. In those years that end of the Heath was very quiet, and a few days or weeks at Hampstead became a joy to many weary people of all classes. It was also a great pleasure to see friends without interruption, and Mr. Barnett's letters to his brother often refer to walks and talks:

Hampstead, *January 12th*, 1889.—Loulou [Mrs. Frank Barnett] and I had planned a good drive to-day, and I was looking forward to showing her the beauties of Totteridge and to enjoying a long quiet talk. The snow, however, is falling, and our anxiety is how to get back to Toynbee. How beautiful a thing is the snow with its quiet motion, its overwhelming purity! Somehow its association with slush and discomfort seems to be by our fault and not to be in its nature. It does not fit our sense of order that beauty should have no resurrection. As Kingsley says, if Christ, the perfectly beautiful man, did not rise, it must be that someone would rise some day. If as yet snow has no future worthy of itself, perhaps it will some day.

HAMPSTEAD, *October* 13*th*, 1889.—What a lovely week! The sun has reproached us every day for staying in Whitechapel. Yesterday I went for a walk with Bolton King. We took our way across country and imagined ourselves miles away from London. We had a good talk on "What is the basis of authority?" Granting that the rebellion against present authority is right, as all rebellions against idols are right, what is the authority to which at last the world will bow? I argued for an external authority manifest in nature; he for an internal authority discoverable by reason.

HAMPSTEAD, *August* 20*th*, 1890.—I have just been for a walk with Bradby, with whom I enjoyed a good old-fashioned sort of talk. I wonder if I had time for such talks whether I should take them, or if I took them whether they would result in anything. We discussed the likeness of this century to the first. Here in the orthodox revival you have the Pharisees with their strict obedience to law and their goodness. Here in the social movement you have John the Baptist requiring more care for the poor, better ways, etc. Here in the cynical conservatives you have the Romans, and in the self-indulgence of the wealthy the Herodians. Where amid all is Christ? He is not yet apparent. He may be in our midst, and who this time will crucify Him?

As our tale of years in Whitechapel grew longer, and my illnesses more frequent and more difficult to throw off, the Cottage became additionally attractive, all the more as my sister had given us a helpful gift, of which my husband wrote to his brother:

June 14*th*, 1888.—Last Saturday at Alice's we were surprised to find our cart at the door yoked to a new pony which she had given us. We were overwhelmed. He is a fine little fellow, with plenty of go and seemingly quiet. You would like driving him. He will not bear the whip, which rides always in its socket. Every "Sabbath" day we have gone for a long drive. One day the sun made earth and sky so beautiful that the beauty played on our emotions, like the wind on the sea, till they swayed backwards and forwards in an effort to be free. The carriage does certainly force us into the open air, and if it were not for the bother of using the animal when we are absent, there would be nothing but good.

HAMPSTEAD, *May* 28*th*, 1889.—Thursday, after a morning's grind, we came up here and had a drive amid the country glories, my wife giving up her Board to give me an outing. We were both tired. How wonderful is the spring! All the leaves and flowers are fresh together, the air is sweet with scent and everywhere one has a sense of uplifting. It is no wonder that the mind of man grasped the idea of eternity, for it is only in eternity that there is any power to give peace.

HAMPSTEAD, *March 9th*, 1899.—We have just returned from a drive in sunshine which sets one's whole being quivering with inexpressible longing to be more, to enjoy more, to live more. The day is divine by its soft warmth, deep colour, and freshening air. For three hours we jogged through the lanes and *lived*.

My husband drove well, with grip and good temper, and the beasts understood him. The chaise was a low one; and a dozen times in a drive he would jump out, to walk up the hills, to find an imaginary stone in a shoe, or to gather flowers, which he greatly enjoyed doing. Later, when our household grew and we needed a landau for use and a phaeton for pleasure, we still drove the latter ourselves, taking it in turns when fingers became too cold to feel the reins, for weather made but small difference to Mr. Barnett's delight in being out of doors. Indeed he never allowed anyone to grumble at the weather, saying that it was complaining against God's laws.

Among the delights of St. Jude's Cottage were visits from guests who could not stand the noise and strain of Whitechapel, whom we yet wanted to see peacefully. Never were such visits long, for Toynbee claimed us constantly, but happy memories hang around the house by visits from a host of friends, among others Sir William and Lady Markby, Colonel and Mrs. May, Sir Charles and Lady Elliott, Sir John and Lady Gorst, Colonel Poynder, Canon Cremer, Mr. Ernest Hart and my sister. That these visits gave great joy the following letters, from two friends who prefer to remain anonymous, will testify:

November 25th, 1912.—How can I thank you for all your beautiful hospitality. It was an unforgettable and lovely visit, and I am most grateful to you and Canon Barnett for admitting me to your intimacy and for giving me so many elevating ideas. I feel that I have been raised into a region of noble thought and inspired work.

August 4th, 1913.—One day I drove up to Hampstead and found you and your dear one together. You were reading to him in that beautiful garden of yours. I went away feeling so much refreshed, as if I had shared for a little time in great loveliness, your beautiful home life, your large ideas and ideals, your grand and tireless energy in carrying out the noble work which they inspired.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, with Miss Gale and a group of the girls in training.

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I am grieved that suffering prevents your working just now; but in some ways I think that suffering is in itself an inspiration. It limits our sphere of work; but the mere fact of limitation makes it possible to do more within the limits.

Whenever we were feeling unwell, we always went to the Cottage. My husband's attack of diphtheria in 1892 began at Oxford. First the kitchen-maid, then the housemaid, another servant, my niece, and Miss Paterson had throats of ascending virulence, and the last to succumb was Mr. Barnett. On hearing of his illness Sir Stephen Mackenzie and Mr. Ernest Hart hurried from London and ordered the patient's removal either to the hospital or home. I chose the latter, for the hospital would be lonely efficiency, but the Vicarage was an islet surrounded by love.

It was a scorching hot day in June and Sir Stephen judged it best to arrange for the ambulance carriage to be put on the 9.30 p.m. train—he with splendid generosity staying to superintend the invalid's removal. It was the date selected for the visit to Oxford of one of the Toynbee clubs and some 150 men were there, of whom a contingent was sent to Ship Street to carry my husband. The party travelled by the same train, and on the carriage reaching the Vicarage door, the group were there, having run all the way from Paddington —five miles—to be in time to lift their Vicar out, an act of affection worth recording, and more than matched by Miss Townsend, whom I found waiting for us in the Vicarage.

"But the doctors say it is diphtheria of a most virulent type," I said. "You must go at once."

"You don't think I am going to leave you alone with this," was all she would say, and so together we wrestled for his dear life. This was before the days of anti-toxin, and Dr. Mackenzie was very anxious, for some days coming four times in the twenty-four hours, and later returning half the cheque sent, as it was "payment enough to have pulled him through."

Surrounded by love we indeed were, and we did not know that a male human being could be so tender until we had experienced Mr. Ernest Aves's goodness all through that terrible time. But convalescence in Whitechapel is very hard work, so after the experience of that illness, and another of my severe attacks of pneumonia, "feeling ill" meant at once driving up to the Cottage.

Mr. Barnett often referred, in his letters to his brother, to the rest of being able to be peaceably ill and uninterruptedly tired :

HAMPSTEAD, *November* 1*st*, 1884.—On Thursday, being a bit tired and headachy after a hard Wednesday, I came here for a rest spell. I am almost rested, but I think we shall be able to remain over to-morrow.

HAMPSTEAD, *April* 13*th*, 1889.—When you come up, my wife will be fit for a chat. She is now every day in the drawing-room for some hours and is allowed two or three visitors. She is still very weak and has to be wrapped in cotton-wool; the Nurse keeps off each draught and we keep off all worries. She is wonderfully patient and it is a great strain to be kept from signs of love and duty. She knows all that is wanting her and all that is going on without her, and she remains quiet. She says she is going to inherit a great estate, she is *sure* some morning to hear of landed property left to her. "Why?" I asked. "Because I am meek, and the meek are to inherit the earth."

HAMPSTEAD, *February* 1*st*, 1892.—I have, you see, got here, and to-day I am feeling much more like my old self. The cough is less and I am not so tired. Illness has been a sad waste of time. I have not thought as I ought to, but I suppose patience is never quite learned.

HAMPSTEAD, *March* 13*th*, 1897.—We have had a busy week and have not been at our usual fitness; my headache still hanging about me and Whitechapel is noisy. We got up here last night. The quiet, the beauty, and the flowers have done us good, and I feel fresh after eight miles on the bike. If indolence is the devil, effort is divine. Although I hated to start, having done so I am ten years younger.

Other sick folk also enjoyed the seclusion and quiet of the Cottage, for life in Whitechapel produced the feeling which prevails in India when it seems quite natural to shoulder the burdens of one's ill friends. So to our home on the hill came weakly and weary men, just Mr. Joneses or Mr. Smiths who wanted heartening by the Canon and mothering by old Nurse. No one died when with us, indeed they all left stronger in body and warmer in heart; for service, offered and received, is a deep-laid cable connecting human beings.

After 1893, when Mr. Barnett became Canon of Bristol, we took our Sabbaths on Sundays. This left Saturday afternoon free, and gave opportunities for some lovely if difficult entertaining; for it was the guests that were not quite ready to amalgamate, either the very shy or the very sad, or the very superior, or the very dirty, to whom it seemed best to apply the alchemy of equality and self-respect in our own house. The garden was small, but the drawing-room was big, and the glory of the verdant Heath, and the inspiration of the blue distances, helped to make gladness and to put humanity in its own lowly place.

In the summer, my Girl Pupil Teachers' Club met at the Cottage; and to boys Canon Barnett was ever a willing host. Indeed his relation with boys was one that I could never fathom. Personally I dislike them, their noise, greed, restlessness, and want of manners; but he went below all these objectionable traits and was at once their respected comrade.

"I like So-and-so," he would say afterwards of quite the most unlikeable; and to my remark "I wonder why," he would sketch out the character he had discerned, the resourcefulness below the rudeness, the capacity for self-surrender behind the noise, the educating curiosity beneath the restlessness. His understanding of boys and their problems has been mentioned by Mr. F. Douglas, who wrote:

> Canon Barnett was always ready with invaluable advice and sympathetic suggestions to those who wished to serve boys. When the Toynbee Trust Book on *Studies of Boy Life in our Cities* was under discussion, the idea being to deal with the everyday influences that affect the town boy, Canon Barnett remarked that the conception would not be complete without a chapter on "The Girl in the Background," which was accordingly added.

So to their understanding friend the boys came, Whitechapel lads, shoeblacks, street orderlies, Country-Holiday-Fund nature-observers, the Abbey choir; and innumerable talks, rambles, teas, games, and "tuck" were arranged for them. Many of those afternoons I thought very distracting, but the Canon pronounced them "very good."

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For some years Mrs. Catherine Woods had been working, not only in Toynbee as a voluntary teacher of French and Latin, but as the Honorary Secretary of the Greenwich branch of the London Pupil Treachers' Association. Thus I had seen much of her, and retain many memories of the gentle voice and kind ways of a sweet and learned woman. She often came to see me late on Wednesday afternoons when I was exhausted by receiving thirty, forty, or fifty callers alone, for Mr. Barnett was only able to be present after the C.O.S. meeting was over at 5 o'clock. It was a great grief to hear of her death—November 1890—when we were in Japan, and all blurred with sorrow are the impressions of the first view of the quaint fascinations of Nagasaki.

In the August of the year when we returned—1891—her broken-hearted husband asked me to be the guardian of their only child, and on his meeting his death with tragic suddenness in the November of that year, Dorothy came into our care. She was a "Dorothy" indeed, a veritable gift of God to us both. Tiny, fragile, and very backward, at seven she looked like five; so education was ignored until riding, dancing, porridge, cream, and Hampstead air had made her more robust. To me she gave her deepest feeling; but the Canon she immediately adopted as a playmate. Part of the unfailing game was that they were the boy and girl of the household, to whom the ways of "grown-ups" were a perpetual puzzle. What a vehicle for awakening thought the game became, for the Canon took for her development the keynote of his principle that the object of education is to teach the pleasure of thinking.

We had a French governess, so as to teach the child as much as possible out of doors. For a while Phyllis Townsend joined our home, and brought her triumphant vitality to inspirit Dorothy; and Olive Boult came for one winter. The gentle girl of thirteen worshipped the beauty and grace of the sixteen-year-old maiden, and wondered with awe how Olive could make the violin "say things." For Dorothy was not clever. She disliked her lessons, droned out her music to her own and everybody else's discomfort, wished there were fewer nations on the earth so that history could be shorter, and was sure she would *never* want to talk to "any French person." But what did it matter? What did any brain furniture matter to a nature so generous and chaste, to a character so instinct with kind aims and sweet impulses, to a being whom to know was to reverence? Two channels of cultivation she enjoyed, botany and drawing; and for both she had abundant opportunities. She loved, too, gardening, and the dogs, and needlework, and old Nurse and "Aunt Fanny," and all sorts of odd-and-end people and things—but lessons, no!

To us both, my little ward was an uninterrupted joy, and she took a place in our lives as nothing else did before or

Mrs. Barnett and her ward, Dorothy Noel Woods.

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since. Her pretty ways, her pale wavy hair, her large gentle eyes, the sweet modulations of her thin voice, drew us with strong cords to the Cottage. And to hear her say:

"Oh Guardey! you've come. Is Pater here too?" was abundant reward for the toilsome walk up the hill after a hard day's work, or the desertion of the most attractive guests. Sometimes we took her to Whitechapel, where she played impromptu cricket in the "Quad" with the men, who delighted in her delicate manners and, as Mr. Alexander once said, the "twinkle of her petticoats." What games were played in the big drawing-room! No one was too learned or too consumed with the passion for reform to sport with Dorothy. But perhaps the best of all games was "hide-and-seek," and the best occasion when Mr. G. L. Bruce hid in the ottoman and "even Pater could not think where he was!"

The Canon often mentioned Dorothy in his letters. Here are a few things he wrote:

March 23rd, 1895.—On Tuesday at 9 in the morning Dorothy is to go through a little operation in her throat—removal of tonsils, etc. There is no kind of danger, but a doctor and nurse give anxiety and I would rather be at home. We are both well but just tired.

November 23rd, 1895.—"What a jungle we live in!" I said at breakfast, where Dorothy was presiding over Gorst, Aves, and me. "Not so thickly inhabited as a forest jungle," piped in a small voice of one glad of reference to a familiar subject. We took the reproach and incorporated the young person in our talk.

April 17th, 1897.—We are anxious about Dorothy. Mackenzie found symptoms of kidney troubles, which, he says, shows she must be constantly watched. We cannot therefore let her go to the sea or go ourselves. We hope it may pass off; I believe it does often with children, but Mackenzie is very grave. Her face is puffed and pale, but she is happy and very good in her disappointment.

May 22nd, 1897.—Now we are going to Greenwich to see the Prince of Wales open the Blackwall Tunnel. We take the "menagerie," and Nurse has headed Loulou's bonnet with a big flower, and Dolloms is hardly holding in her excitement.

January 21st, 1899.—Dolloms has been our chief care during the week. She has had a high temperature and has been ill, but to-day there is a decided turn and she is better. "Guardey" has of course been much occupied with her, but yesterday got away for a few hours to a S.C.A. meeting, where a lot of guardians blessed the plan of "scattered" homes for pauper children.

February 18*th*, 1899.—Dolloms got out a bit yesterday, so I hope she is out of the wood. Olive Boult is here and is very open, simple, and straight. It is strange to find a girl so beautiful and so brought up at home and on the Continent and yet to be so entirely unselfconscious. I think you will *all* like her.

November 4*th*, 1899.—We went to see *King John* on Tuesday. My wife is going to take her Pupil Teachers, so we thought we must see it. Tree had offered us seats and we took Dolloms. The play is not a good play, it is wanting in romance, in humour, and in a dozen elements of life. It is just a harmony of ambitions, and ambition is an ugly quality by itself. The set up was splendid and Tree made something of John. Miss Neilson as Constance did not get people's sympathy. Perhaps Shakespeare did not intend it. Her grief was for broken ambition, not love. Dorothy and Y—— mimic the scene too well.

February 3*rd*, 1900.—Dolloms and I have been running round the room, having first swept up the snow. It lies nine inches deep, and this morning in the dawn made a dream of beauty on the trees. . .

February 24*th*, 1900.—Dorothy is still exalted about her school, which she greatly likes. She feels she now has a form, a mistress, a place, and all the things which put her alongside of Mary and Uely. She is well, but I shall be glad when she settles down quietly to her work.

As the little child grew into girlhood and made many friends, we added a large drawing-room to the Cottage where they danced and made gladness. The Canon greatly enjoyed beautiful dancing. He wrote:

December 8*th*, 1888.—Some nice girls danced the gavotte. I was surprised at the fascinating power of motion. Young and old gazed in rapt silence, anxious—it seemed—to listen as well as to see. Never was an audience so spell-bound. One realised that it is not the snake charmer which is powerful so much as the snake motion. In the silent smooth swaying of the girls there was a voice of imprisoned sorrow and the sense of endless toil, a power from which escape was impossible.

December 9*th*, 1905.—Last night Miss Horton's girls—Dorothy's schoolmates—gave the Erskine people a play, and danced. It was pleasant to see their young gaits and prettiness with the sense of the years before them. The triumph of the young is medicine for the old. How glad we all are together, and how our grasp on the future tightens!

The Bristol family also were able to pay the visits which they had not found possible in East London, and so around us gathered much bright young life. Very refreshing we both found it after years of intimacy with the degraded people and neglected children of our Whitechapel home, and to my husband with his alert sympathy the children were an unceasing interest.

In health Dorothy had always been weakly. Her father had left me careful instructions on her diet, based on the fear of hereditary rheumatism; and Sir Stephen Mackenzie, who overhauled her at regular intervals, was never sanguine. But when she reached sixteen, tall, erect, intelligent, stable, we thought she had outgrown her weakness, and that our treasure was secure. Then the blow fell. After a term at Miss Horton's school, where she was radiantly happy and much beloved, she had joined us at Clifton. How she got diphtheria no one knew, but for days she was at the point of death and for weeks she seemed unable to rally.

The Canon left home, as he was "in residence" and could not risk carrying infection; and Miss Paterson and I nursed our darling through a sweltering July. From the diphtheria she recovered; but afterwards the dreaded rheumatism supervened and affected the heart. In the Cottage she spent her last months, suffering much, but hoping more, her room becoming the centre of our thoughts. That year my work was neglected, and my husband and I were often separated; for the demand for "Guardey" was incessant, and we knew we had to lose her. On March 8th, 1901, she left us, and from that date we understood children better, and the desolate pain of sorrowing parents has been ours.

. . . . . .

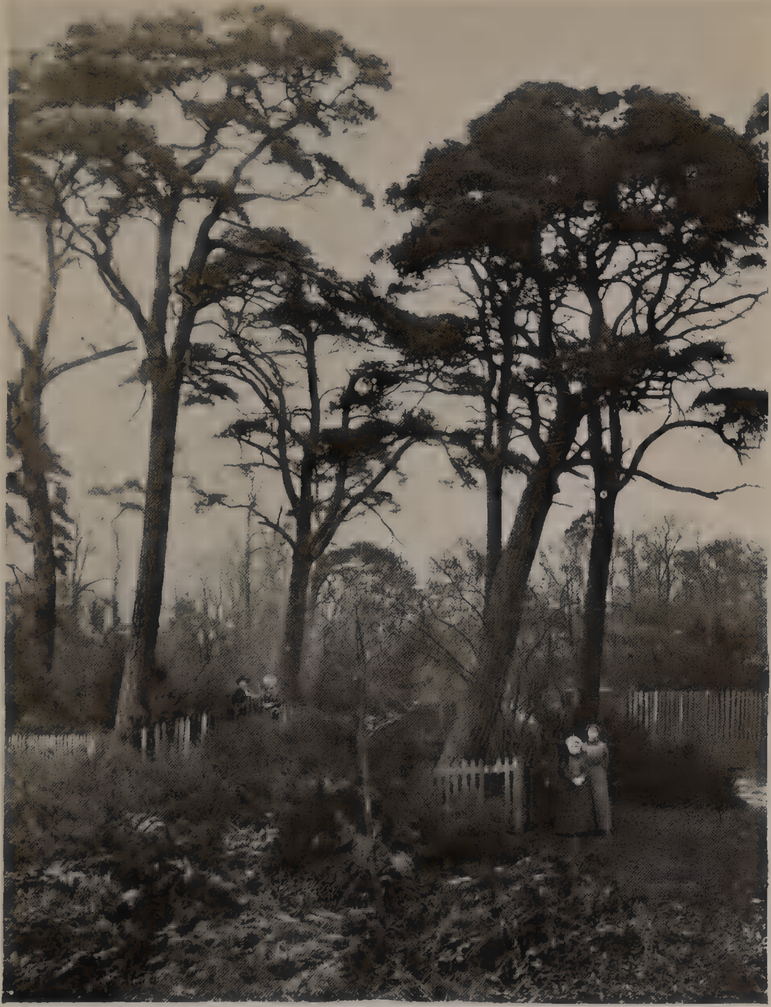
The rooms set aside as "rest-rooms"—which were reached by a separate staircase—enabled us to welcome men who needed quiet and did not want to be ordinary visitors. Thus Mr. Aves and Mr. Alexander came to finish their respective books; and Dr. Gregory when, fresh from his discoveries in Central Africa, he was battling with a rare bacillus; and Mr. Stanley, who had to be solitary; and many others, who were just tired, and only wanted comfort and freedom.

More than any other stands out the figure of the Rev. Mr. ——, who for old friendship's sake we invited direct from the hospital where colotomy had been performed. With knowledge of his fate, his faith failed him, and his mental anguish was worse than his physical pain. My husband was peculiarly sensitive to sickness, resenting unconsciously the evidence of somebody's disobedience to law; but hour after hour he spent with that man in his adversity, soothing, cheering, sustaining, uplifting, urging him to believe that "the best attitude is that of patience." . . . "When we strive we take measure of ourselves. When we bow before the Highest, put ourselves in the presence of Jesus Christ, and just wait, we are in the best position to be helped."

When it became our duty to offer a home to a young niece, the growth of the family made it necessary to train the girls elsewhere. So with the aid of Mrs. Percy Thompson and the Guild of Compassion, the Home was carried on in Nassington Road. But it seemed such a pity to deprive the orphans of the help of Mrs. Moore's and Dorothy's loving influence, that when in 1901 the old mansion next door to St. Jude's Cottage became vacant, we bought it, and thus the historic "Erskine House" changed its character and opened its doors to needy Whitechapel people.

Since we started the little Home in Harrow Cottage—1880—we had been round the world, and had seen educational institutions in Japan, America, China, and India. We had had nearly thirty years of experience with Poor Law schools and Workhouse infirmaries, and we knew from the masses of evidence given before the Departmental Committee on methods of educating State-supported children, that the isolation of different classes resulted in the non-development of what was best in character. The meaning of the text "God setteth the solitary in families" had assumed force, and so we determined that the inmates of our new Home should not be limited to one section of the community.

At first the household consisted only of girls and old women; though not of Poor Law girls, for on hearing our plans the Local Government Board refused to certify the Home. But Dr. Barnardo, that far-sighted child-lover, was delighted at the opportunity of getting special training for some of his elder protégées, and so among other things the new Home became a finishing school for Dr. Barnardo's waifs. To the ten girls, seven old women were added, and two rooms were set apart for tired teachers, and a child or two with hip disease were welcomed—and thus the work of the committee grew.



THE PINE-TREES OPPOSITE ST. JUDE'S COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

The four figures are Miss Gale, Miss Fanny, and Canon and Mrs. Barnett. The Erskine House Convalescent Home is seen on the left of the picture.

One has to know intimately seven old women, taken haphazard from the Whitechapel Workhouse, to be able to realise the tragedies intermingled with those clean, well-conducted rubbish-heaps of humanity.

Mrs. A., seventy, industrious, cheerful, alert, and ignorant.

> "All gone, dear, all gone, seven children and 'im. Most of them in infancy, but I reared Eliza and Fred. Fred died of the sun in the Indies where 'e was a-soldiering, and Eliza in child-bed. And 'e died of 'is chest—at 66. I couldn't keep my 'ouse, so I eat the furniture, so to speak, and then went to the 'Ouse. Sixteen years now of it. Oh! I ain't complaining, dear. They are kind enough, only it's so terrible dull. Nothing to do and no one cares."

Mrs. B., a tiny little woman, with tireless energy, a kind heart, a big appetite, crippled hands, and an instinct for public affairs.

> "It all depends on whom you happen to get in the husband line. Mine was no good. Drinking and carrying on, and at last he left me, and I did not worry. I worked for the Jews and kept Billy going; but he married afore he was twenty and got a heavy family; and then my poor hands lost me the work, and so here I am."

Miss C. and her feeble-minded sister—a self-respecting, strenuous-living spinster, who for twenty years had kept her ugly, monkey-like "Liz" by humble dressmaking. At length ill-health had swallowed up her strength, which was her stock-in-trade, and her home had been seized for debt.

> "What else could I do but come in? I could not see Liz starve, and she had never been away from me."

Mrs. D. was younger, perhaps fifty-eight, a tall, bony woman, with high colour and strong features.

> "'Tis the drink, mum, that done me in. I ain't going to tell no lies. I was all right, tidy stock, and customers expecting of me in my rounds. But the drink, its cruel masterdom when it's over yer. Now I've been in the House for three years and don't seem to want it. Yer let me market for yer, mum; I'd save yer pounds. 6*d.* a pound for that cod. Down at the Gate I'd get it for 2*d.* and a few words. You set me up with a basket—I won't say nothink yet about a barrer—and I'll be off before any of yer are about and back by ten."

She was fun, that woman, and kind—kind to her toes. She would do anything for anybody who needed her. But the drink! The freedom of our household was too much for her, and she woke us all up one night returning in a hansom, with a young Don Quixote, to whom she had told all about her "friend Canon Barnett, who would be expecting" her and "quite upset" if she could not get back. A joke must be very good to make one laugh at two o'clock on a pouring wet night, with eight shillings to pay for the hansom, and explanations to make to a bewildered philanthropist. But it was very funny, especially her sobered surprise at the Canon's indignant reception of her.

Miss E. was nearly eighty. She had been thirty years in the same situation, and then the Workhouse.

> "It was no one's fault; I got too old for the work and they could not afford to keep me."

A dozen times were the well-worn letters unwrapped and the cheap photos exhibited, always with the polite introduction: "I don't think I have shown you these, Mum,"—for memory was failing and her need for sympathy perennial.

Mrs. F. had had a life of troubles, largely her own fault.

> "When it all comes over me, and I can't bear it no more, I just 'ook out. The pines do speak feeling to one,"

said the old reprobate poet.

They all got on well together and just loved the place; but after a time it was felt that its advantages could be better used in helping workers to renewed health, and so convalescents were admitted from the London Hospital. At first we had the usual trouble experienced by all Committees, of unsuitable matrons; but when Mrs. Briggs came as lady resident and Miss Gale as matron, all went well. Under their care for many years patients came, recovered, and left—patients of all sorts, all ages, all diseases, all classes. There were no rules, and no stated days for "admittance" or "discharge." Patients did what they liked, and stayed until they were better. We did not begin with these enlightened views, but one day I found a woman weeping. I brought her into our garden, and walking up and down under the big elms, reached the cause of her tears.

"I shall have to go next Monday," she said, "and I am not much better. I've been in five Convalescent Homes already, and there's the letter to get and the doctor to see, and the 'buses and the worry throws me all back each time."

"But why must you go?" I asked.

"It's the day," she replied, "and we're all going. This lot will have been here three weeks by then."

And this was a bad case of stubborn neurasthenia in a woman of forty-eight, worn down by years and years of overwork. Five homes, five sets of rules, five matrons, five Committees, five doctors, five packings to come, five packings to go, five journeys!—poor frightened thing! and we had *never* thought of it. So from then the patients stayed until Doctor Mallam said they were fit to face life and take up their burdens.

"What are the rules?"

"Does 'she' let us do so-and-so?"

"May we go out?" with corresponding deceits, was the painful but usual attitude of new-comers; and an exceedingly difficult attitude to counteract when a batch came in together; but the plan of admitting the patients "one by one," and keeping each until she was better, had the result of creating a public opinion of liberty and appreciation—a moral atmosphere as health-giving as the Hampstead breezes.

All the patients went for drives in the carriage until the advent of the motor, and very odd they looked, poor souls! in every sort of borrowed garment to keep them warm enough to enjoy the unusual luxury.

It was difficult to find easy employment at once interesting and instructive, but helpful ladies came to guide patchwork, teach games or singing, while weekly L.C.C. health lectures, followed by questions, provided instruction for patients as well as girls. Then the constant coming and going was stimulating, and as the duty of entertaining new-comers was pressed on all, talk had an object. The babies also were a source of interest; and in a household of twenty-five people varying in age from twelve days to eighty years there can be no stagnation. On Sundays the patients invited their friends to tea, the cost of which they almost unfailingly voluntarily dropped in the tea-box.

The Committee courageously supported all the work entailed by so exceptional an institution. To carry on a "Home" as if the inmates were welcome guests at a country house is both difficult and complicated; but it was immeasurably more satisfactory and beneficial; and from the authorities of the Hospital came warm tributes of Erskine's usefulness. The Guild of Compassion never faltered in giving the aid of their tenderness as well as the succour of their cheques. Canon Barnett wrote:

July 14*th*, 1902.—Erskine House is doing especially well and my wife was made glad by the sight of the odds and ends of humanity gathered in the fine ballroom. She is sanguine of showing how odds and ends may help one another.

December 28*th*, 1902.—We had a delightful Christmas party in Erskine. . . The Erskinites came to the drawing-room to "church" in the morning, and in the afternoon and evening we went to preside over "presents." Everyone was good and Nurse came out as Lady Bountiful. . .

For fourteen years the Home existed; and on the hundreds of characters which passed through it, my husband brought to bear his religious might. Whenever we were at the Cottage either he or I conducted prayers, and on Sunday evenings the "out at service" girls came and some of the patients' friends stayed; and, gathered either in our drawing-room or the Erskine ballroom, he guided us to worship. In many hearts the services still dwell, for he spoke with the knowledge that everyone there was either young and struggling, or had been through the furnace of pain. To us who were doing the work of the Home his words were ever encouraging, bidding us remember the God hidden in the lowest human being and the ultimate triumph of good. The large majority of those who listened to him had "never troubled much about church-going," but to us all he frequently urged in the simplest language not to "forsake the gathering of yourselves together." His own words in 1879 will record the thought he never wearied of telling:

> The neglect of common worship is a mistake. The emotions which at present sleep, are at any rate more likely to awaken in the company of those who have found some expression for such emotions, and by awakening to remind their possessors of powers and joys they themselves have forgotten. Common worship makes us all more conscious of our own spiritual nature and brings home to us the fact that such nature is a common possession. . . I would ask you by joining in the prayers of your fellows to stir into more lively activity your own powers of feeding on that which is best, and to kindle a more vivid sympathy with the same powers which in others are hid under a weight of ignorance or neglect. . . Difference of opinion should not, I hold, cut any off from the great advantage which is given by the power to join in common prayer, by the sense of association in the search after the best. I suggest the use of common worship as a means of reaching a more spiritual life.

CHAPTER XL

"*Pictures, if they are of any value, are preachers, and their message is to the world. How will anyone who regards the message, justify the solitary confinement of the preacher?*"

In 1881 was held the first of our Whitechapel Exhibitions. It arose out of the suggestion of Mr. Stockham, an old soldier, who lived with and drilled the boys in the Shoeblacks' Home. His idea, which was to enable the many to see some of the interesting and beautiful things which we had brought from Egypt and shown to the few in the Vicarage parties, quickly grew; exhibits were obtained from friends and museums, cases were borrowed from South Kensington, and our humble schools were turned into an oasis of beauty. My husband reported:

> 1881.—The success of the Exhibition quite surpassed my expectations. The people not only enjoyed a new pleasure, but took lessons of which the things before them were examples. For myself, I must say I never so enjoyed intercourse with my fellows as in my talks with my neighbours over the pictures of Watts, the pottery of De Morgan, and the stuffs of Morris. . . On every article a full description was written, connecting, if possible, the thing shown with something already familiar to the visitors.

> At the first Exhibition 3*d.* was charged for admission during seven days, and free admittance granted for two days. On the threepenny days about 4,000 people paid or were paid for; on the free days, including Sunday, about 5,000 came to see the show. The box for donations contained on the seven paying days £4 16*s.* 1*d.*; on the two free days £6 2*s.* 3*d.* . .
>
> The second Exhibition—1882—was opened free. In the thirteen days 26,492 people came to see it. The boxes contained £21 8*s.* 9*d.*, and 4,600 catalogues were sold at 1*d.*, realising £20 17*s.* 1*d.*, the cost of printing of which was £17 16*s.*[1]

In reply to those who complained that such work was not the right work for a clergyman to do, the Vicar wrote:

> 1882.—The admiration of beautiful things will not, we know, keep men from being selfish and sensual, but neither is there any

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[1] "Pictures for the People," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett, in *Practicable Socialism*, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

other nostrum which by itself will cure evil. Until people are conscious of all that is within them they have not fulness of life, or in other words, eternal life. . . Ideas have not reached the minds of the masses through books; pictures, if they could be more generally shown in churches and public buildings, on Sundays and week-days, would educate people so that they might realise the extent and meaning of the past, the beauty of nature, and the substance of hope. Having such an opinion of the high use of pictures, it would have been wrong for me to hide them on Sunday, the day specially set apart for rest and meditation.

1886.—Well would it be if pictures were recognised as preachers, as voices of God, passing His lessons from age to age. The nation would not then dare to silence those voices on Sunday, and private owners would recognise the right of their brothers to the teaching of their common Father. One of the best results that could follow the Whitechapel show would be the conviction of sin among picture owners, because the greatest pictures are rarely seen, and when seen are not interpreted. They are unknown tongues speaking truth.

Then began the difficulty of Sunday opening. The Lord's Day Observance Society took up the matter vigorously, and sent men to stand in the street and with loud voices threaten future punishment to those who entered the Exhibition. Finding this ineffective, they appealed to the Bishop, who wrote to Mr. Barnett. Parts of his letter in reply are here given:

St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, *April* 1882.

My Lord,—The letter of Mr. Gritton is not written in the spirit nor with the reason which demands an answer. Party spirit is not the spirit which we are of.

Your words—the words of one whom I honestly respect and to whom, you say, I am under an obligation—come with a very different force. You disapprove of my showing pictures to people on Sunday. Now I understand I am placed here to bring the people to the knowledge of God as a Minister of the Established Church. I have judged of every effort in which I have engaged, by its power to teach the people of God, and I think the preservation of the Church is a matter before all others in importance. I am thus conscious of absolute loyalty.

When you placed me here, you described this parish as the worst in London. For eight years I have lived as neighbour, amid people of the lowest type, and I think I have a right possessed by few, to say what means will hasten that knowledge of God to which we clergy have devoted our lives.

Distinctly then I am certain that the preaching of a Puritan

Sunday will not teach them of God, while it may make them think that the clergy interfere with innocent pleasures for the sake of their own opinion. I am equally certain that the sight of pictures, helped by the descriptions of those who try to interpret the artist, does touch the memories and awaken the hopes of the people. Never in my intercourse with my neighbours have I been so conscious of their souls and their souls' needs as when they hung around me listening to what I had to say of Watts's picture, "Time, Death, and Judgment." Never for anything I have done in my position as the Vicar of this parish have I received such gratitude as I did for this use of the schoolroom on Easter Sunday.

I cannot think, my Lord, that if you knew the lives of my neighbours as I know them, you would endorse the opinion of a Society which regards a day before the needs of the people who are weary of hearing sermons, and who do not care to pray. I cannot think that you would regret action which showed that the Church has a higher aim and Christianity a wider basis than the sanctity of a day. I cannot think that you would say it is better, for the value of old Sunday associations, to keep the people amid the paralysing and degrading sights of our streets, than to bring them within view of the good and perfect gifts of God.

I am quite conscious that some of my brother-clergy take different views, but in your position you must recognise and welcome differences of action in those who have a common aim.

I trust that what I have told you will enable you to put my action among those of which, at least, you do not disapprove. . . I don't ask you to give me your authority to open the Exhibition on Sunday; I only ask that you will suspend your judgment and give me time, by means of pictures and of worship, to bring the people to God.

If you could drive down one afternoon we should be pleased to welcome you. You would see the pictures and I could speak more easily than I can write.

Faithfully yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

The Bishop's reply has not been kept; but in his wisdom he avoided action and the Sunday opening was never stopped. And indeed it was not on Sunday only that Mr. Barnett preached to the crowds who came. Every day, sometimes for four or five hours, he would talk in the picture-rooms. Year after year in his weekly letters to his brother he mentions the Exhibition. I have grouped some of these sentences to show his thought.

1884.—We are as pleased as usual at the thorough way in which the folk go in for enjoying the pictures. You would like to see the little groups who look, read, and then compare what they see with their own experiences. . .

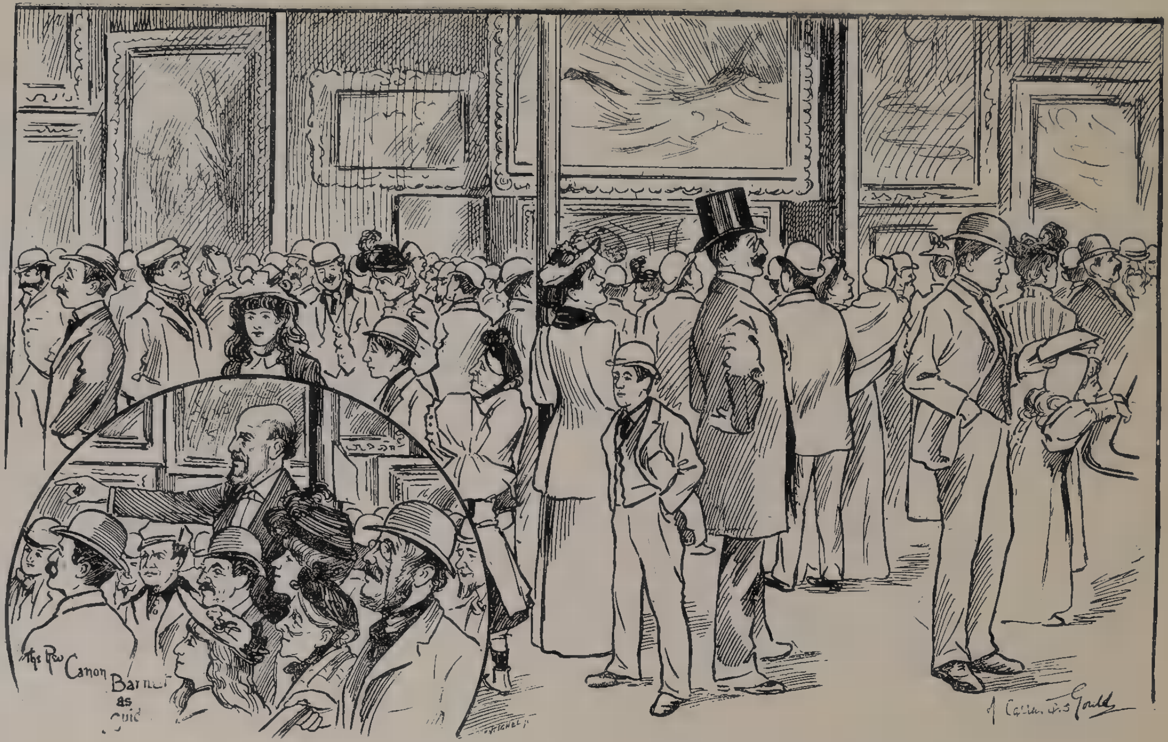
It is interesting to watch the effect of Art as a teacher. I cannot make up my mind whether it needs the spoken word or not. To-day the people have been so taught to value the surface that unless a word suggests the underneath, people are likely only to think of sound and colour. On the other hand, a word may mislead and destroy the silent, far-off working of the soul of the painter and musician.

1885.—One afternoon we spent together at the National Gallery and experimented on our power to describe great pictures. It was most enjoyable. As one looked at the pictures, with the memory of the poor in one's mind, one seemed to see new meaning and hear the Master's voice. Really our gallery is a possession which we should use, and people should come there as pilgrims once a year and be reverent as Arabs at the tomb of the prophet.

1886.—We have done much explaining to large crowds, and the catalogue has been bought to any extent. . . Talking is as popular as ever, and a crowd is always ready to go round when I will. Other talkers are shy, I don't know why. It seems as if people would only say now what they are sure will please and don't risk "teaching." The democratic principle is mad enough to be locked up, when it makes even teaching depend on votes, and refuses anyone the name of leader who does not follow the popular taste. . . For myself, I felt, as I spoke in front of a picture, the power of speaking by parables, the people heard so much more than was in the words.

1890.—The Exhibition is nearly over. It has done well and the number of visitors has increased. We have enjoyed it. It is always enjoyable to see those who come to these shows, and sometimes I wish I did nothing all the time but remain there, going the round and making them familiar with pictures. The folk are not seen elsewhere, and they are the real makers of England whom I trust our philanthropy may not destroy, as may be possible when philanthropic gun after philanthropic gun discharges relief on wants, the position of which the gunners have not discovered. The relief thus often falls on those it will injure.

To reproduce Mr. Barnett's talks is not possible, for he rarely said the same thing twice. Sometimes he would merely tell the stories of the pictures, and let those "passionless reformers" do their own preaching. At other times he would draw comparisons between one picture and another, or by whimsical suggestions or paradoxes awaken thought. Or again, he would, while repudiating knowledge,


The Rev Canon Barnet
as
Guid

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE WHITECHAPEL PICTURE GALLERY.

II. 154]

draw the spectators to consider technique, values, or the styles of different schools of art. Through whatever he said there ran unconsciously two notes—the note of tenderness for those who rejoice or suffer, and the note of conviction in the triumph of good. Indeed they were often sermons, those picture talks—suggestive sermons, not the dogmatic discourses to which one has often to listen in churches, which have the effect of stirring mental contradiction. The Canon's Exhibition sermons left one to arrive at one's own goal of conclusion, he having shown the road and strengthened the traveller by his confidence. For each one of us he held it true, with Browning's Paracelsus, that—

> I press God's lamp
> Close to my breast; its splendours, soon or late,
> Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.

Wherever he spoke he commanded attention; and one always knew in which room he was by the silence; for while the Canon talked, everyone listened; no one wandered round, whispered, or shuffled their feet. He rarely spoke for more than twenty minutes, thinking it unfair to monopolise the room for longer. At first, as *The Westminster Gazette* sketch shows, he talked with the crowd pressing round him; but as many hot breaths and unclean clothes were not helpful, he was persuaded to stand on the school forms, or on chairs placed in appropriate places. Very fruitful of comic incidents were these talks, but I have no letters about them excepting a note from Miss Paterson, who wrote:

> The crowd around Mr. Barnett grew very large as he pointed out the pathos to be found in Josef Israel's pictures, and told the story of Mr. Watts's Britomart and how her purity and love worked good service. But this he had hardly finished when a messenger fetched him and he had to leave his listening crowd for half an hour. On his return he found them dispersed, having left, however, a little group to wait for him, who greeted him with "Ah! here you are, Master. We waited to give you saxpence, for you did do it fine."

Some words of Mr. Barnett's will show his attitude towards these talks:

> 1886.—The very success of our Exhibitions is a reproach to a nation which imprisons its best and most popular teachers. The memory of our 46,763 visitors reminds us how short was their pleasure, how incomplete their teaching, and the memory of our 300 pictures reminds us of the thousands of pictures which

preach to careless hearers or often into the void in our public and private galleries. When, on a rare holiday, working folk (who form the majority of the nation) stand before a picture which is speaking a thought never yet uttered, but which, *if understood*, would give life and joy, their vacant faces speak of the deafness to the message, and of the neglect of their governors.

We were brave, if not foolhardy, people to hold free public Exhibitions in the premises at our command:

> There were three schoolrooms, thirty feet by sixty, behind the Church—not on a central thoroughfare, but approached by a passage yard; the light much obscured by surrounding buildings, the doorways narrow and the staircase crooked.

After four years we realised that there were serious dangers attending the picture shows, to which the people came in such numbers that, at intervals, the iron gate at the end of the street passage had to be closed, to enable some of the crowd to leave the building before others were admitted.

To F. G. B., April 1885.—Exhibition—bition—tion—on. This has been *the* event of the week. Day after day crowds have come. The spectators have learnt wonderfully. They study their catalogues, remember the pictures of past years and compare their lessons. More and more am I convinced of the education which such an effort has accomplished. If preaching be any good (and perhaps without life it is none), this preaching has been of the best. We have sold 16,000 catalogues. . .

Next year we must if possible have other rooms, get more space and two staircases. There is always some anxiety now lest an accident might happen.

That hope was soon realised. Friends found the money—£2,300—and three large rooms, built at the back of the existing schools, were added, in time for the 1886 Exhibition. In the circular of 1887 it was said:

> The new building erected last year has proved to be very suitable for the purpose, and the Committee are now able to hang the pictures lent to much greater advantage than they could in the limited space previously at their command.
>
> The Exhibition of 1886 was open for twenty days, including three Sundays. The number of visitors in each year have been—1881, about 10,000; 1882, 25,776; 1883, 34,644; 1884, 34,291; 1885, 46,763; 1886, 55,300.
>
> These figures show the yearly increasing interest taken in the Exhibition by the dwellers in East London.
>
> Past experience has shown that the best pictures are those which speak

most directly to people whose lives are spent amid hard and often ugly surroundings.

The Committee ask the owners of such pictures to share the good they themselves derive from their possession, by lending them to the Whitechapel Exhibition.

On these last two paragraphs Mr. Barnett wrote much and often.

The dullest among us is nearer being a poet than is imagined, and many, by a kind of instinct, claim, as if they were their own voices, pictures which tell what they have dreamt but never said. The function of art as the expression of truth is hardly considered. The experience gained in our Exhibitions shows that the best pictures help the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak ; it may be that when on Sundays and weekdays great pictures are open to the view, not only of those who make interests for themselves in the machinery or furniture of life, but also of those who are absorbed in the battle of life, a twentieth-century art will be developed to express the new beliefs and hopes of the age.

First to obtain offers of pictures, and then to select the most suitable from among those offered, took much time, and the records of the work it entailed are voluminous. Before me lie many long lists in Mr. Barnett's handwriting, setting forth the names of the pictures, the artists, the owners, and the members of the Committee to whom the selection was entrusted.

The Exhibition of 1893 was of exceptional beauty. In that year I was told off to see the collection of Mr. Alexander Young. I was met at Blackheath station by Mr. Young's carriage, but on arriving at the house Mrs. Young was unable to see me for half an hour. The time was not, however, wasted, for I thoroughly enjoyed studying the multitude of interesting pictures. When Mrs. Young came, she took me to still more picture-lined rooms and showed me the six or eight canvases which could be sent to the Whitechapel Exhibition.

"Thank you," I said, "I quite recognise your kindness, but I cannot accept them."

"Not accept them—why not ?" Mrs. Young asked with surprise.

"Because they are not your best. If they were the best you possessed, it would be different ; but with all these magnificent pictures which you could lend, I cannot take your second-rate. The best must be lent for the service of the poor."

"Well, what do you want?" asked the gentle lady, astonished, but not offended.

We went back to the rooms where I had spent my waiting half-hour, and I pointed out to her what I should like to have lent.

"But you have chosen all the gems," she said, and then added, "How do you, from Whitechapel, know so much about art?"

I apologised for my inconvenient knowledge, and explained that my father had cared much about beauty, that our nursery walls were decorated with excellent engravings of Raphael's cartoons, and that as children we used to be gathered round the portfolios every Sunday evening and shown the masterpieces of the world, as other families gather round the piano and sing hymns.

Then we talked earnestly together, as one woman soul to another woman soul; and I told her about East London and the drear barren lives of the majority of the people, who were divorced from the joy of beauty and knew nothing of the nation's inheritance of art. I told her how we had found that beautiful pictures spoke to the deepest natures of even the most ignorant, and that to many souls, deaf to the preacher, the artist whispered God's eternal truths. Our conversation ended by Mrs. Young saying she would talk to her husband. Some days went by, and as we heard nothing, I feared that offence had arisen, and that I had lost even the excellent second-best for our people. But one morning came a letter saying that Mrs. Young would come to see the Exhibition rooms. Both Mr. Barnett and I had to be out when she came, but she herself measured the wall-space on the largest room, and then filled it with the "gems," making a plan to show where each was to hang so as to enhance the beauty of its fellow and to make the room a harmonious whole. Was there ever such a loan? The Committee had to insure it for £50,000; and crowds lingered before the Billets, the Mauves, the Israels, the Millets, the Corots, the Daubignys, the Jacques, dumb before their elusive, permeating, mind-awakening, spirit-satisfying beauty. In the catalogue it is printed,

LENT BY ALEXANDER YOUNG, ESQ.

But my husband and I, who knew the story, thought the right words should have been, "Lent by the sympathetic energy of Mrs. Young."

The introduction to this collection and also a few of the descriptions of the pictures will illustrate the kind of catalogue that was prepared.

What is chiefly to be noted in these pictures is: (1) Their admirable technique, that is, their power of producing the effect desired with the least possible display of effort; the artist does not show us how he painted, but why he painted the picture; (2) their harmonious and subdued colouring; in the whole room there will not be found one false note or one crude or glaring combination of colour; and (3) their absolute truth to nature, as nature is seen by the artist. But it is nature in a subdued and pensive mood that these French artists see; their landscapes are full of tender misty light, not of bright vigorous sunshine; their men are resigned, not hopeful, their women gentle, not gay. The pictures are full of poetry, but it is the poetry of insight, not of aspiration; they do not show us nature transfigured with the "light that never was on sea or land"; they teach us to find in earth and sea and sky a tender sympathy with all that is sad and weary in the life of man.

"AUTUMN" . . . . *Jacques*

Full of the heavy warm breath of Autumn, foretelling the winter sleep of nature. The pictures of this artist, as of Corot and Mauve, show us nature predominant, and apart, as it were, from man, who wanders like a spirit through a world of mysterious force and beauty.

Rest! Rest! to thy hushed realm how one by one
Old earth's tired seasons steal away and weep,
Forgotten or unknown, long duty done.

"THE LAUNCH" . . . . *Ducker*

A lonely boat, a lonely sea, a lonely coast; these the artist has painted, but this is not all he has said. He shows us the heavens alight with farewell to the sun which has gone. One almost hears the moan of "the deep, salt, estranging sea," and rejoices in the colour that the wet sands give back to the sky.

"A RAY OF SUNSHINE" . . . . *Israels*

The sun's rays reach everywhere; artists often follow those which light up beautiful places and rich houses. This artist has followed a sunbeam which has lighted up a home where there is no beauty of colour or form, and he has shown that there is a better beauty.

What is beauty? Not the show
Of stately limbs and features. No,
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin."

Writing the catalogue was great fun, especially in the early days when the school could only spare seventeen days to the Exhibition, and the preparation had to be crammed into four of them. Indeed that was an annual triumph of speed, On the Thursday before Maundy Thursday the school broke up. On Friday and Saturday the pictures were collected. On Saturday afternoon and Sunday the catalogue was written. On Monday the pictures, 300 to 350, were hung. On Tuesday morning the Press was admitted, and on Tuesday afternoon the public opening was held.

We used to invite people with ideas to write descriptions of the pictures, and when Toynbee was built, the Residents helped. At the editor's table, in the picture-littered room, sat Mr. E. T. Cook (now Sir Edward), ready to accept our slips and edit them with a stern pen and a sunny smile. His wife, that dear and gifted lady, supplied endless poetic tags out of her richly endowed mind. And Miss Townsend kept us up to the mark—the printer in order, our spelling right, and our sentiments sensible. We all combined to make Mr. Barnett write as many as possible, for his humility needed urging. He always brought his contributions to me first to see if they " were rubbish " ; and once when I was away ill, he wrote :

> The pictures are nearly all in and promise well. I did a few descriptions for your inspection while I was waiting, after getting rid of the Cambridge men. I could not do them if I did not trust in you to put them right. I should be afraid to print.

Indeed some of his descriptions did require free editing, for his colour-blindness made him unable to discern beauties that needed to be indicated, and his extravagant optimism tended to endow some artists with intentions other than their own. But by the freshness of his vision, the subtlety of his thought, and the terseness of his style, he often succeeded not so much in explaining the picture itself as in introducing the painter's aspiration to " the common people who heard him gladly."

We were laughed at, of course, to our faces, behind our backs, then and now. It is not a month ago since Miss Paterson overheard a man say in a friend's drawing-room :

" It was worth a journey to East London, for the joke of hearing Mrs. Barnett point out the motherhood in a cow's eye, to a crowd of Whitechapel roughs."

But we laughed too, and sometimes one did get real wit out of the reception or parody of our descriptions or talks.

" ' God kissed him, and he slept,' the catalogue says. I should have said ' The tiger clawed him, and he died,' " was the remark of one ribald man after studying the scene of martyrdom in a Roman amphitheatre; and a young woman remarked on looking at Albert Moore's three classic maidens "Waiting to cross," that she thought it was the United Kingdom Tea advertisement. But usually the explanations were taken in the spirit in which they were offered.

"No, ma'am; thank ye, but I ain't brought my spectacles," was often the reply when one offered a catalogue, a conventional formula for saying, "I can't read"; but by those who could the catalogue was exhaustively studied. "I've got every one since the show was fust opened. I read them aloud in the winter to remind us," one neighbour said. And again and again we have been told of pictures and their descriptions, both of which had long since slipped our memories.

Mr. Barnett's unquenchable certainty that even the lowest people could appreciate the highest art can be given in his own words:

> 1884.—Pictures will not satisfy men as long as they are valued only for their likeness to real or imaginary scenes. The majority of men require to be shown that artists preach by their fingers ideas for which many minds are hungry.
>
> 1890.—Experience has settled the question as to whether people care for pictures. This year 55,040 visited the show. They bought 17,738 catalogues, and showed by their patient study and expressed approval that they looked with their minds as well as by their eyes. It is sometimes amusing to hear the dogmas of those who, living amid the rich, settle what the poor do and what the poor like. They are so sure that the poor like what is common or even vulgar, and also that they might afford the time or money to visit South Kensington. As a fact our neighbours like what is ideal better than what is commonplace, and they certainly cannot afford time after work to clean themselves and travel to the west, spend an hour in a gallery, return, and get enough sleep before next morning's early rising. Few, too, could afford a railway fare which, though it be small, often bears a large proportion to the weekly wage. If the mass of the people are to be interested in the Life of the Time as it is revealed through pictures, and if, too, the artists are to express the life of the time, galleries must be established where they may easily be visited.

Less concisely I have told of an incident to illustrate this faith:

> Mr. Schmalz's pictures of "For Ever" had one evening been beautifully explained, the room being crowded by some of the humblest people, who

> received the explanation with interest but in silence. The picture represented a dying girl to whom her lover has been playing his lute, until, dropping it, he seemed to be telling her with impassioned words that his love is stronger than death, and that, in spite of the grave and separation, he will love her *for ever*. I was standing outside the Exhibition in the half-darkness, when two girls, hatless, with one shawl between them thrown round their shoulders, came out. They might not be living the worst life; but if not they were low down enough to be familiar with it, and to see in that the only relation between men and women. The idea of love lasting beyond this life, making eternity real, a spiritual bond between man and woman, had not occurred to them until the picture with the simple story was shown them. "Real beautiful, ain't it all?" said one.
>
> 'Ay, fine, but that 'For Ever' I did take on with that," was the answer. Could anything be more touching? What work is there nobler than that of the artist, who, by his art, shows the degraded the lesson that Christ Himself lived to teach?[1]

The organisation necessary for the Exhibition was very large; and as it was entirely voluntary and had to be re-established each year, the Committee's work was both laborious and responsible. For the protection of the pictures, came Mr. William Paterson, bringing his bed and snatching uncertain sleep in the school building all the nights the show was open; for fire was a real danger. For their hanging, came Mr. Chevalier; and those were strenuous Mondays when, with twelve skilled men, he and I hung some 350 pictures, and gave the men five meals, for their hours extended from 6 a.m. to the last train at night. It was not as if hanging could be settled on the principles which govern other Exhibitions. To those we had to add the knowledge that people crowded and lingered round the pictures with a story, that the floors were weak—and therefore only one popular canvas could be placed on each wall—that the means of egress and exit were small, visitors sometimes drunken, and panic easily aroused in crowds. As the years went on and Mr. Barnett put more time aside for talking in the show, that fact had to be considered in the hanging, so that some of the greatest pictures should be in each room.

For their watching came hundreds of willing volunteers, and the invitation to "go to Whitechapel to take a watch" spread in snowball fashion. On this I wrote:

> The work of the watchers was the safeguarding of the loans, both by night and day. Policemen, firemen, and caretakers had to be engaged, not to mention the organisation required to arrange for the eighteen or twenty gentlemen who came down daily to watch for four hours in the rooms;

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[1] "Pictures for the People," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett: *Practicable Socialism*.

where their presence not only served to prevent unseemly conduct, but their descriptions of pictures and homely chats with the people made often all the difference between an intelligent visit and a listless ten minutes' stare.

For guiding the children, fewer people offered; for to take them round implied explaining the pictures. So, much of that work in the twenty years before the Gallery was built and an Art Director appointed, fell on us and the home staff. It was very tiring but very useful; and after a morning spent with a pushing, excited, shrill-voiced throng of little people, it was more than gratifying to see family groups of three or four laboriously examining each large picture while an eager child repeated what "the laidy said this morning, father."

As time went on the great army of teachers—to whose self-giving one never appeals in vain—awoke to the need of explanation, and arrangements were made to enable them to accompany their classes—a plan the successful working of which resulted in its adoption by Sir John Gorst, who, when he was Vice-President of the Education Department, issued the Code which "allows any time occupied by visits paid during school hours to places of educational value or interest, if accompanied by a teacher, to be reckoned for grant."

Before the Government recognised the value of educational jaunts, Mr. T. C. Horsfall had been advocating the adoption of some such plan, and Mr. Barnett had written as follows:

TOYNBEE HALL, WHITECHAPEL, *January 30th*, 1894.

DEAR HORSFALL,—Certainly I am of opinion that time spent in a Museum or Art Gallery under fit supervision and guidance should count as time spent in school. In fact it is largely the want of the knowledge unconsciously gained by the eye which makes the education of the mass of the people so incomplete. Men and women who have learnt about many things care about nothing because the things are just isolated facts in their memories. They have not listened to the talk, looked over the books or lived with the pictures which are associated with the home life of richer people.

It is impossible to make the poor rich, but it is possible by "nationalising luxury" to make more common the best part of wealth.

Yours always, S. A. B.

In order to encourage observation and the development of individual taste, visitors were invited to vote for their favourite pictures. Enormous numbers took advantage of this facility, and very interesting it was to see what pictures especially appealed to those who had the energy to vote. Mr. Barnett reported :

> 1889.—Last year the choice fell on Holman Hunt's " Triumph of the Innocents," F. D. Millet's " Love-letter," Burton Barber's " Trust," and Walter Crane's " Bridge of Life." From the choice the general conclusion may be drawn that pictures are valued as expressions of thoughts. Pictures which are examples of skill or marvels of decoration are not in the common mind to be named with pictures which reveal the invisible world " not far from anyone," or illustrate the gentle virtues which all can understand.
>
> 1892.—Briton Rivière's " War Time," " The Gambler's Wife " by Marcus Stone, " The Burning of the *Kent*," by T. N. Hemy, and " The Annunciation " by Burne-Jones, were the favourites last year. Votes were as a rule carefully given, and many of the remarks made at the voting table showed to what varied and healthy instincts the artists' work had appealed.

The plan was carried on for many years, but finally abandoned, one reason being that many of the voters believed it was a lottery, talked pathetically of what they would do if they " won," and so allowed what they considered the picture's value to interfere with personal preference.

The difficulty of inducing people to explain the pictures had been got over by our inviting teachers, watchers, and other willing helpers to go round with us first, and many a delightful hour did Mr. Barnett and I have, treating our adult scholars—with their permission—as children, and looking at the masterpieces as from children's eyes.

Thus the plan of guides, begun in 1881 in a back street in Whitechapel, grew, until we had the joy of knowing that Lord Sudeley's proposal that " educated guides should be appointed for the public museums " had been adopted not only for the leading treasure-houses of London, but in Kew Gardens and by the Leeds Municipal Art Gallery.

In 1889 the following account of a visit to the Gallery was written by a lady unknown to us, but evidently a child-lover.

A crowd stood gazing into the school gates as I alighted, chiefly consisting of boys and girls under fifteen years old, for I found that none under that age were admitted to the exhibition, unless accompanied by a responsible grown-up person. So I was greeted with cries of "Do take us in, ma'am; please do!" and I forthwith chose an escort of six intelligent-looking boys, who all promised, as I passed them through the gate, to walk steadily by my side and to listen to what I could tell them about the pictures. Never had I a more attentive or agreeable body-guard than these six Board School boys, many of whom knew as much about what we looked at as I did myself. They carried a chair round for me, placing it in front of any picture about which they specially wished to hear, and I think I enjoyed this way of again seeing my old favourites even more than when I first made their acquaintance, for the boys talked freely, and I learned exactly what people of their class are likely to think of many things which puzzle us greatly to understand.

Screened off from the rest of the collection is Holman Hunt's well-known painting "The Triumph of the Innocents," lent by the artist himself. This allegorical picture gave rise to many remarks and suggestions in its present humble quarters, as it has done everywhere else since its production.

"I know what it means," said one little fellow, "it is imagination, and the little children floating about are the spirits of the hundred babies, and the globes are air-balls that they used to play with when they were alive."

"But," said another, "the Virgin Mary looks very old to have such a young child in her arms, don't she?"

"Perhaps she's tired," suggested a little girl who joined our party. "The donkey seems to need a great deal o' pulling along, and doesn't go steady."

We talked for some time about this wonderful picture, and then passed on to the main collection. My chair was planted in front of the "Last Voyage of Henry Hudson," painted by the Hon. John Collier, and as it was a very suggestive text for anecdotes of North Sea explorations, their difficulties and dangers occupied us for some time. I told them that I knew very intimately one Arctic explorer, and described some of the sufferings and disappointments he had endured, and how courage, bravery, faith, and trust had kept up his heart when he was ice-bound in this inhospitable region which we saw before us, with a few faithful sailors, white bears, and seals as his only companions for many months in utter darkness; after his own beautiful yacht, fitted out at great expense, had sunk to the bottom of the glassy sea, between two icebergs, before his very eyes.

"But," said I, "he got home again all right, and I saw him well and happy only yesterday."

"With his pockets full of money, I daresay," chimed in one little Jew boy.

"No, indeed," said I, "he got no money for what he did—he only lost a great deal; but he would do it again to-morrow if he could."

"Because," added one of my youthful audience, "glory is better than money, and he is a great man!" . . .

The little catalogue, sold at the door for a penny, of this charming collection is, as usual, full of explanatory and most instructive notes, and I found that a few pence invested in a handful of these little pamphlets added greatly to the pleasure of many a ragged-coated visitor, who with interested but puzzled face was gazing at the pictures, scarce knowing what they meant, for even a penny could not be spared by all, and such a gift as a supplement to a few explanatory words was very welcome.

CHAPTER XLI

"The knowledge of God grows in every generation, and with larger knowledge there will be larger laws. God said of old, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' God says now, 'Make common what is best.'"

MANY of the great of the earth showed their sympathy with the Exhibition by opening it—not the least important being Archbishop Benson, who, as the newspapers remarked, thereby sanctioned its Sunday use. Among those who thus helped were Lord Rosebery, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Edward North Buxton, the Marquis of Ripon, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Holman Hunt, Sir Henry Irving, Lord Cross, Professor W. B. Richmond, Lord Courtney, Dr. Adler, Professor Herkomer, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany. Of the visits of the two last-named Mr. Barnett wrote to his brother:

> 1889.—The event of the week has been the opening of the Exhibition by Herkomer, which was very interesting. He gave some good sound teaching about art in a gossipy manner, he made listeners understand that thought is the essential of art and that mere copying was not art. He said many good things and all in the right tone. I liked his childlike enthusiasm.
>
> 1890.—The Exhibition is open and we are alive and well. Great crowds came to hear Professor Richmond and to see the Duchess of Albany, and many of all sorts and conditions came to tea with her in our drawing-room. One good lady who sweeps out the Custom House told her how she was in "Her Majesty's Service," and then after some other talk said, "I must tell your Majesty how hard *her* and Mr. Barnett work." The Duchess was very pleased at it all, but we are still exercised in mind as to the wisdom of entertaining Royalty. Anyhow it gives bold advertisement, and the people come to the pictures which have had the stamp of the approval of the highest. . . We must get a good Radical next year.

The speeches of such openers naturally attracted attention, and the Press notices were many and voluminous. Indeed it is the quantity of the material at disposal which makes my task so difficult. I should love to linger over my memories of Lord Courtney's lofty wisdom, Mr. Holman Hunt's quaint discursiveness, Sir Henry Irving's artistic enunciations, Sir E. Poynter's picturesque commonsense, or Mr. Augustine Birrell's humorous cynicism, but the publisher forbids space.

Not content with reporting, the newspapers often wrote articles on our picture shows, generally sympathetic, but sometimes unintentionally insulting in their surprise at their beauty and at the appreciation of our neighbours. Perhaps they were useful in encouraging owners to lend their treasures; and indeed an annual demand of some 300 pictures put a strain both on artists and possessors. From all ranks came liberal response, Queen Victoria sending gracious messages as she lent Leslie's picture of her Coronation Sacrament; and the proud mother offering her treasured pencil drawing "done by John when he was only fifteen, and now he's doing well in the pawnbroking line."

Even a short list of some of the pictures which have been sent to Whitechapel for the people's service will show that for thirty-two years the gems of contemporary art were placed at their disposal.

"From Darkness to Light"	J. Israels
"Strayed Sheep"	W. Holman Hunt
"The Light of the World"	W. Holman Hunt
"Love and Death"	G. F. Watts, R.A.
"Esau"	G. F. Watts, R.A.
"The Remnant of an Army"	Lady Butler
"Expectation"	L. Alma Tadema, R.A.
"The Blessed Damozel"	Dante G. Rossetti
"The Spirit of the Ages"	G. F. Watts, R.A.
"The Triumph of the Innocents"	W. Holman Hunt
Portrait of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone	Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.
"An Old-world Wanderer"	Briton Rivière, R.A.
"The Legend of the Briar Rose"	Sir E. Burne-Jones, R.A.
"Sea Mists"	Peter Graham, R.A.
"The Harbour of Refuge"	Fredk. Walker
"Jephthah"	Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.
"Deserted"	Hon. John Collier
"O'er Moss and Moorland"	Peter Graham, R.A.
"The Mother"	G. Clausen, R.A.
"The Last Muster"	H. Herkomer, R.A.
"Hercules struggling with Death for the Body of Alcestis"	Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.
"The Slinger"	Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.
"Portia"	Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.
"The Vale of Rest"	Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.

"How they met themselves"	D. G. Rossetti
"Mariamne"	J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A.
Portrait of H. M. Stanley	H. Herkomer, R.A.
"Found"	Dante G. Rossetti
"The Scape-goat"	W. Holman Hunt
"Sardine Fishery"	R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.
"The Golden Stairs"	Sir E. Burne-Jones, R.A.
"Our Village"	H. Herkomer, R.A.
"Return of the Dove"	G. F. Watts, R.A.
"A Love-sonnet"	F. D. Millet
"A Thames Barge off Battersea"	Clara Montalba
"Evening"	Corot
"St. George and the Dragon"	Sir E. Burne-Jones, R.A.
"The Comforter"	Byam Shaw

We also tried other shows, of engravings, etchings, prints, photogravures, flower drawings, and examples of children's skill. Of one of these Mr. Barnett reported:

> 1887.—In the winter, tempted by the possession of Picture Rooms, we opened a show of engravings. The British Museum lent us of its treasures, and for three months the walls were covered with prints, copies of the works of great artists. During the school holidays the rooms were opened daily, at other times only on Saturdays and Sundays. The winter was so severe that many visitors could not be expected, but, nevertheless, enough (about 6,000) did come to show that bare walls may with advantage be made to speak with the voices which are now often buried in portfolios, in store-houses, or rarely-used rooms. If schoolrooms, meeting-places, or lecture-halls were hung with the pictures now almost forgotten by their owners, more might be done for education than by many teachers.

Already the oratorios in the Church have been mentioned, but the musical services took so large a place during Exhibition weeks that the St. Jude's atmosphere will not be realised unless reference is made to them again. Mr. Barnett believed in the unity in humanity, and held that when men's minds were full of beautiful thoughts, their souls were more ready to worship.

> 1883.—If to anyone the thought occurs, that art exhibitions will not save the people, I at once concur; but I submit that neither will preaching nor any other one means. It is the working together of many influences—and the brush of the artist may be as inspired as the tongue of the speaker—which creates the tone of mind in which the Love of God and the love of men become possible.

Therefore during the weeks the Exhibition was held, it was our aim to have the Church open three evenings a week for music or lectures.

To F. G. B.—1884.—The Church music is gathering in people and perhaps souls. . . My wife has taken on her back both the Lectures and the Music. I felt a brute in letting her do so, but I had determined not to take on Church as well as Toynbee Hall; . . . so she has added work upon work—organised the oratorios, got the lectures, and in fact has become Church as well as Parish curate. . . Her musical efforts have ended in getting crowded services. It was a fine sight on Wednesday when every seat was full of folks waiting on the music of *The Messiah*. That night Schools and Church were alike over-full. . .

Bayne's lecture seems to have been very good. "Cursed are the impure, for they shall see the devil," was a saying which stuck.

It is possible to recall, but not to relate, my husband's personal pleasure in the pictures, all the greater, I think, because he had been art-starved in his youth. We used to slip in to the picture-rooms early, often before breakfast, and rejoice together over the beauty, and, because no one was there, see the pictures from every standpoint, and discover in them fresh meanings. It was a great privilege for three weeks every year to have England's best art at one's back door, and we had splendid times. It was lovely to wander in and meet our neighbours whose sorrows or sins had perhaps made their lives very hard, and forgetting all else just chat on pictures and revel in beauty. It was lovely to invite parties of girls and their patient or impatient mistresses, or pupil-teachers, or reading-club members, or the tenants, or the "mothers," or the Poor-Law officials, or any of the organisations for which we cared, and after the usual social evening to take them at ten o'clock to a "private view." Then the Canon would talk, not generally to the unknown, as he did to the crowds in the day, but specially to our known guests. I, who heard them all, used to marvel at the diversity of these talks, born of his profound sympathy which made their minds his own.

Toynbee Hall, too, used to the full those precious evenings; and careful arrangements had to be made for the various "private-view" parties to begin their tours in different rooms. To them their hosts or their friends talked—not as Mr. Barnett did, but usually with more learning—and much knowledge have I gained from listening to Mr. G. L. Bruce,

Mr. T. Hancock Nunn, Mr. H. M. Richards, Mr. C. H. Townsend, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Mr. H. H. Statham, Mr. Roscoe Mullins, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Lionel Cust, Mr. Eyre Crowe, Mr. Louis Fagan, Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. D. T. Woods, and many others.

Three years after we started the Exhibition, our friends kindly wished to give us a gift which it was settled should be a Mosaic on the Church tower facing the street. I quote Mr. Aitken's book.[1]

> This mosaic, a copy of the well-known picture by G. F. Watts, R.A., "Time, Death, and Judgment," was placed here by friends of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett to record the institution of a yearly exhibition of pictures in Whitechapel, and their endeavours to make the lives of their neighbours brighter by bringing within their reach the influences of beauty.
>
> The inscription then sets forth the legend of the picture: "Time is represented as a strong man ever looking on to the future; Death as a sad mother. Time and Death walk hand in hand. Both are overtaken by Judgment, whose scale weighs deserts and whose whip of fire burns out wrong. The Lord is a God of Judgment. Blessed are all they that wait for Him."
>
> The mosaic inspired the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley to the writing of the appended sonnet:
>
> I passed in drear, unenviable thought
> Down grim, unlovely streets, and, half amazed,
> I saw a crowd who on a picture gazed
> Of coloured marble curiously enwrought.
> Here Time went free, but ah! his hand was caught
> By Death, who followed hard; his balance raised,
> Wherein the deeds of men are all appraised,
> Was Judgment close and ever closer brought.
> "Death! hold Time fast!" the sorrowing thousands cried,
> "Without thee Life were insupportable,
> And with the scales of Judgment and the sword
> Thrice welcome." At the cry, gates opened wide,
> And through the doors I heard the preacher tell
> Of One more strong than Time—Love, Judge, and Lord.

On the presentation of this beautiful gift Mr. Barnett reported:

1885.—A large party of our friends met in Toynbee Hall, when the Mosaic was uncovered by Mr. Matthew Arnold. If by their words and presence they made us feel the weakness of our deserts, they gave us the sense of the strength of their help. It is pleasant to think how such a gift was devised, and it is pleasant also to think how, in days to come, the picture will teach to many wayfarers a lesson the world sadly wants. By this picture it may be that "the past and the future will predominate over the present." The recognition of such predominance, we are told, will of itself advance men in the dignity of thinking beings; but here the past will be one of the thoughtful kindness which saw the equality of rich and poor, and here the future will be one when judgment will be done on the prince of this world.

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[1] *Canon Barnett*, by Mr. W. Francis Aitken, published by S. W. Partridge & Co.

After a few years the numbers had so increased that it became necessary to establish a permanent Gallery. Mr. Barnett's first idea was to induce the parochial authorities to build a Town Hall and allocate certain rooms for regular periods to Exhibitions. With this object he sought the aid of the Press, and the report of a talk by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt in the *Religious Review of Reviews*, February 15th, 1894, renders some of Mr. Barnett's characteristics so well that it is reprinted here:

"You do not realise perhaps," Canon Barnett said, as we were talking in his drawing-room, "for few people do realise, how art helps in the teaching of religion. The people of to-day, as in Christ's day, learn religion by allegory; it helps to give them a consciousness of God and the unknown. It is a fresh light by which men see anew old truths. A great many poor people come to this room for one reason or another—quiet chats, religious meetings, and evening parties—and they appreciate more than you would believe that beautiful picture 'The Angelus,' by Millet"; and as he spoke the Canon pointed to the well-known depiction of two French peasants, to whom in a twilight field there comes the sound, borne upon the evening breeze, of the Angelus bell, and who at once uncover and bend in prayer. "That picture speaks much to all people of classes and creeds." . .

"And then," added Mrs. Barnett, "such a picture as Richmond's 'Sleep and Death,' which depicts the strong, pale warrior borne on the shoulders of Sleep, while being gently lifted into the arms of Death—simple in colour, pure in idea, rich in suggestion—is good for the poor to see. Death amongst them is robbed of none of its terrors by the coarse familiarity with which it is treated; with them funerals are too often a time of rowdiness and debauch. But death thus shown to them is a new idea, which may produce, perhaps, more modesty about the great mystery of our existence."

A moment of silence followed the last words, broken at length by the voice of the Canon.

"But we must be practical; our object now is to build this hall. We propose to try to get the parochial authorities, under the Public Libraries and Museums Act, to take charge of such a building, and keep it up out of the rates, using it indeed for other purposes if necessary. It might be a glorified Town Hall, for instance; and if the Art Exhibition is attached to a living body, it would run no chance of being stranded, so long as local people worked it and were interested in it."

"Ah! but I want it to be only for art," struck in the lady; "we don't want party politics to be mixed up with it."

Her husband smiled. "Anyhow, we must first try to make the world see that the Exhibition will have a distinct educational influence, and not only in East London."

"Isn't there just a possibility of art being responsible for the manufacture of a good many East End prigs?" asked the interviewer.

"And what would that matter?" cheerily replied Canon Barnett. "Priggishness, after all, is only a phase, and not always an unuseful one either; they'll come through on the other side, in the end, all right. Prigs often turn out thorough good fellows. As a matter of fact, however, I think art makes them humble.

"We must not confuse means and ends," continued the Canon more earnestly. "The end in view is the raising of man to his calling in Jesus Christ, the development of the Divine in the human. For this purpose art has a greater part to play than is often imagined; but it will be a great mistake if it is thought that a little more beauty in surroundings, or a familiarity with good pictures, or even a greater power of expressing ideas, will meet the needs of East London. There is only one thing which is absolutely needful, and that is the knowledge of God, which is within the reach of the simplest, and opens to his vision the things which are not seen and are eternal."

An enormous amount of effort was expended in trying to create this glorified Town Hall through the parochial authorities, but it was fruitless, and the final decision was to build a separate Gallery and place it under a body of Trustees. On this decision my husband wrote to his brother:

April 4th, 1897.—I am launched on the permanent Picture Gallery scheme. After long bargaining I have the offer of the land I want for £6,000, and now I have to raise it. Oh, dear!

Once more our many friends gave willing help and large sums, and that year, the show being specially rich in the works of our faithful friend Mr. G. F. Watts, *Punch* aided by the following lines—April 24, 1897:

WATTS FOR WHITECHAPEL

Canon Barnett's Easter picture show at Whitechapel this year includes Mr. Watts's pictures. *The Westminster Gazette* says: "Watts's pictures, explained as they will be to the Whitechapel workers, will be as good as sermons, and probably more attractive than many." Canon Barnett appeals for £20,000 to build a Picture Gallery in High Street, Whitechapel, as a Diamond Jubilee Gift to the East End.

Oh! East is East, and West is West, as
  Rudyard Kipling says.
When the poor East enjoys the Art for
  which the rich West pays,
See East and West linked in their best!
  With the Art-wants of Whitechapel
Good Canon Barnett is just the man who
  best knows how to grapple.

So charge this Canon, load to the muzzle,
all ye great Jubilee guns.
Pictures as good as sermons? Aye, much
better than some poor ones.
Where Whitechapel's darkness the weary
eyes of the dreary workers dims,
It may be found that Watts's pictures do
better than Watts's hymns.

On the hopes which we wove around the new Gallery Canon Barnett wrote in *The Daily Chronicle*, December 10th, 1898:

When Mrs. Barnett and I, supported by a few close friends, decided to show some good pictures to our Whitechapel neighbours in 1880, the rooms available were but three small ones in a school-house behind the Church, ill-lighted and ill-adapted. Lord Rosebery, who opened the show, spoke, as he said, from a "ledge," and told his own hopes of a venture which seemed handicapped by difficulties of position, by the indifference of the neighbours, and by the mockery of the wise of the day. A few painters offered pictures, but it was Mr. G. F. Watts who more than any other artist encouraged us. He lent many of his pictures and by his own faith made faith. . .

When the news was passed round that the pictures shown in the schools at Easter time were worth seeing, crowds flooded in, and anxiety was often felt to prevent crushing and damage. . . Friends then came forward, and adding some large rooms to the old school-house gave more fitting accommodation both for pictures and visitors. In these rooms some of the finest modern work has been hung, and the shows have admittedly been among the best in London. . .

The source of success has been that there is in people, who have not been trained in art jargon, a power of appreciating art. A true picture finds a response in true human nature. Tale pictures get most outspoken admiration, but those which in allegory discourse of judgment, of life, of love, and of mystery are the longest remembered.

The eighteen picture shows have been successful because the pictures have been good, but the success has been helped by the personal service of the Committee, which has given to each exhibition something of the character of a reception. There was evidence in the decorations, in the notices, and in the fresh flowers, of someone's care; there was always a "watcher" at hand to give information or to exchange views; the catalogues were written so as to be "understanded of the people"; and there was often someone ready to explain. Indeed few hours have I personally counted better spent than those when, standing informally on the table, I have, surrounded by courteous crowds, introduced the dumb artists, rich in thought, to the hearers, perhaps also dumb, but rich in experience.

The good pictures and the personal introduction have thus established a real appreciation for the shows among 60,000 or 70,000 persons. They come, go round the gallery methodically and intelligently, crowding it on Sundays and in the evenings between seven and nine-thirty, at which hour they hasten away with a Cinderella-like rapidity, so that they may be ready for early-morning work. The majority of visitors is drawn from the large body of what may be called home-loving artisans.

Justified by these years of success, Mrs. Barnett and I, supported by the sympathy of the Committee, if not by its active help, set about securing a permanent gallery. The hope would have been long deferred if Mr. Passmore Edwards had not come forward with an offer of £5,000 towards the building. Thus encouraged, a site was sought, and then, by the efficient aid of Mr. A. Turner, the refusal of a plot of ground next to the Whitechapel Public Library was offered at £6,000. In a fortnight, and mostly in sums of £1,000, the amount was raised and the site secured. It only remained to provide an endowment. At the advice of Sir Owen Roberts and the Rev. R. H. Hadden, to whose wise direction much is due, application was made to the Parochial Charities Foundation. The application was favourably received, £500 a year was voted, and the Charity Commissioners have published a scheme by which, under the management of Mr. Harry Lawson,[1] Mr. Edgar Speyer, Mr. William Blyth, Mrs. S. A. Barnett, and thirteen other Trustees to be appointed by the Parochial Charities Foundation, the Library Commissioners, the Royal Academy, Toynbee Hall, the Cloth Workers' Company, and the Drapers' Company, it will be possible to have—

1. Exhibitions of modern pictures.
2. Exhibitions from the national museums of objects illustrative of trades or periods.
3. Exhibitions of work done by the children of the people, or by the pupils of the technical schools of the neighbourhood.
4. Exhibitions of any works of art.

Such a scheme will need much force for its execution, but past experience justifies the hope that the force will be forthcoming, and in the new building many of the past harassing obstacles will be absent. There is more danger lest the comparative ease of arrangement may decrease the personal interest and service which has been the unobtrusive attraction of the old series of picture shows. The East Londoner likes to be welcomed and to feel in places opened for his instruction the signs of "hand work." He rightly does not think that perfection in organisation makes up for the want of interest in himself. This danger will be avoided when it is recognised.

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[1] Now Lord Burnham.

With regard to the first object it may be hoped that at Easter and in the autumn, after the Academy is closed, there may be picture shows when, by descriptive catalogues and talks, the pictures of the best modern artists may please and teach the makers of the twentieth century.

The second object in the scheme—that of providing exhibitions from the national collections—must be more of an experiment. But it may be that a show of things illustrating, for example, the furniture or iron trades, or one enlightening a period of history, or a foreign country, will be better understood than a museum in which all such things are gathered together. Museums tire visitors largely because they distract their minds, dragging them from period to period and trade to trade without any sense of relation. A show in which the unity is obvious will be more likely to be interesting.

The third object, in which the neighbours—as parents or friends—are concerned, is sure to be attractive. The handicraft done in Board schools has often already made a good show in Toynbee Hall, and exhibits of natural history have never failed to awaken interest.

The fourth object, that of providing exhibitions of works of art, whether modern or ancient, coloured prints, of black-and-white, Japanese metal work, Chinese pottery, or any other form of beauty in any and every direction, will enable the Trustees, step by step, to lead East Londoners to a better appreciation of the world's art treasures.

The large room, capable of seating 500 persons, may also be used for the performance of music or for the giving of lectures. The need of such a room has been much felt—a room larger than, for instance, the lecture-room of Toynbee Hall, and smaller than that of the Goulston Baths. Its use in this way will also forward the Trustees' scheme of education in admiration. . .

There ought to be no difficulty in getting the money, and there will be none if those who have hope in the effort, and faith in those "passionless reformers" music and beauty, will express their faith in cash. The pennies of the people should build the people's gallery as well as the pounds of the powerful.

How delightful was the creation of this new treasure-house! Sir E. Burne-Jones came to dine and give advice; Mr. C. Harrison Townsend designed beautiful plans; a suitable site was obtained; the Committee was active and influential; once more our friends gathered round and subscribed the £16,000 required; and on March 12th, 1901, the "House Beautiful" in the Whitechapel Road was opened by Lord

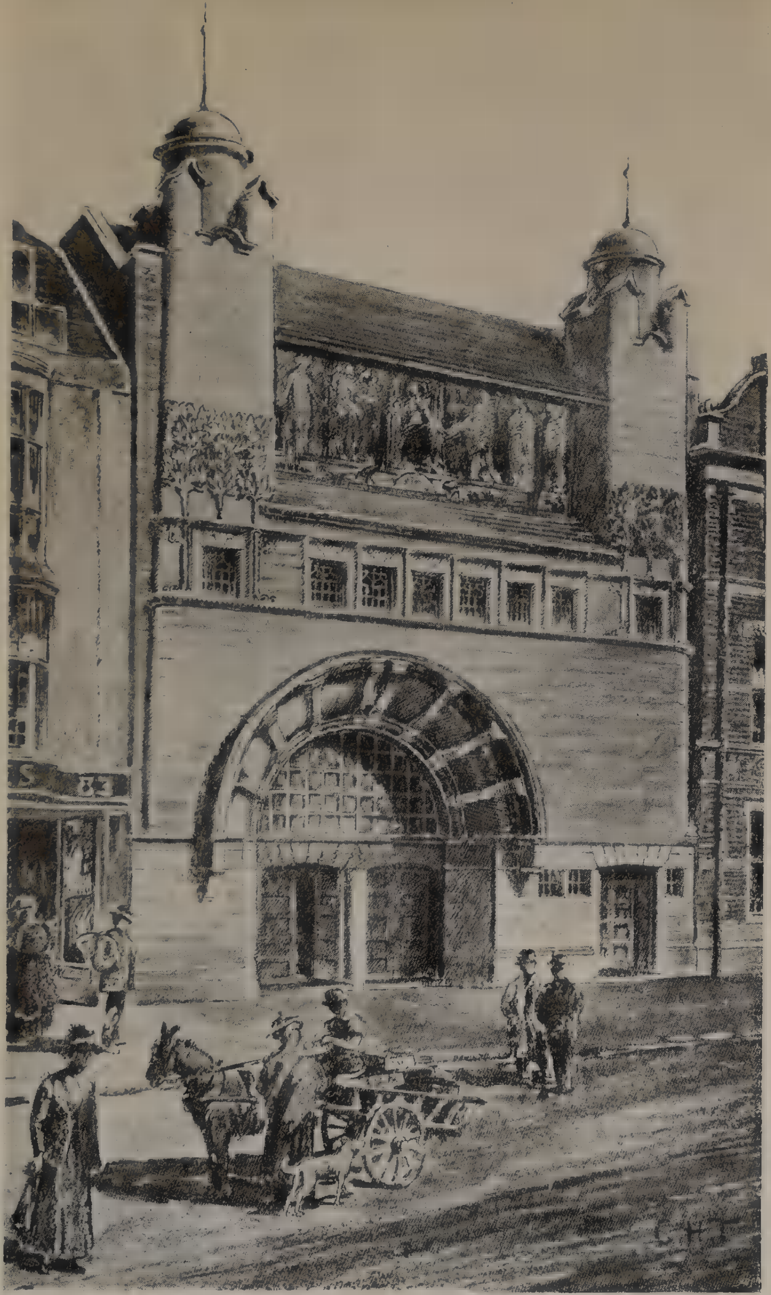
Rosebery. It was a graceful act performed, at great inconvenience, at our earnest request. He had in 1881 opened our first modest show, and had then spoken of it as the "precursor of very important consequences"; and for this new "consequence" we desired one of his stimulating addresses. He spoke of it as "the Coronation Day of the hope for which we had worked and waited." But alas! we were not present; for the child, the darling of our home, Dorothy Woods, had left this world, and on that day we were laying her sweet body in her grave.

The Whitechapel Art Gallery has had a brilliant career. Under Mr. Charles Aitken, the first Art Director, its standard has been raised and its interest increased. With him Mr. Barnett worked with cordial appreciation, helped by his great knowledge and unerring taste. And it was with a gasp of apprehension that we congratulated him in 1911 on his appointment as Director of the Tate Gallery; but he still remains on the Whitechapel Committee and is a tower of strength.

On the new Board of Trustees were some of the old Committee—Canon Barnett, Chairman; Lord Burnham, Vice-Chairman; Mr. William Blyth, Treasurer; Sir Edgar Speyer, Miss Townsend, and I. The new members nominated by their respective bodies took up their work with enthusiasm, and Mr. Campbell Ross rendered efficient and devoted secretarial service.

To the first Exhibition in its new home came 206,000 people, and of its history for the first ten years up to the spring of 1911 I will quote from *The Times*, April 13th, 1911:

> At first the Trustees followed the old lines and offered a heterogeneous collection of pictures by well-known artists; but then a new departure was made and a distinctive character given to the Exhibitions. It was felt that if each display were marked by some unity of time or place, if objects were shown not merely as specimens in a museum but in relation to other objects, they would make a stronger appeal to sightseers and leave on their minds a more lasting impression. Everything that has since been done at the Gallery has therefore been in the nature of special exhibitions, confined to some country or period of history, art-subject, or group of artists.
>
> Thus there have been exhibitions illustrating the life and art of China, of Japan, of India, of the Mahometan peoples of Turkey and Egypt. There have been special exhibitions of Dutch painters, Spanish and Italian painters, Scotch art, and French art. Other shows have had reference to the Georgian period, the Mid-Victorian period, the pre-Raphaelite art, and the art of the last twenty years. Animals in art and flower paintings have formed the themes of other collections. There have been separate displays of the works of Cornish artists, Essex artists, and Liverpool landscape



THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY.
From a drawing by Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, F.R.I.B.A.

painters. At other times such subjects of particular interest were taken up as shipping, photographs, and posters. The variety of the displays has been further manifested in a Jewish Historical Exhibition, an Historical Pageant Exhibition, and a Shakespeare Memorial Theatrical Exhibition. The Shakespearian Exhibition brings us to the autumn of 1910. Since then there have been two exhibitions under other auspices than those of the Gallery Trustees. During the month of January 1911 the Toynbee Art Students and the Essex Art Club held a joint display of their pictures. Recently the London County Council, who borrow the use of the Gallery for three months in the year, have been showing specimens of art work executed in the trade schools of the metropolis. Preparations are now in progress for a "House and Home Exhibition," to be held next month and the following month; and later in the year there will be an "Old London Exhibition," with a representative collection of the works of Samuel Scott and his School.

Mr. Charles Aitken has written of his work with my husband—1916:

I worked under Canon Barnett at the Whitechapel Art Gallery for nearly eleven years. To me he was the ideal director of enterprises, and neither before nor since have I met his equal. His outstanding qualification lay in his unique power of distinguishing between the important and the unimportant. Over the unimportant he wasted neither his own force nor that of those working with him, and this enabled him to concentrate all energies on the accomplishment of what really mattered.

No man ever was more completely lacking in self-regard or pompousness, spiritual, intellectual, or social. Gifted with a keen and balanced judgment of men and things, and inspired by a devoted spirit of personal self-sacrifice, he pursued great ends with untiring energy and imaginative width of view. The Whitechapel Exhibitions were only one of the innumerable enterprises he originated, and what is more remarkable still, continued to guide and direct. He seemed like some juggler adding ball to ball with increasingly bewildering skill.

My association with Canon Barnett was from 1900 to 1911. The large new Art Gallery had just been built, after careful experiment for twenty years with annual temporary exhibitions in the St. Jude's Schools. It was a critical and difficult moment. It had to be demonstrated that the bursts of altruistic enthusiasm, that had made the interesting but brief exhibitions of fine pictures in Whitechapel, could be converted into a lasting source of inspiration and education for the working people of East London, and that it was possible with small funds and no permanent collections to keep up continuous exhibitions and maintain the interest of the East End public in them.

Probably few men besides Canon Barnett could successfully have solved these problems. He was extraordinarily fruitful in new ideas and experiments. The details he sensibly left to others, but he was always there to give advice and support, and he tended all his schemes with unceasing solicitude, sacrificing his time, health, and comfort, whenever his many enterprises claimed him.

The Whitechapel Art Gallery has, I think, justified itself and won an acknowledged place in the artistic and educational life of London. Its many and varied experiments in all kinds of exhibitions, concerts, and pageants have succeeded, and this very difficult task was due, entirely in conception, and in no small degree in execution, to a man who was not, I believe, fundamentally æsthetic in temperament, but rather spiritual and intellectual. Canon Barnett had not the incentive of an overpowering instinctive passion for the beautiful, such as gives the æsthetic man enthusiasm. Secretly he regretted, I believe, that all pictures could not be ethical allegories like Watts's paintings; and in landscape he most delighted in suggestions of peace, as so hardworked a dweller in city slums might well do. But though he could not personally feel the authenticity of much that art is impelled to reveal, his liberal, many-sided intellect told him that art was, together with literature and music, one of the great main means of communication for men, and that, through it, ideas could be spread and enthusiasm for the progress of humanity engendered; and though it was not through the eye of the æsthetic faculty that he himself obtained inspiration most readily, he wisely resolved to press art into the service of the causes he had so much at heart. Thus by a curious paradox the man in our generation who perhaps has done most for lovers of art and for art itself by striving to obtain for art that wide public which all great art requires for healthy activity, was not himself one who was moved most strongly by æsthetic emotion.

When I think of Canon Barnett, I see him standing in the wind and rain, as he so often did, at a crowded street corner in the Whitechapel Road, his slight figure, in the wide-brimmed silk hat and cloak he wore, silhouetted against the garish lights of the night scenes of East London life, self-forgetfully immersed in the discussion of some new means for compelling the people to come in to partake of the feasts of art and education which he had spread. He was not the man to sit down under defeat, and he insisted on his enterprises succeeding.

Of Mr. Aitken's relations with me the following letter must speak, for it is good to recall the harmony of the trio who for many years united their strength and knowledge to bring beauty into the lives of London's workers.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY, *November 21st*, 1904.

DEAR MRS. Barnett,—Thank you so much. Words are inadequate in the case of such kindness. What I am and do, is one of the many results of your never-tiring activity. Just as Filippo Lippi appears in Paradise saying "Iste perfecit opus," "This little one painted this picture," you will be able to say you found some sort of use for a very unprofitable sort of person.

Luckily I am not the least of your works, still, minute as I am, I thank you.

CHARLES AITKEN.

Canon Barnett had a great affection for Mr. Aitken, whom he called "my Director of the Arts," and references to pleasure in his work may be found in many letters:

To F. G. B.—*March* 24*th*, 1906.—We open the Georgian Exhibition on Wednesday, which as usual is well done. Aitken spends an infinity of trouble on hunting up every detail of art, dress, and furniture to bring out the period. Lord Crewe performs the function. Then we are getting ready a Country in Town Exhibition for July, and I saw Imre Kiralfy on the subject. I hope he will get pictures done of East London as it is and as it might be. If only public opinion could be made disgusted with dirt, squalor, and meanness! It is so curious that people should be vain about dress, so anxious to look nice, and be so careless about their offices, the streets which they look at, and the buildings they inhabit.

To F. G. B., December 14th, 1901.—Our picture show is splendid, the best we have ever had. I wish you could see it. A visit to the Gallery is fresh air, philosophy, drama, all in one.

To succeed Mr. Aitken, Mr. Gilbert Ramsey—who had for some time been a Resident in Toynbee Hall—was appointed, but he, alas! was killed in the war. The same loss has since befallen the Trustees by the death of his successor, Mr. Samuel Teed, on the battlefields of France—July 25th, 1916. He had served a peculiarly suitable apprenticeship, having been appointed by the British Museum authorities to be their official explainer—a plan sketched out by Mr. Barnett in 1890, and a development of our friendly picture talks in the old St. Jude's Schools thirty-five years ago.

To the initiation of the three or four Annual Exhibitions Mr. Barnett gave much thought. And it was worth while, for in the first ten years after the new Gallery was opened some 3,000,000 people visited it, occasionally as many as 16,000 in a day. Not long before my husband's long illness in the spring of 1913, he had expended much of his weakened strength to the planning of an exhibition on Irish Art, and almost the last time that he mounted many stairs was to preside at the opening of the Exhibition on Old London on November 1st, 1911.

All through the thirty-two years, when most people saw nothing but a brilliant and successful picture show, Mr. Barnett counted the Exhibition as a religious effort to give a message which no one is too busy to receive, for "all can understand and admire the deepest things, as all can hear the Voice of God."

LETTERS, 1901—1906

MOST of the following letters are to Canon Barnett's brother. In some cases passages from more than one letter have been united, but each has been chosen to illustrate his character or work.

April 11*th*, 1901.

DEAR HORSFALL,

Your words and acts still stimulate. I have read through *An Ideal for Manchester*, and I feel that there is no rest for any of us. It seems to me sometimes that we are wasting the Clergy in calling on them to "do" so much; we ought to recall them to their teaching function. The world is poor for want of thought.

Are you in touch with Cremer of Eccles? He tells me he is starting a Citizens' Association.

Affectionately yours, S. A. BARNETT.

WARDEN'S LODGE, TOYNBEE HALL, *June* 1901.

MY DEAR FRANK,

At present we feel the world, our world, a bit too big, and many things drift which ought to be guided. My wife is better and has done a wonderful week's work. She has got started with her book and had it accepted by the publishers. She has breathed life into the Pupil Teachers' organisation and has had two meetings. She has been at the Board, taken classes, received parties, and looked after me.

Mrs. —— lunched on Tuesday. She was interesting in her talk about Rosebery, who is evidently a very mixed character. He has such fine impulses and is so checked by self-consciousness. He wants power and hates the friction. He has a soul, but its wings are not strong enough to let it fly above the shouts of men.

Yarrow dined with us in the evening. He is building and building torpedo-boats, and is troubled how to spend his money. He does not like show, and is sure he ought not to leave his children fortunes.

In the afternoon I read a paper on the clergy's neglect of teaching. My audience was sympathetic, but then they were not the people at whom I aimed. They all agreed that the clergy training did not put them on a level with the minds of their hearers. . .

On Wednesday I preached at Westminster for the Social Union and went to an "At Home" at Canon Robinson's. Dynamite, dynamite is one's temptation on these occasions which has to be resisted.

On Thursday my wife got the wall down between St. Jude's Cottage and Erskine House. It is of course a great improvement. Destruction of barriers seems almost universally an advantage. A good memorial to Queen Victoria might be the destruction and levelling of some laws and institutions. . .

Mrs. Courtney came very depressed about S. Africa and the shyness of any leading men to be civil to Merriman. Courtney is better, but he is sixty-nine in July. It is very hard to know if it is a duty to trouble the waters when there is no life in them, no spring, and no tide. Society seems without natural emotion, and therefore without seriousness. If not, how could it endure an anæsthetist like Salisbury at the head of affairs? John Bull cares only for a nap. Lord Grey has been to see us—very full of his Public House Trust. Did you read of it in *The Westminster*? Do you approve? Do you think a Company could be formed in Bristol? . . .

Yesterday Milner came and spent three hours with us. He looks worn, and is evidently in earnest and set on reconstruction. Gorst came to lunch and is gloomy about the war.

This week we both have done too much, either for ourselves or for work's sake. Our engagements overlapped, and at the end I had a sense that nothing was well finished.

Goodbye, with dearest love, S. A. B.

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[1] 8, ROYAL YORK CRESCENT, CLIFTON, *September* 16*th*, 1901.

MY DEAR DOUGLAS,

Our present plan is to get away from here on Wednesday, and to be in the Lodge on the 27th.

The Conversazione seems well arranged, and I know you have seen that every detail is in hand, *e.g.* that performers are secured, stewards in training, advertising out, etc., etc., etc. I wish you had Winny's hearty co-operation. He has in past years been very helpful. Is he supervising laboratory cleaning? I should like specimens or proofs of anything you send out.

I am writing to Bruce *re* cupboards in B. room.

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[1] This letter has no interest except to show Canon Barnett's care for detail.

Have you got back the picture-rods which Mrs. Barnett says were removed from the Exhibition buildings? They were especially good and will be useful.

Has the Lodge cistern been cleaned? Will you send twenty of the iron chairs you have to Erskine House, and store twelve for use on occasions?

Will you also tell Lattray's man that the basins and plugs he removes from the store-room may be refitted in ——, which work he will also do? . . .

Will you see that the passage-way is made as nice as it can possibly look? I feel much depends on the appearance of the access. The staircase, for health and sanitary reasons, must be cleaned. Have the brackets in the top room been removed? I think, if we do not want gas fittings put up by the Board, we should return them to the Board. They are stock pattern, belong to Rates, and ought to be used somewhere else. . .

Is the partition up yet outside the lobby? If not, hurry it, as the lobby must be orderly.

Yours ever, S. A. B.

TOYNBEE HALL, WHITECHAPEL, 1901.

MY DEAR FRANK,

The week has gone in anxious thought. I had to break an engagement to go to Norwich, for Fanny's condition of health has been anxious and alarming, and I could not leave my wife. She is much tried, but is able to take the case in hand herself and keep us all going. We have two nurses. All these diseases make me conscious how we parsons neglect our duty. If the knowledge of God dominated individual minds, casting out thoughts of self and inducing trust, there would be fewer illnesses and illnesses would be more easily managed. People ought to take care of themselves, but as a duty, not as a right. Mazzini's phrase is still the high-water mark of teaching. . . A day in bed is an economical care. Somehow the attitude of repose, the security from draughts, and the sense of being an invalid help to health as nothing else does. To be thorough is a great rule, and that half-and-half way of doing business when one is ill is extravagant. . .

It is useless to rail at the times. I daresay they are in labour with a new birth, but it is hard to know death-throes from birth-throes. Gorst was with us last Sunday. He is keen about the new Bill and other changes, but I am not sanguine. He is clever, his mind is in the right direction, but somehow it is impossible to have any confidence in his power. His temper is uncertain, and when he makes a failure, he comforts himself and reproaches things or persons and speaks unadvisedly. He is gloomy about South Africa, and says we shall have to come down from our high demands. I hope it may be so, but the country is not yet conscious that anything really serious is the matter. If it were, how could it be so excited over a yacht race? I am glad we did not win; a victory would have too much excited the people. . .

Last Saturday a lot of old Toynbee Hall men discussed Webb's article. Harold Spender opened, and, as is usual with pro-Boer people, put that side to the front. This diverted the talk, and the mind of the men did not get at Webb. Read the article. To me the scheme is like the Catholic Church without the Pope, like a garden of flowers without the roots. National efficiency is what we all desire, but how is it possible till individuals have some motive for efficiency, which will inspire and guide the conduct of each? All along the line this generation consumes what other generations have created, and Webb's care of efficiency is born of a faith which men now disown. Rosebery hit the mark when he went for "mental indolence." . . .

Cyril Jackson slept here last night. His tale of Australia is sad. The people are well off and have no impulse to sympathy or ambition. He would like to import some poor to give them something to feel for. The natives they don't regard as human. The law to exclude all foreigners, even their fellow-subjects from India or French Canada, if they cannot write English, is a comment on their own ancestry and on Imperial talk. They are going to keep pure their convict blood and keep clean their land from the Empire.

With love to all, S. A. B.

STOATLEY ROUGH, HASLEMERE, *December* 21*st*, 1901.

MY DEAR FRANK,

We are in Haslemere till Monday. The place is lovely and the windows give over a valley and hills which in the mist and snow look vast. The Leons are old and valued friends and it is pleasant to be here. Last night Methuen of *Peace and War* dined here, also the Rollo Russels, all anti-war. There is a pleasant sense of freedom when one gets into such a company. The sense proves how one's mind is occupied by the war even when one talks of other things and does the daily work. Last night therefore we glowed as we talked freely of our hopes.

Methuen is very interesting. I cannot dissect him. He has more poetry than most pro-Boers, less of that intolerant and masterful principle which in good people is almost as ugly as a sword and a gun. The question is whether he has their grit. We of course discussed Rosebery.

Courtney, whom I had met in the week, felt the speech might damp down the growth of a better spirit and suspects Rosebery of only saying as much as would not prevent his entering the present Cabinet. I don't think I agree with Courtney, neither did the party last night. We agreed that Rosebery spoke . . . with the wisdom of the serpent so as to help the country. He wrapped up pro-Boerism in Jingo packets. He made the people listen to the voice of generosity and reason by putting on the hairy covering of "brutal Boers" and "no offer of terms." The result is that people are more inclined to generosity and there is more chance of a Liberal Government. The question is whether, even if the result be good, it will be lasting, and whether it would not be better to drink the dregs of disaster and so learn the ways of goodness. On the whole I think I hope, the Liberal party may range itself behind Rosebery, and make peace. But then it can't be for long, because Home Rule must be settled. I really don't know. Conscience dictates the policy of thorough—no compromise with Rosebery and steadfast adherence to Morley and Campbell-Bannerman. Experience, on the other hand, dictates compromise. I don't know. We must talk at Christmas when we meet. . .

Everywhere the social wheels move slowly. I believe the motive force is used up in the war. Curious if it be so, but I believe it might be shown that there is only so much emotion—*i.e.* moving force—in the world at a time, and it can't be in two places at once.

I preach on Peace to-morrow and we return home on Monday.

Love to all, S. A. B.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, *January 25th*, 1902.

My dear Loulou,[1]

Thank you for your letter with its loving sympathy. I know all we can do is wait, but it is sad that Y—— makes so little progress. I doubt if she is really one bit better. The last two days she has been at her worst. She lies in the big room by the open window, reads simple books, and feels very poorly. If we talk telling her things she becomes too interested, if we don't she gets dull. She is, however, quite calm and very sweet.

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[1] Mrs. F. G. Barnett.

I am trying to get on with work, but it is hard to do things without her in which she has so large a part. It is hard to make things go anyhow. I puzzle and puzzle over the signs of the times.

Is mankind rising to a new life? Are the things we complain of, the temper, the impatience, the beginning of a new conception of life? I expect it is, and happy are the young who are going into a storm such as has never been. But whatever is coming, it must be right to assert the supremacy of love over force, of Christ over Chamberlain. Your letter did us both good with the glimpse it gave us into your home.

We look to come and share it.

Love always, S. A. BARNETT.

Thanks for the cake.

WARDEN'S LODGE, WHITECHAPEL, *March* 1902.

MY DEAR FRANK,

The meeting at Oxford was very large. Masterman's speech, for power, for feeling, and for effect was much better than Asquith's. Asquith is always kindly—a faithful friend, and he spoke as a friend, but it was from a brief and not from experience. . . . Morley stands out as the man of conviction, the religious man, but even his conviction is just a bit old-fashioned. I expect that, dormant, under the dark surface of working-class opinion, hidden, as are now the forces which by and by will make the fruit or weeds, are the forces to rule the future. Who will get at those forces? The Liberals fear to go near.

How mistaken is Chamberlain! He forced Dillon to be rude just as he forced Kruger to issue the ultimatum. But E. B. Sargant writes from the camp saying the whole world must be impressed by the care England is taking of her enemies. Of course he sees the kindness and not the brutality which made them need the kindness. . .

I should like to discuss Rhodes. He is a problem which is interesting the world. It is odd to see how the Church wants to adopt him, and yet he was quite an honest pagan—a pagan with just a touch of poetry. Kipling's poem too, how profane, how calm an appropriation of divinity for the human! Oh dear! if I could do it in a Christian temper I should like to show the contrast between the Rhodes ideal and the Christian. He is very anti-Christ, but people always look for anti-Christ to have horns and hoofs, or to be wholly bad.

Well, we are delivered from the danger of a Jesuit body to serve the church of health—but the millionaires, what a curse to the age! I suppose no millionaire could be justified: he must be the incorporation of oppression. Is Oxford going to benefit? I wonder. On the whole it is the one place colonial life might benefit. We shall see. . .

On Thursday we had rather an interesting meeting of workmen and Gorst. O'Grady was there. We considered compulsory evening schools. There was a good deal of objection of the sentimental kind, but I should say opinion would go for them. Gorst spoke well of course, and showed the sympathy he cannot put into action. When the Bill is read there is going to be a fight, but I like not the tone of the opposition. It is too loud, and it is not inspired by love of education so much as by hatred to denominations. Simon's—he is a good man—letter in *The Westminster* identified Liberalism with Disestablishment. Why? It is quite as liberal to make equality by clothing all as by stripping all. . .

Murray Macdonald is with me now. We have just had a good talk on his scheme of Home Rule all round. It seems the only practicable course, but how to get our Parliament to do such a work as would be involved in passing such a Bill, I cannot say. Parliament talks too much and is too vain for work. . . Macdonald tells me that a man has worked out on Rowntree's poor man's budget the meaning of the taxes on bread, sugar, and tea, and it is 6*d*. income tax. Fancy 6*d*. on the poor while the rich cry out at the extra 4*d*.!!! . . .

On Sunday Wilberforce preached one of those ecstatic sermons which depend on personality, and which contact with the personality so often shatters. He was at an "At Home" afterwards, and it hurt me to hear his trivial replies to the trivial adulations of silly women. I wished he might rise and slay them. . .

I have been interviewing three coming men—Masterman, Grinling, and Alden. All are at a loose end, waiting for a call. To each I have suggested Parliament in the future. They could get workmen's votes and be true. We shall see.

With dearest love, S. A. B.

WARDEN'S LODGE, WHITECHAPEL, *May* 1902.

MY DEAR FRANK,

I have preached twice, and preach again to-morrow. Preaching makes me wish sometimes that I were more free to speak, but may be it is a delusion. Speaking is of very little influence alongside of personal relationship.

I am going to lunch with Courtney to-day. Dear old fellow, his fine head loomed in the dim light of Lincoln's Inn chapel over the dark oak—the one Bencher present. We are not to talk about the war to-day. . .

My wife has had a very tired week, so I have poor memories of things. The weather too keeps one low. Last night I went alone to a dinner party and met a lot of old Marlborough masters —Liberals, but approving the Bill. We had no very interesting talk. They told tales, mostly poor. In '96, when Gorst's Bill was to be given up, it was agreed the Duke should break the hard fact to Gorst. The Cabinet wanted the blow made easy. The Duke agreed, he found Gorst and said, "That d——d Bill of yours is dead." Such were the tales. . .

Opinion holds for peace, but I doubt. England does not yet deserve peace, and I feel if I were a Boer I would not give in. I expect they will get better terms than we shall ever acknowledge. Chamberlain is evidently going in for a Zollverein, and there is a chance for Liberals. . . How clever is his speech, how he uses tawdry sentiment, how he makes people think themselves Liberals and generous! But there is no fear of a Majuba while he is in Government. . .

In answer to your question, I think that a boy going straight from school to the University meets schoolboys, and for a year the University is just another school. The "men" are boys, ignorant of life and blind to the teaching around. For myself, I learnt more in my last year than in the three earlier years. If your boy went to trade for a year and worked in iron he would learn the practical use of mathematics and of accuracy, he would mix with men, get interested in many things which would put sports in their proper place. He would have time for reading and might begin to think. His mother and you would watch his health and secure for him changes. He would thus go as a man to college and able to despise some of the traditions which make boys slaves of conventions. I think there ought to be a difference between school and college. . .

Yes! Tolstoy does me good. He has the heart of the matter, even if he has the fault of being logical. How wonderful it is in Christ that having too the heart of the matter He was not deadly logical, and yet drew men to Him. He acknowledged Cæsar and went to parties. I expect Tolstoy puts extreme cases to draw the readers a bit higher.

Yours ever with dear love, S. A. B.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, 1902.

My dear Frank,

We are safely back. We left the Markbys on Thursday and drove twenty-two miles to Aylesbury, comparing Oxfordshire to Somerset with much admiration for what you happy people are too familiar with. We found the usual beery, tobaccoey, noisy inn, where we dined well and slept badly.

On Friday we visited Hazell, who has established his printing works in the country and occupies a farm himself. The wind was so piercing, I had decided to make my wife return by train, but Hazell pressed us to stay with him, so after a visit to Lady de Rothschild we returned to him. Lady de Rothschild is a very beautiful old lady, living simply in her immense mansion. Lady Battersea was there, and we had some talk—gossip—about the Education Bill. Hazell's we found idyllic, a lovely house and a farm for shorthorns and poultry. We talked much about all things, especially of his plans and doings for his 1,200 workpeople. He has £30,000 of their savings in the business. Yesterday we drove thirty-five miles here, the horse doing admirably, and we enjoyed ourselves although the sun was unkind.

Yours always, S. A. B.

ST. JUDE'S COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, *May* 1903.

MY DEAR FRANK,

I had two busy days at Toynbee and returned here to entertain E. B. Sargant. It has been most interesting to hear him on South Africa. He is guileless as a child—an educated child. He sees human nature as good, and being in power often makes it good. He likes Milner, he likes the Boers, he respects the magnates' respect for business. He believes in an Empire which will be inspired by moral fervour, and he is now busy trying to induce the old public schools to start "settlements" of themselves in the colonies. You may imagine our talks. Wherever he goes and whatever he does must be for good. He like an angel will be there and not be seen. On Tuesday we had a very interesting meeting. About twenty men came to meet him and he told them of his South African plan. He is such a simple soul that he carries conviction against fear, against even reason. He shows the power of faith. The more I think, the more I listen, the more my mind goes back to the conception of free nations held together by memories and not by imperial bonds. . .

My wife works away at the fields for the extension of the Heath, and has of course the experience which comes to those who do public things. She has not yet touched the spring which makes movement. Monday week is to be the newspaper day.

I have been considering co-education and have come to feel that it will solve many difficulties. I am to address schoolmasters on the subject, and am preparing to show that it is the best way to teach manners, not the old manners of chivalry which rest on a basis of inequality, but the new manners which require equality and depend on respect. . .

Yesterday we went to the private view at the Academy and met many friends. Among others Norman Lockyer, Spender, Herkomer, Sir Harry Johnston (of Uganda), Fitch, Holroyd, and lots of humbler friends. It was very hot and we came home tired.

We, at any rate I, shall be down on Wednesday. We are well, but "druv." My wife has had meetings every day at which she has had to play first fiddle. To-day she has taken Erskine girls and convalescents to the Zoo, and will tire out another side of her dear self.

Love ever, S. A. B.

WINCHESTER, *June* 1903.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Last night we reached here, and tempted by the good inn are going to stay and give "Tom" two days' rest. He does very well.

We shall drive to Salisbury on Monday and thence work down to Bradford and Bath, where, on Thursday, Rowe will meet "Tom" and drive him to Bristol. We have done seventy miles in the last three days, seeing Arundel Castle, where the Roman Catholic duke has restored the old Norman castle to its thirteenth-century condition. An uninspired use. But the position is striking and ought to have suggested a modern use. Then we drove to Chichester and spent two hours in the Cathedral, a modest building where the restorer has again been too strong for its character. Then by a never-to-be-forgotten drive through beech woods and over downs, to Petersfield, where we found a model country house and fell in with Sir Henry and Lady Smythe also on a driving tour.

A week later.

Here we are back in Whitechapel, two days deep in work, and only looking back over the long journey with Tom. We left him at Bath, not having had one drop of rain. He really did very well, so quiet as not to move at any motor, and if necessary able to go nine miles an hour. We did twenty, twenty-seven, and twenty miles in three days, but then all needed a day's rest. We have good memories of the views, the lanes, and the flowers, but the two days here have been *very* full.

Toynbee wants a lot of inspiration and I expect some cleansing. My wife got a good three hours' debate in the House on P.L. children and is moving on to acquire the Hampstead fields. . .

To-day we have Gorst, Alice, and two Americans to stay till Monday. Gorst is in fine form and is making most useful speeches.

"Joe" seems to have finished his party, and why? probably by temper. I don't believe in his craft or that he wanted to raise a new khaki cry. He is really enamoured of Empire, and because the Cabinet would not do as he wished he has forced the running. But the people will never allow a tax on food. Gorst thinks it good that the condition of the people question has again been forced to the front. He is going to make a speech on the subject next Thursday. He is sure Chamberlain will fail. I am not. People have faith in him which not even his great mistakes have shaken. For myself, I can see no argument for Protection, but then I saw no argument for war.

With love for ever, S. A. B.

WARDEN'S LODGE, TOYNBEE HALL, *June* 1904.

DEAR HORSFALL,

You book is full of light and I have read it with interest. I hope Co-operators and other organisations will study its suggestions. Personally I think the key to the housing problem is to be found in land law reform. This "holding up" a necessity of existence must in some way be prevented, and your book shows how in a Conservative country like Germany this is done. I will try and write something as you ask.

Meantime, when are we to meet? As I get older—sixty—I feel more and more that things are less than persons, and I wish we were clearer of duties to be more with friends. Are you coming to town soon? We are here till July, when we go to Bristol.

We hoped "Cousin" might have come to Florence, when we might have enjoyed her and her young life.

Affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

WARDEN'S LODGE, TOYNBEE HALL, *October* 30*th*, 1904.

MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE,

It is good in the quiet of the afternoon to feel myself with you. . . The West-end church was not well filled, but was pleasant to talk in, and the music was just perfect, with orchestra, voices, and choir. I began to think of the relation of professionalism to progress. One of the thoughts to share together so that our old age may be a teaching period. The professional makes performance perfect, and perfection is good, but somehow he prevents the origination, the spontaneity which is life. The Psalms were as usual bread to the spirit. I felt how they said everything

I wanted to say. "Happy are the people where there is no complaining in the streets, yea blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God." "God careth for the poor and defendeth the fatherless." "They whose mouths are full of vanity have hands full of iniquity." There was my sermon and more. I don't feel as if I did well. I was nervous and self-conscious over the "law" part, but the people—well-dressed—sympathetic—listened, and the Vicar was very effusive. I thought for a moment he was going to kiss me as he thanked me for a sermon which had "stuff" in it. . .

I came in here, rested, and am now writing to you. . . You, I hope, are getting an hour's rest, so we may feel as if we were resting together. The world is so "full of things we ought to be all as happy as kings." Well, I think I am. I know I ought to be, and perhaps I grumble at others because I am so happy myself. But I must not go on or I shall be writing a sermon, and it is enough if you have to read those I make for churches.

10 *p.m.*—Safely home. The Wragges[1] always do me good. They remind me of our old times with its difficulties and its joys. A simple house, earnest friends, anxious thoughts, little success, and much love. The church is small and the congregation of the usual sort, churchgoing respectables. I think I felt a little tired of my sermon and wished it had been fresher.

I am not overdone and am now going to bed.

Love and love, S. A. B.

ST. JUDE'S COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, *January* 28*th*, 1905.

MY DEAR FRANK,

What lovely weather! You are out on the links. Loulou is rejoicing in the air. We are keeping our thirty-second wedding-day in the quiet of this place. My wife has had a very busy week, interviewing people *re* the Garden Suburb, thinking, planning, etc., and so to-day she is tired and doing nothing. We have also got on the stocks the next Exhibition, and had an interesting meeting at Holman Hunt's. It was delightful to hear him gathering up his past memories how the pre-Raphaelite movement began, and to see the reverence of men like Lord Carlisle, Hughes, and others. The Hunts' room is glorious with his work. We shall have a grand and remarkable show. After the meeting we dined with Alice and met Sir John Cockburn, the Radical and Protectionist, a boyish man and charming for his frank freedom of utterance and opinion.

The "Missus" was in fine form and there were many sparks of talk. He stayed till nearly 12. His Protectionism is boyish, an outcome of boyish belief, and does not bear examination. He thinks the big error of the Government is the introduction of Chinese, and says it is supported by women who have shares in the mines.

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[1] The Rev. W. Wragge, now Rector of Haslemere.

On Thursday Y—— lectured on Children's Courts, and again did well, so you see what a public wife I have! Anyhow, she is well and keen for everything. We have not seen anyone very interesting, but we went to Campbell-Bannerman's on Monday, shook hands with some fifty people and exchanged words. The Liberal party is energetic, ready to kick, but with not much sense of the goal. The debate on Chinese labour is typical. There is plenty of sense but no passion. Figures and passion must go together. . . Somehow the people remain indifferent. We are too well off; we do not die for ideals, we pet them—keep them as pets, not as our masters. Imperialists keep the ideal of the Empire in this way, and others of us keep our "kingdom of Heaven" with no greater conviction. I expect real devotion to ideals belongs to a poorer age. No ideal now gets possession of the people. Well, things wait till "property comes up for judgment." . . .

Young Trevelyan was with me this morning—a very earnest man with a faith that young Liberalism and Labour are coming together. Young Liberalism, he says, is strong and grows behind old Liberalism, but has not yet a voice. . .

I have been reading Wells's *Utopia*—an attempt to incorporate modern notions of development with an ideal. It is not very suggestive. There is a want of a link between things as they are and things as he imagines them.

I am longing to hear how Uely is getting on. I have not written to ask: I thought he might not like to be bothered.

With love to all, S. A. B.

LLANDUDNO, *August* 17*th*, 1905.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Here we are in a very pleasant hotel on the west side of the Head looking to the mountains and the sunset. We had a fine run yesterday through the mountains by Bettws-y-coed, Capel-Curig, etc. But in the evening Dick Batston had to leave us and we are waiting here till a "shover" comes from London.

Our plans are uncertain. We may stop here. We may go on to Barmouth, but anyhow we shall arrive on August 26th. We are well and enjoying ourselves. Who could help it in such weather and in such country! Dick drives splendidly and is so thoughtful even of chickens, that one has not the entire sense of aggressiveness which belongs to motoring.

Ward is well and happy. He will probably go on with us as we slowly drift homewards. My wife looks better, but I wish she could have more completely bathed herself in other interests so as to come back to the Garden Suburb with a new mind. We shall have a lot to tell you.

The visits to Evesham and the small owners, and Sir William Lever, the big owner, was most interesting. Lever's business power is immense. He was a grocer till he was thirty-five, and is now fifty-five. The vast business which at Port Sunlight covers in works about ninety acres has been built up in that time. He employs hundreds of clerks. . . But all this will keep; news of you, Post Office, Barmouth, would be welcome. If we do not get there we will send for your letter.

Love always, S. A. B.

Haslemere, *December 2nd*, 1905.

My dear Frank,

We came down early this morning, and I preach to-morrow. We have been enjoying a loveliness which broke on us as something fresh, and we are already rested, having been very tired. Last night the Inquirers Club dissected a socialist Poplar guardian. The position is tragic. The people are suffering and the offered remedies make the suffering worse. Doubtless the cure is distant and the problem is to find innocuous palliatives. . .

Burns has been letting fly at farm colonies, and he—it is said—will be Home Secretary before Christmas. The situation is interesting. I have just been talking to a candidate—a son-in-law of Lord Carlisle—who says if Campbell-Bannerman does not make a Government then Chamberlain will, and the country will like the latter's bravery. It is a nice point, whether such a Government as C.-B. must form will command the country's support better than the Government which might be formed. On Thursday we had a big dinner of thirty people—Corrie Grant, Nat Cohen, and others equally interesting, but less known. . .

Webb says Courtney has settled his hopes of a seat by his letter *re* Japanese treaty. "Truth is a good dog, but it should not always bark."

I lunched yesterday at the National Liberal, crowded with men eagerly talking and cavilling, an uninspired-looking crowd, but I suppose there must be scene-shifters for the finest plays. . .

The other night Tree invited us to go and see *The Enemy of the People.* He acted wonderfully and swept the house with him. There, in the sordid environment of a mean constituency, with its property-bound officials and ignorant crowd, Ibsen forces in the heroic emotions of the soul. This is good and gives the mind a bracing run. It starts it after a ball as in a game, but the game is played where there is no view, no glimpse of the eternal. The play is a sermon from which God is absent. Ibsen, like Shakespeare, knows a man and draws him, but, unlike Shakespeare, he sees no place for man as an inheritor of a kingdom of Heaven. . .

We had a pleasant party last Saturday, and among others Leonard Courtney and some L.C.C. people. Did you read Courtney on the treaty? Very wise I thought it, and likely to sink into the people in the more intelligent mood which seems coming. . . The other night Mathers came to dinner. He is now a high official in the Transvaal. We heard much from him of Africa. He is hopeful of the country, but then he thinks the Dutch-English element will come to the top, the Randlords and Chinese go. . .

Yes, Tourrell has gone. . . He was a fine fellow, and I shall miss him much—so strong and so patient—a rare manager of men. . .

We have been to the Motor Show, when vast Olympia was crammed by a fashionable crowd who paid 2*s*. 6*d*. each. Well-dressed young men of good address held elderly gentlemen in the toils and gradually got them to buy. In three or four days a million worth of motors were sold. Poor England with its army of unemployed! My wife rejoiced in four cylinders, live axles, ignition, etc. Prices are coming down, a landaulette with four cylinders can be got for £400. . .

We are looking forward to your visit and are planning its enjoyment. Gorst has asked if he may come, so he will be with us from Saturday to Wednesday, and Alice too. The children must be prepared for "old talk."

With dearest love, S. A. B.

WARDEN'S LODGE, TOYNBEE, *February* 1906.

MY DEAR FRANK,

The joy and hope of victory still fill our minds, but we have had some disappointments, notably in the defeat of Noel Buxton, one of the earnest young men of the new party. These reversals at by-elections are very strange, partly, I expect, out of pity for the men formerly defeated. But so it is. The state of panic in the West-end mind is amusing. "We are as Russia," said a woman last night at a dinner party, "this is our revolution," and she went on to tell how she believed that secretly and universally the plan had been laid to capture Parliament, how now an onward course of attack would proceed, and how in twenty years there would be no king. This is not an isolated opinion. The West End thinks its hour has come. It hasn't. The Labour party has no conception to bind it together; it has had no Rousseau to give a name and form to its aspirations. We shall have a few attempts at reforming legislation, then divisions, differences, and—*absit omen*—a recourse to Chamberlainism or some Morrison pill.

The dinner last night was made very interesting by Frederic Harrison, who was in great form. He and I agreed that the solution of the success at the polls was a reaction, often unacknowledged, against the war. People, angry with themselves and discontented with the results, went for the authors and their ways. . .

I have been to see *Major Barbara* by Bernard Shaw. The play gives one to think and almost entirely absorbs applause. One forgets to clap. The object of the play is to show every one of us that we are committed to a mistake. The strong-minded woman, the public-school boy, the swell, the enthusiast, the professor, the workman—and chiefest of all the successful millionaire are all convinced of mistake, but none are convinced of sin.

There is no inspiration in the play, nothing to make us feel that there is some truth behind prevailing irony, something to die for. I doubt if beyond making for thought it makes for anything else. Does satire ever do any good ? . . .

On Founder's Day we had a good party of about seventy young men. Alfred Lyttelton made a speech. He is such a "gentleman," but ought he ever to have been a Cabinet Minister ? Morant was here. They are no way on with the Education Bill. It seems impossible to get round the difficulties. I have an article in the March *Independent*. Spender lunched with me on Thursday. He knows everyone and is much respected and much consulted. He more and more believes in Campbell-Bannerman and is in good hope. I fear the break over religion.

With dearest love, S. A. B.

Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, *March* 1906.

My dear Frank,

Does not the rising sun of Labour dispel all wintry thoughts and make you feel young ? . . .

My wife lunched yesterday with Sydney Buxton at the General Post Office and had tea with Courtney at the Cottage *tête à tête*. Both are a bit awed about the power of Labour and wonder what it will do. Courtney takes his beating very philosophically, but I am very sorry he had not the place from which to dominate some of the raw force of the House. . .

I have been seeing the Bishop of Stepney and Morant *re* the new Education Bill, but this voracious majority will surely want too much.

On Tuesday old Nurse got another attack which drove up her temperature to 101 and my wife's anxiety to 1,000. She, however, is better. We have no plans. Things must first be settled. There is no time for Italy. We may go somewhere nearer. Max Lazard turned up from Paris on Wednesday. He came over to meet Beveridge, having heard of his fame, and to discuss economic questions. He is a *man* and a very fine man. We talked of Mary and the pleasure in her last long letter. . .

Churchill is gaining ground in everyone's opinion, and yet no one is at rest. He has wit and not principles. Campbell-Bannerman may yet be the statesman we have waited for. . .

Tuesday I went to the House of Commons to give evidence about feeding children, and for an hour was the target of eleven M.P.s' questions. They were on the whole good questions, but even the Radical mind is conservative.

This morning Nevinson came. He is back from Russia, conscious that in that country lies the secret of the future, but overwhelmed at the thought of the suffering the people have to go through. The Czar is meditating another attack on Finland, and all the men who lead revolt have been quietly removed. What a prospect for patriots! Just a leap into the dark, till at last over the dead victory comes. His book will be out in a few days. I have written to Vaughan Nash *re* workmen J.P.s, and asked him about the Lord Chancellor. How well Campbell-Bannerman is doing, and everyone is getting quite fond of the modest old fellow. How strong is modesty! . . .

What a mistake the Milner motion has been! The public was slowly falling to our view, and now the attack has made a sort of martyr. More and more I come to see that man has no call to punish man. He always fails in the attempt, and his claim destroys him. Man must educate man, but never assume the superior place of a condemner.

We shall soon see you all and hear the thousand things which are too small or too great for a letter.

Good-bye. Dearest love, S. A. B.

9, FORTFIELD TERRACE, SIDMOUTH, *September* 1906.

MY DEAR FRANK,

Here we are and all is well. We liked the entrance to Sidmouth. The trees and hills made much beauty and the hill was not so steep as to make my wife hold my coat-tails. We took a cab, put on our luggage, and drove to all the lodgings, taking stock. These promise to be all we want for rest. We have bought our Sunday's dinner, hidden all the ornaments, unpacked, and had tea. . .

A week later.

The weather is superb. We go out at ten with a lunch in our pockets and lie about the hills till five. There is endless variety of walks, all beautiful, but it is enough to climb the 500 feet headlands each side of the bay.

The place is a winter place and many are the houses of the retired classes, large and small. We met the Glazebrooks one day and brought them in to tea. They enjoy Ely and look well. . . . He is doing a book on Isaiah. . . He does not like the military drill and says boys don't need to be stiffened but to be made graceful.

My wife is very well and has done her Church Congress paper, which C. W. Stubbs is going to read. She is also getting touch on things at the Cloisters, where the house has to be done up.

Take care of yourself. We old ones are very necessary to the young, who after all are foolish folk. It is hard sometimes to take care—even to keep a diet, but it may be the Hintonian altruism.

Yours with love, S. A. B.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, *October* 10*th*, 1906.

My dear Rawson,

Thank you for your letters with their promise of good things for the Transvaal. It is delightful when these new countries leap towards Education, and great is the responsibility of those who have to guide the leap. You people have special difficulties and perhaps they may bring out special qualities. The colour question is going to try the substance of people's minds or rather of their heads. The Americans have made no advance. I expect your hope is in the development of the black States. If the people in those States—helped and not controlled by our people—can develop life which will make them self-respecting and respected, the difficulty will be on its way to its solution. But in all progress the tendency seems to be either to think nothing about the future, or only about the future. The secret is to do the next thing as if it were the only thing. Think of the ideal for refreshment only. Here our mistake seems to be in having no ideal or only one of bigness and wealth. We tend to leave people without occupation for the deeper parts of their being. We give them trades, teach them what will pay, and don't fit them to enjoy the life they have. But you will know all this.

Toynbee is well and flourishing. I have been laid up and have just had a rest before beginning life in Westminster.

Mrs. Barnett is happy in the creation of the Hampstead Garden Suburb. Remember me to the group, and I am, affectionately yours,

Saml. A. Barnett.

CHAPTER XLII

"*It is not so much sin as triviality which most hides God. People are like the woman in Ibsen's play who cared only for her dolls. Their business, position, appearances, schemes, are their dolls. The new discoveries, new duties, new dangers of the age, its warnings and prophet voices, go unheeded from this absorption in the trivial.*

The last time the Master of Balliol came to stay with us in Whitechapel, he was much concerned at my fatigue. We had then been twenty years there, and the work had grown almost beyond our powers of strength and health. The Master was not only a loyal friend, but a very discerning one; and he saw that the best form of relief would be to relinquish the duties connected with St. Jude's, and all its attendant financial responsibilities. He talked the matter over with us both, showing in his short decisive sentences what he considered to be the qualities it was our duty to conserve and extend, and what was the class of work which other people could do equally well. In a private conversation with my husband he dwelt so strongly on the necessity of relieving me, that he even counselled the immediate resignation of the parish. But Mr. Barnett felt that he had "taken orders" in the Church, and that he could not surrender his privilege of a place in its organisation.

Not long after this, Lord Herschell—then Lord Chancellor—was visiting the Master of Balliol at the same time as we were staying with Sir William and Lady Markby at Headington Hill, and closely following that interesting week-end the Lord Chancellor offered a Canonry of Bristol to Mr. Barnett—August 1893. Its glad acceptance was soon decided on, for it was a great joy to my husband to return to the home of his youth, there to do the work of teaching and preaching, unconnected with parish machinery or the organisations inseparable from social service.

In Lord Herschell's letter he intimated that while he entertained the earnest hope that Mr. Barnett would continue his work as Warden at Toynbee Hall, he yet felt it incumbent on him, in view of the objections to absentee Canons, to advise him carefully to consider whether the claims of Bristol might be of sufficient urgency to demand his whole time. To this letter my husband replied that he would give due consideration to the Lord Chancellor's words, but that he must refuse the Canonry if the condition of his acceptance was leaving Whitechapel.

The pleasure of our friends at what was usually called the recognition implied by his preferment—hateful word—was very great. Out of hundreds of letters of congratulations a few were kept, from which the following extracts are taken. They were all written in August or September, 1893:

Dr. Percival, Rugby: Most excellent Chancellor! and he never did a better piece of work. May you both have many years of health and happiness to bestow on the ancient city.

Mr. Jowett, Balliol, Oxford: I am delighted to hear of the result. I can only wish you every good. I know that there are many Liberals in Bristol who will rejoice and welcome you. The change from the air of Whitechapel to Clifton Downs will be a great improvement. My best regards to Mrs. Barnett.

Sir William Markby, Oxford: I do hope the appointment may bring you both happiness. No one in the world has done so much as you have to bring happiness to others.

Mr. L. T. Bartholomew, Tower Hill: The news brings a sadness to us (selfishly), because we fear it will mean your absence for a good part of the year from London, and St. Jude's always seems "kind of empty" when you are away. But it is good that the Vicar should receive honour in his own city; and no doubt he will do his best to make it feel uncomfortable, which is probably what it needs.

Mr. J. M. Armstrong, Dumfries: I hope the appointment is only the prelude to a still higher position in the Church whose best interests you are so well qualified to serve. It is not for your sake that this appointment is so gratifying, for no new prefix could add to the respect with which your name is uttered by all who know you, but as the outward and visible sign of a "new order" in the Church it is of most hopeful augury.

Canon Cheyne writes to me that you have been congratulated by three bishops, which shows that even in episcopal palaces the "service of man" is now being regarded with some interest. The little leaven of Toynbee Hall will soon leaven the whole lump. There is some good in a Liberal Chancellor after all.

Lady Battersea, Overstrand: Alas! poor St. Jude's! But I need not lament too bitterly, for as Warden of Toynbee Hall you will not quite leave the haunts where you are so much beloved. . . Dear friends, I shall never forget how much I owe to you. You have both enriched my life and inspired me to wish to work, and with an ideal of what that work should be.

Mr. James Bryce, House of Commons: Heartiest congratulations to you both in what will, I hope, without withdrawing you from that East-End sphere which has learnt to look to you, and the work that could scarcely prosper there without you, nevertheless give you an easier life with a measure of refreshing variety, and a position strengthening your hands for all good enterprises.

Sir E. T. Cook, Tavistock Square: At last you are offered some such post as any dispensers of patronage with eyes to see would long ago have tried to secure you for. But I think a good many of us will grudge you to Bristol. It ought to have been St. Paul's. I was amused at *The Chronicle's* hinting a doubt whether Canon Barnett would continue to patronise a Sunday-opened picture show. How little some of them know you!

Mr. Thomas Catmur, Whitechapel: I am so very sorry to hear of your preferment, even as I should be if the Lord had taken you to Heaven. You have contributed so much to the urgent needs of Whitechapel and the East End, that I cannot help feeling jealous of Bristol, and wishing that the great guns of the Church had left you still to add to the work of light and sweetness you have been for so many years prosecuting so successfully in our midst. That you richly deserve honour and glory goes without saying, but I venture to think you both already possess all that, to your hearts' content, in the real affection of so many thousands of people whose lives have been lightened by your efforts.

Rev. Harry Jones: This Government measure, anyhow, the Lords can't throw out. I hope, for his sake, the G.O.M.'s recording angel will make a "note of it."

Mr. W. A. Knight: Congratulations . . . from one who in 1887–8, as a humble student at Toynbee Hall, derived great and lasting benefit from the classes, lectures, and meetings held there, and above all from the truly religious and humanising influence unconsciously exerted by all connected therewith.

For some time before the appointment was made, complaints such as the following had appeared in the Press:

1892.—Why don't the Church authorities give Mr. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, preferment? Feeble men without an idea in their heads are pitchforked into fat livings, both city and country, while such a man as Barnett of Toynbee—a man of social genius, of splendid organising power, and as devoted as an early Christian saint, is left to toil on, with one breakdown upon another. What a power Mr. Barnett would be at Westminster or St. Paul's! Deans and Canons as dry as University dons, and with no more spiritual genius than an average parson, are not the men to do the work needed in and by the Church to-day. Mr. Barnett is the finest Liberal Churchman in East London. Why does not the Lord Chancellor think of him?

So when the Lord Chancellor had thought of him, the newspapers were, as a rule, very jubilant, though some said such things as the following:

The new Canon of Bristol as Vicar of St. Jude's has been much criticised. Some people seem to think him an atheist, and others complain of what they imply is a want of "definite Christian work." . . . Mr. Barnett himself asserts that his own and his wife's work is religious, done in the fear of God and for the love of man.[1]

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[1] *Bristol Times and Mirror.*

THE CATHEDRAL, BRISTOL.

II. 200]

How far the originators of the Whitechapel Art Gallery who dared to throw the Exhibitions open on Sunday will be welcome in Bristol remains to be seen, for Bristol still holds fast to its "Puritan traditions."[1]

The note, however, that was usually struck was that represented by *Punch* in the following poem :

BARNETT OF BRISTOL CITY

A SONG OF ST. JUDE'S

(The Rev. S. A. Barnett, late Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, has been promoted to the Canonry of Bristol).—*September 9th*, 1893.

Air—"Nancy of Bristol City."

Barnett is Canon of Bristol City!
  Pass the news around, my boys!
To leave Whitechapel seems half a pity;
  Sorrow will go round, my boys!
St. Jude's, and the great Hall, Toynbee,
Some right good Christians doubtless see;
But they're all small shakes along o' he!
  Pass his health around, my boys!
  BARNETT! BARNETT!
  Well did he "arn" it—
That Bristol Canonree!

And when he gets to Bristol City,
  Pass the cheers around, my boys!
He'll draw the wise, the kind, the pretty;
  They must gather round, my boys!
The slum he sweetened in London's East,
With Charity's boon, and Fine Arts' feast,
Will miss this good, sage, gentle priest;
  Pass his health around, my boys!
  BARNETT! BARNETT!
  Your loss we'll larn it.
You were the man for we!
Your health, where'er you be!

The Westminster Gazette was warm in its approval, concluding its article thus :

August 1893.—While congratulating Bristol on its good fortune, we are glad also to be able to reassure Mr. Barnett's friends in East London. He will doubtless resign the living of St. Jude's; but his acceptance of the Canonry at Bristol was on the understanding that he would be free to remain Warden of Toynbee Hall. The new Canon will thus continue to supervise the work of the Universities' Settlement Association in London, the foundation of which is one of the many movements due to his vigorous and original initiative.

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[1] *Illustrated Church News.*

The Queen referred to the long delay of recognition:

October 1893.—The appointment of the Rev. Samuel Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, to a Canonry at Bristol is eminently satisfactory. One says "At last"! Here is a man who for a quarter of a century has been doing the greatest possible work for the Church of England—reconciling the Church to a class long estranged from it—showing these people the Church in daily life—placing the Church before them as they never before saw it—not pushing and driving and pulling and bribing them to attend the Church services, but letting the services be the ever-present and visible centre of the work which they could see going on all around them—a work of self-sacrifice and never-ending toil. Nowhere can be found a parish whose history is more remarkable for this long period than that of St. Jude's. But to the man who did it all, who created that history with his own hand, nothing had hitherto been given—no honour; no dignity; no public recognition. As it is elsewhere, so it is in the Church—*tulit alter honores*—the other fellow gets the honours. The Rev. Samuel Barnett is now a Canon of Bristol. But he has worked in the Diocese of London. What about St. Paul's? What about Westminster? Bristol, however, is getting on. They already have Canon Ainger. They are aiming, perhaps, at the laudable ambition of giving their Canonries to the clergy of distinction.

In *The Westminster Budget* the following article appeared:

September 18*th*, 1893.—Curiously enough, on the day on which Mr. Barnett's appointment to a Canonry was announced, there happened to be an article about him in the *Journal des Debats*. M. Paul Desjardins, the writer, was sight-seeing in London and had gone to Whitechapel to "do" Toynbee Hall. But before reaching the Hall, he writes, "I was struck by a beautiful mosaic by G. F. Watts on the wall of an adjoining Church. A simple inscription at the side refers to the Rev. S. A. Barnett, and efforts to ennoble the life of the neighbours by bringing to bear upon it the influence of beauty. I stopped; for I felt that in my wandering in the wilderness I had come to a little oasis. Who was this S. A. Barnett? whose pure thought, expressed in simple language, was here preserved? This little Church of St. Jude, was it the home of one of those intrepid men whose genius develops in the midst of hostile surroundings, and who for the most part die ignored, and apparently defeated? To find traces of one of these rare souls was more agreeable to me than to bother about visiting what I was told was one of the 'sights' of London."

Accordingly our French visitor gave up Toynbee Hall (which he imagined would take him away from "S. A. Barnett") and stopped at St. Jude's. "Here" (he says) "I found a placard by the Rev. Samuel Barnett himself addressed 'To the men and women of East London.'" M. Desjardins then translates at length Mr. Barnett's invitation to the "Worship Hour" on Sunday evenings.

"I repeat," continues M. Desjardins, "I do not know who this divine is; I do not know to what sect he belongs; the language he uses would suit all alike; but clearly he is the friend and ally of all who wish to raise themselves by raising others. I have quoted his words in the hope perchance they may fall into the heart of some curé or pastor, and may germinate there. It is so rare to find anyone who is able to speak to crowds with the same degree of intimacy that one would use when speaking from one's soul to a single listener. It is a secret worth having. . . Why should I have passed by, that day, unless I were specially destined to spread afar this thought of an unknown, isolated man? Close by there was a fountain of excellent water—a pretty earthenware fountain, representing aquatic plants gracefully interlaced; the basin was reached by three steps. Many ragged children of the poor crowded round it to drink. One of these, seeing I was thirsty, with the sparkling cup halfway to his lips, changed his mind, and offered it to me first. I understood his feeling, and I thanked him in a way that he, too, understood. We were strangers. But was not his action part of the universal language that is known everywhere? . . . It is even so that Mr. Barnett's ideas can pass over the Channel, for they are not peculiarly English."

A pretty incident, prettily told; but Mr. Barnett is not quite so isolated and ignored as his French "discoverer" supposes. On the very day of the visit, Mr. Barnett's appointment to a Canonry was, as we have said, announced. And it is a pity that M. Desjardins did not go on to Toynbee Hall and see Canon Barnett himself.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the tributes were those in journals antagonistic to my husband in thought, or alien in ideals. *The Record* wrote:

September 1st, 1893.—Mr. Barnett is a Broad Churchman, with much of whose theology we find ourselves in decided antagonism; but we cannot ignore the remarkable influence which the Vicar of St. Jude's has exerted in London. In clearing out insanitary dwellings, in arousing a sense of responsibility in landlords, in bringing the wealth and culture of the West into contact with the poverty and ignorance of the East, in supplying new opportunities of self-education to all who would use them, Mr. Barnett was a notable worker. His influence has been felt far beyond his own parish, and he is in little danger of being forgotten in London.

The touch in *Truth* about his excellent table-talk must have come from a Toynbee guest.

1893.—The Lord Chancellor has made a most excellent appointment to the vacant stall at Bristol. The Rev. S. A. Barnett, St. Jude's, Whitechapel, is a wealthy Broad Churchman, who has devoted many years of his life to the poor people of his parish, in which he has done a great work. He has been prominent and useful as a charity reformer, as an advocate of popular education, and as a Poor Law Guardian. Mr. Barnett is widely known as presiding genius of Toynbee Hall. He is popular in all circles, being most genial and unaffected, and he is famous for his excellent table-talk. The appointment will meet with universal approval.

Innumerable portraits of Mr. Barnett were also published, some of which were such libels that they must have alarmed the Bristol people; all the more when they showed the unecclesiastical clothing persisted in by the new Canon.

On August 9th, 1893, at an impressive service, the installation took place, the Cathedral being well filled, not only with the congregation who usually attend on such occasions, but by a large number of people who knew my husband's family, as well as those Liberal thinkers who hoped to find in him a *confrère* or a leader.

"The ceremony," reported *The Mercury*, "was marked by several innovations which tended to increase the dignity and solemnity of the occasion. . . Canon Barnett read with an expressive and well-modulated voice."

During the first winter we took a furnished house, and then an arrangement was made with our dear friend Bishop Ellicott, by which he occupied his partly furnished house, 8, Royal York Crescent, Clifton, when he wanted it, and we, having brought furniture for the disused rooms, occupied it when we wanted it. It was a delightful arrangement and worked well, concluding only when the See was divided in 1897. After that the Bishop let the place to us, and we were deprived of his gracious presence and some antiquated furniture.

The house had large sitting-rooms, capacious bedrooms, a strip of garden, two leaded flats, a balcony, and a view. How we delighted in that after the cramped outlook of our Whitechapel home, where the drab and ill-kept streets were the only view, and one had to go close to the windows and look straight up to get a sight of even a remnant of sky. Here the whole firmament seemed laid out before us; the river and Basin below, and beyond the waving uplands leading to the Dundry heights; on the left, over Clifton Church and Mr. Lewis Fry's garden, the Lansdowne hills and Bedminster downs; on the right, the wide stretch of verdant country rising to the Cotswolds; and above it all, the glory of the big embracing sky.

The first "residence" Canon Barnett took was in April, May, and June 1894. The shock of the pleasure of that spring—the only one for twenty years we had passed out of East London—was great, and we enjoyed every hour of the ceaseless pageant that Nature provides in her triumphal march to maturity.

My husband had a very deep love for Bristol, not only because of its beauty, but because it was entwined with many precious memories.

To me he had written eleven years before we went to live there:

Clifton, Bristol, *May* 31*st*, 1883.

My dear Wife,—The beauty is so great I miss you every minute. It seems so strange to have a good I cannot share with you and no words can make you share what I see. Every tree is perfect, and the relation, which is everything, you know, is perfect too. The air is fresh with the scent of may trees and the sky is clear. The one impression is the beauty. . . Clifton is a place to be quiet in, for like a whispering gallery it echoes words said long since.

There is hardly a sight, there is not a scene, but speaks of the long ago and makes one feel the mystery of the mind of man. How we live as we do, frivolously and meanly, is perhaps the greatest mystery of all, seeing that we walk in such footsteps from infinity to infinity. Would to God we could worship, that we could make a Worship Hour, or even a worship minute during which we could live consciously with Him. After all, the worship which makes us unconscious of meanness and only vaguely conscious of a higher life, is but the sweeping of the house; the house must be inhabited by realised ideas if the devils are to be kept out. Men cannot long worship the Unknown God.

All this I feel here because here the world is so full of memories, is so much more than it seems to the boy who is whistling now by the railings. Why cannot you and I, married in thought and heart, find what is the meaning of the Haunting Presence?

Good-bye till to-morrow. The world is too full—of memory—of love—of hope. There is a trinity to worship.

I am, yours for ever, Saml. A. Barnett.

In his enjoyment work was not forgotten, and in May Canon Barnett arranged to give six lectures on "Christ and Workmen's Problems" in the Chapter-room of the Cathedral at 8 o'clock. The subjects were:

Christ in relation to Wages and Work.
Christ in relation to Short Hours and Leisure.
Christ in relation to the Educational Ladder.
Christ in relation to Women's Position.
Christ in relation to the Sick and the Old.
Christ in relation to the Unemployed.

My husband took great pains with these lectures, and the audience was just what he hoped for, large and earnest, including thoughtful men and trade-unionists. The questions put were many and sometimes searching, often needing, as inquiries on such occasions generally do, a whole string of definitions before the replies can be of any value. The comments on the lectures were very various, and, at this distance of time, amusing. *The Clifton Free Press* said—June 1894:

Poor Canon Barnett! He has been giving a series of lectures on Christ in relation to Labour, in the Chapter-house of the Cathedral, and has brought down upon himself the vials of wrath of those who should have been his friends. A staunch and steadfast Churchman and a member of the Bristol Chapter, he should at least have been treated with some slight respect by the respectable organ of the Church party. But no! he has been smitten on the cheek in the house of his friends. We are told he is "a parson out of his uniform" "firing off fallacies and pouring out platitudes which are not fit for the pulpit," with the view of promulgating the "doctrine of discontent." Varying the words of the Catechism, the Church organ says: "A man's duty towards his neighbour is, according to Canon Barnett as a lecturer, to be discontented with his lot in life, to covet and desire other men's goods, and to go on strike if his wages or the conditions of his employment do not suit him."

The Times and Mirror said—June 1894:

The Rev. Canon Barnett delivered the last of a series of lectures on social questions yesterday evening. We are glad that it was the last. A newspaper cannot afford to ignore altogether a man occupying the position held by Canon Barnett. Let such a man talk the veriest nonsense that was ever uttered, it is necessary that some space should be given to his remarks. If the lecturer had not been a clergyman, coming to Bristol with a name of some note, we should not have thought it worth while to pay special attention to any observations which he might have made.

Another newspaper reported:

At Diocesan Conferences and similar gatherings, many secular subjects having a bearing on the work of the Church, or on her usefulness, are rightly and properly discussed. Even foolishness like that of Canon Barnett is not altogether out of place; though this is an extreme case.

The local newspapers, however, did not all disapprove, and *The Western Daily Press* wrote—June 1894:

The important and suggestive series of lectures by Canon Barnett at the Chapter-house terminated last night. It is both a pleasure and a duty to give the fullest publicity to utterances so thoughtful and helpful as those of Canon Barnett. The discussion of social questions in the temper displayed by the lecturer cannot but be valuable in the formation of public opinion.

The lectures were considered by the London newspapers of sufficient importance to report. On them *The Westminster Gazette* wrote:

Canon Barnett is not allowing the grass to grow under his feet at Bristol. He is giving a series of lectures to workmen on the Labour question in the Cathedral Chapter-house, and on every occasion the building has been crowded to the utmost. On Wednesday night he lectured on "Short

Hours and Leisure," and among the audience were the Labour candidates for the Town Council, and some of the local Socialist leaders. Canon Barnett's effort in all these lectures, as in all his London work, is not to take sides with either class, but to bring to bear on the Labour question the searchlight of Christian ideas and principles.

The lectures are, of course, creating no little stir in Bristol, especially as the traditions of the Cathedral are by no means overwhelmingly popular. A predecessor of Canon Barnett's, on being asked to allow a party of workmen to go over the Cathedral, refused on the ground that their boots would be too dirty! So a course of lectures to workmen in the Chapter-house seems a novel thing to the good Bristolians. The Dean, however, has shown the best spirit possible towards the new movement, and has given the lectures both his favour and his presence.

The views of the Press on these lectures have been given because they are representative of the attitude which the Bristol people took toward their new Canon. Warm approval, shy inquiry, severe disagreement, active opposition, all had their places in the minds of his fellow-citizens, but no one went quite so far as a certain Mr. Robjent, who thought he was serving Christ by not only writing letters, but by paying for advertisement in a local paper to protest against my husband. The following are extracts from two of his letters:

July 4th, 1895.—Canon Barnett . . . solemnly reads the fourth commandment, and waits for the solemn response, and then promulgates opinions directly opposite. This is my charge. Hence the astounding inconsistency.

July 9th, 1895.—Fortunately Canon Barnett is the exception [to the general clergy]—*a lamentable exception.*

He went on so long that at last the editor of *The Bristol Times* wrote in August 1897 to R. D. R.:

No! no! you have said quite enough about curates in general and Canon Barnett in particular. Correspondence on that subject is ended, and as to any other, don't you think you had better take a rest until the next century opens?—*Ed.*

In another paper a wit suggested an epitaph for the worthy man:

Here Robjent lies—our much-abused R. D.;
His pen finds rest at last—and so do we.

It is only fair to add that before we left Clifton, Mr. Robjent was converted to thinking it would be desirable if we lived there "all the year round." Of these incidents

Canon Barnett never took any notice except to laugh. Indeed all through his life, nothing would make him interested in what newspapers said of him.

"I will read them if they slang me—that might be useful," he would say; "otherwise they don't interest me."

So many Clifton ladies were anxious to attend these lectures that it had to be announced that women would be excluded. This made quite a small fuss, so my husband wrote to the papers and said:

8, Royal York Crescent, Clifton, *May 14th*, 1894.

Sir,—I hope you will allow me to say that it is no discourtesy to the ladies of Bristol which has made me request them not to attend my lectures in the Chapter-house.

I am not among those who have cause to despise the female brain or minimise its influence, but my experience tells me that lectures on workmen's problems are best attended by those primarily and personally interested in them, and there is not room for more than 200 in the Chapter-room.

Later, if the ladies will be so kind as to confer with me on similar questions, my wife and I will be grateful to learn of them.

Yours truly, Sam'l A. Barnett.

The ladies, however, still pressed that their public work required the help of public discussion, and hinted that Canon Barnett did not worthily appraise women's work. On which he wrote:

October 24th, 1894.—Everyone in Bristol knows what a change two or three guardians might accomplish on a board. From my own experience I have seen how one woman upon a board raised the whole tone, and brought about a greater consideration for the poor, which before her presence on the board men had been too timid to show. . . Women have at their disposal a great power for good, but they must learn its strength and then submit their wills, because the cause of all true success is submission.

During the first two years my husband, in order to carry out his promise to Lord Herschell, made a careful study of the educational, industrial, and philanthropic conditions of Bristol. He visited every one of the elementary schools, and most of the charitable institutions; he attended (not on the platform) a large number of the meetings of philanthropic bodies; he took pains to listen to and inquire from those engaged in municipal government; and he made himself acquainted with the leaders of the Labour party and the executive of many of the trade-unions. The result of his investigation was the conviction that it was our duty to continue to give to East London the main portion of our strength, thought, and time. We arrived at the decision after much talk, and not until the effect on Toynbee Hall of the long absences had been tested. By our own decision we were much disappointed, for twenty-two years is a long time to spend among the most degraded of God's creatures, and Clifton was so beautiful and the people so nice. However, neither of us had any doubt of the rightness of the course chosen. The first step was to get the months of residence changed from the spring to July, August, and September, so as to be absent when Toynbee was emptiest and the work slackest.

For thirteen years my husband was Canon of Bristol, and many chapters would be needed to recount the pleasures we rejoiced in during that time, 1893–1906. First there was his brother's family, and the enhanced enjoyment of all things shared with the young; and next there were the old aunts who were entwined with his childish memories. There were the frequent walks with his brother, and their uninterrupted talks on the town government, or the conditions of the labour market, or public health, all so continuously interesting to them both. There were the dinner parties, quite different from the brilliant functions of London, but dignified, refreshing, and friendly. There were the delights of the College society, so like Oxford grown practical; and it was given to us to have our lives and thoughts enlarged by the friendship of Dr. and Mrs. Percival,[1] Dr. and Mrs. Wilson,[2] and Mr. and Mrs. Glazebrook,[3] as they successively occupied the responsible position of Heads of a great and growing College. The Masters also offered much friendliness—Mr. Tate showing to us, as to all he cared for, the springtide of generous thoughtfulness, and Mr. W. W. Asquith a public spirit large enough to work for small results, and steadfast enough to keep him still my fellow-worker in the State Children's Association.

There were the garden parties—charming occasions when the sky was blue, and the flowers gay, and the ladies pretty, and the men courteous, and the music passable, and the ices good, and the strawberries large, and the people kind, and *all* so different from Whitechapel. They were very pleasant, and would have been pleasanter if there had been time to foster delightful acquaintances until they turned into even more delightful friends.

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[1] Later Bishop of Hereford.
[2] Now Canon of Worcester.
[3] Now Canon of Ely.

There were the drives, those wonderful drives to Portishead and Clevedon, to Almondesbury and Coombe Dingle, for which we used to start the moment the afternoon service was over, returning to dinner at an ultra-fashionable hour. For Dorothy and Phyllis we built a little seat in the phaeton, and with Miss Paterson perched in the place of the groom, we forgot all the sins and sorrows of the world and rejoiced only in the beauty. And is there anything much more beautiful than Gloucestershire and Somerset?

There were the week-end guests—long week-ends, many of them, and of all classes of Society—sometimes important people who came to speak at meetings or noted ecclesiastics for Cathedral functions; sometimes East London workers who came to forget their labours; sometimes uplifting people like Miss Jane Addams, Sir Robert Hunter, or Bishop Stubbs of Truro; sometimes Toynbee Residents and appropriate maidens. We treated them all alike, providing very simple food, very simple pleasure, and advocating theories of long nights which the somnolent air of Clifton turned into practice. They were all taken to picnic in Leigh Woods. This amused the Bristolians very much. Canons were expected to be dignified, and absorbed in sermon studies on Saturdays; instead of which this particular Canon accompanied a bath-chair or bicycles laden with provisions, and headed a straggling company of "learned persons," happy children, and an old nurse. Our table was spread nearly always in the same place, just off the road on a rock hanging over the gorge, commanding views both down the river and up the Nightingale Valley. After the meal, the children would play and the rest of us beg the Canon to read. He always carried Matthew Arnold and *The Golden Treasury* in his untidy pockets, and, though he did not read dramatically, he succeeded in giving his hearers the poet plus himself.

There were the pleasures of seed-scattering in the hope of making flowers grow on the Avon Bank rocks, the verdure of which had been so ruthlessly destroyed by quarrying operations. First the seeds had to be collected; and then, in the back garden, the children and I mixed them with earth, stirring all sorts together in the bread-pan in Christmas pudding style. Then packets were made about the size of a tennis ball and tied up in newspaper, and in the evening, in the gloaming, we went out like four conspirators to throw them down over the rocks. How the Canon scorned my powers of throwing, and laughed at the children's delight when the earth-balls annoyingly rolled to the road at the bottom of the ravine, when they ought obligingly to have lodged in rock crevices. He would not throw himself, declaring that "throwing stones" was a punishable offence, and that it would be bad for the Church for a Canon to be charged before a Magistrate; besides, he said that no one would even believe his explanation or in the existence of such trivial, laborious, resultless public spirit, except in a story-book! But he carried the baskets, full heavy, returning many times to the house for more, leaving me to plan the next place for earth-ball assault, and no one rejoiced, amid the teasing, more than he when, behold! the bare rock produced antirrhinum, valerian, yellow alyssum, wild convolvulus, and, undoubted proof that they were the babes of our balls, Iceland poppies of the same strains as grew in our garden. As I write, I realise that the botanists will be very much shocked, but the flowers looked so pretty against the grey of the rocks with the mist of the great gorge as their background, and by now the sin of artificial sowing in wild places is probably wiped out, for the ground was very "stony" and the birds of the air very many.

The pleasure that Canon Barnett put first was cycling. We both began it in its earliest days, when cottage children cried out, "Come, see, here's a female on wheels"; and we kept it up until the motor robbed the roads of peace and covered everybody with dust. Miss Paterson, Mademoiselle Simers, Dorothy and Phyllis also took eagerly to the pleasure, and on those long summer evenings we all went far afield. Every tea-place within a twelve-miles radius was sampled, and not infrequently apologies offered and extra payment made for the abnormal teas the children consumed. The favourite place was perhaps the inn at the bottom of the wooded lane at the entrance of the Avon, where, the day carefully chosen in relation to the tide, we could sit and watch the ships come out of the river mouth. Then the Canon would tell stories of his grandfather's ships and make us follow the voyages to hot climates and among unknown peoples. He was extraordinarily attracted by the sea, and often said the position he most coveted was that of the captain of a great ship.

"There," he would say in triumphal tones, "everyone *would have* to obey me." An example of his ancestral dictatorial instinct temporarily conquering his permanent democratic principles.

When flower hunting was the order of the day, the bicycles were made to climb stiles, and ride under field hedges, or were left by the road-side—with experienced confidence in public honesty—while we boldly trespassed and explored woods. The pleasure of trespassing was a disputed point between us. I like it, and approve of it, and the Canon enjoyed the places reached thereby; but he met the arguments by asserting that all laws should be obeyed—including the one forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister—while their abolition was worked for. So sometimes we trespassed and sometimes we forbore, he often leading the incursions, and I often insisting on keeping to the hard high-road. So confusing is matrimony!

If these pages are read by Bristol people, they will perhaps feel indignant surprise that one of their Cathedral dignitaries spent so much time in taking pleasure. So I must tell of some of my husband's labours for the progress of the town he loved so well.

The sermons came first, both in his mind and in public importance. He thought of them a great deal in Whitechapel, feeling that the beauty of Clifton and the kindness of its people might influence him to "speak softly and prophesy smooth things." Whereas, if they were planned amid the social storm and economic stress of East London, they would be more helpful, for Bristol too possessed disgraceful areas.

For thirteen Sundays for thirteen years Canon Barnett occupied the Cathedral pulpit, and of the sermons the Press gave many notices. The key-note is struck in this extract from a letter to his brother:

> *March 27th*, 1899.—I am contemplating a course of six sermons on "Religion and Modern Life," and propose to provide the congregation with a printed sketch of the argument[1] each Sunday. People as yet regard sermons too much from their effect on feeling rather than on thought.

On the duty of reforming society Canon Barnett often preached; and strikes, trade-unionism, white slavery, prison-made goods, shoddy socialism, free trade, housing reform, wealth, Sunday observance, class divisions, war, and poverty were severely and fearlessly handled. Sometimes he got up the subject in detail, and then amazed, annoyed, delighted, respectively, certain sections of the congregation. He often felt it his duty to rebuke the religious and the wealthy, and thus he aroused anger.

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[1] Printed in full in *Vision and Service*: Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney.

"We come to Church to be comforted," was the complaint of one angry Christian, "whereas you seem to think it proper to make us uncomfortable."

When at the Church Congress in 1903 Canon Barnett preached on "What is Christianity?" he concluded with the following words:

> Life at present is largely absorbed by pride and greed. Pride is almost regarded as a virtue, and public greed as a national duty. The consequence is that one man's gain is regarded as another's loss, and human relations are described in war terms. There is the strife of labour and capital; there is the big fight between the sects for the schools; there is a tariff war; there is a struggle for supremacy; there are party conflicts. It is the noise from our own battles which drowns the cries of the sufferers in the Balkans.
>
> Christianity has a direct bearing on present life. It presents humility and love as the word of God. The High and Lofty One Who inhabiteth eternity dwells also in the humble heart of the man who believes the best of his fellow-men, English or foreign, and his ways are sweetly reasonable. He is so humble about his own rights that he is very strong for others' rights. His ideal is not supremacy, but service.
>
> But the man who refuses to accept the teaching that love is power encourages pride and greed. He is jealous of others' gains, and envious of others' wealth. He trusts in selfishness. He, in Bismarck's phrase, "gives only to get." His ideal is supremacy. He does not follow the things which make for peace. He cannot be called a Christian.
>
> Oh! why? knowing the triumph of love in Christ, oh! why will men go on trusting in selfishness? How can people dare to call Christ Lord, and refuse His way of trust as something "impracticable"? His policy of good for evil as one fit for slaves? His belief in peace upon earth as stuff for dreamers?[1]

At the Conference of the Institute of Journalists Canon Barnett preached on "Publicity in the Law of the Kingdom of Heaven." The following is *The Bristol Mercury*—August 31st, 1903—report:

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[1] *Church Family Newspaper*, October 16, 1903.

The President and a large number of members of the Conference heard Canon Barnett's sermon at the Cathedral yesterday morning. The fact that the preacher is the Founder and Warden of Toynbee Hall made him known by name to most of the visitors, and they were glad of the opportunity to see and hear a man of whom and whose work they had read—and written—so much. The Canon took for his text Zechariah iv. 6, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit."

The preacher's opening sentence was: "Publicity is the law of the Kingdom of Heaven." Slowly society advanced to that end. Things once hidden are made manifest, and what was secret is brought to light. There are no mysteries in religion, no esoteric teaching, no holding back from the people the results of the higher criticism. There are no discoveries reserved for the discoverers; what is heard in the closet is proclaimed from the housetop; and in the new diplomacy openness will be the approved method. The best is now made common; art, music, and pleasure are no longer the private possession of any class. "The public is king of kings, its opinion makes and unmakes Governments, lifts up and sets down reputations, makes the laws, and even directs the judges. The public has to know everything, and journalists provide the knowledge. The profession is as honourable as it is responsible."

And then he went on to describe the journalist as prophet, discoverer, watchman, and preacher. The profession had great attractions, which had drawn into it men like Lord Salisbury, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Courtney, and Lord Milner, and led some of the more eager spirits of the Universities to choose to be journalists. The profession had its glories and therefore its difficulties and its dangers. It was not, he modestly added, for him to intrude advice where he was ignorant; but it was for him to declare the Christian principle which he believed ought to underlie all work. Proceeding to place what more he had to say under two heads—first, the liberty of publishing, and second, the limit of that liberty—Canon Barnett put with great clearness before the journalists the application of the words of the text to their daily work. The journalist who aspired to put before the public things, not as they seemed, but as they were, had to do more than report what he first saw. He had to look into things, to use his sense of proportion; to distinguish between the passing and the permanent, between the eddy and the stream. He had to feel the atmosphere of thought before it took shape. The truth which the public needed to know was not just a heap of facts, but rather the true relation to those facts. Collection, as the child naturalist knew, was much simpler than arrangement. In his own East End experience he had seen facts reported about the poor so as to fail to guide public action aright. And a like failure in reporting incidents between workmen and employers, between English and foreigners, might induce rivalry, strife, and even war. Different minds would see things differently. It was not required of journalists that they make the same presentment of the same facts, but it was required that they take pains to find out all the facts and see their relations, and then with vigour of language and feeling present their views.

Liberty of publishing involved both clear sight and insight. And here came the help of Christianity: "not by power, nor by might, but by God's spirit" men saw the truth of things.

Taking up the second point, Canon Barnett said he supposed that taste was the only guide in limiting the liberty of publishing. It was not good nor expedient that everything should be told. There was an individuality to be respected and guarded in its growth. There were sorrows and joys which would be vulgarised by publication. The heart knew and must keep its own bitterness. Taste is the only guide, declared the preacher; and taste depends on sympathy with human nature. And here again came the help of Christianity. Men and women whose duty it was to report everything to King Public would be held back by the taste which limited liberty if they recognised in Christ the Christ of the rich and poor, the black and the white, the English and the foreigner. They would be held back, "not by power, nor by might, but by the spirit" which proceeded from God and Christianity: God, Who required truth, required also taste. With a word of warning that materialism can never satisfy a spiritual mankind and plea for time for meditation as well as doing, the sermon was concluded—no doubt the first ever preached to journalists in Bristol Cathedral during the eight centuries since its foundation.

On other occasions Canon Barnett demanded that Christians should " arouse their apathetic minds to care for the human suffering and human wrong " in out-of-sight places; that " the rich should take to lower living and the poor to higher thinking " ; that the leading politicians should " count their chief duty to formulate clear conceptions " ; that " the need of the moment was a presentiment of God in Christ formed out of contemporary experience " ; and that " the Church of God was incomplete without a chapel."

Interesting as they are to read, yet Canon Barnett's sermons were not popular, and did not attract large congregations. People said his preaching was difficult, censorious, shorn of Biblical texts, or too much about social problems. This was a deep disappointment to him, all the greater because as more organisations and bodies of men invited him to preach to them, he became increasingly convinced that he had a message which was wanted. We nearly always prepared the sermons together, and he usually adopted my suggestions, whether they were the recasting of the scheme, or the employment of homely examples and commonplace antitheses. Afterwards he would say:

" Your bits of the sermon were the only ones they really listened to "—an assertion I never allowed, for exaggerated humility is not the best basis for right judgment on personal matters; neither was it wholly true, for the faithful group who attended regularly, or who wrote to him about the discourses, came for his thoughts, and looked deeper than the methods of expression for the vivifying ideals which emanated from his personal faith.

CHAPTER XLIII

"*A cathedral attracts to itself that spiritual longing which, perhaps, more than the longing for power or for liberty, is the sign of the times.*"

With the Dean and Chapter my husband's relations began happily and continued to be so to the end. Canon Ainger was already a friend, and with Canon Tetley[1] there was a slight acquaintance, but the Dean and Archdeacon were strangers. In Archdeacon Tetley's reminiscences he says:

> Assuredly no one could know Canon Barnett without being aware that he was brought into touch with a very strong personality. It was that deep-set strength which is silent about itself. Only once do I remember anything being said on the subject. It was a time of very considerable difficulty and anxious discussion, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Let us now do something strong." He would take risks rather than remain inactive. Here was just an exception, for his strength was shown in the unwearied dealing with daily tasks and problems. So again his constant preference was to be right even with the smallest minority, rather than to take an easier course with the plaudits of the larger number. For indeed no one that I have known was more truly indifferent to popularity. It mattered little to him, for the man was strong precisely in proportion to his humility. It was thus altogether in keeping with his character that I never remember hearing him speak of his life's work in the East End of London except in answer to inquiry. He never told sensational stories, never fell into the strain of making your flesh creep. His manner was at no time that of one who was conscious of doing things that were exceptional, as though it were a mark of distinction to give all his best years to Whitechapel. Its pitiful sins and sorrows were the burden he endeavoured to bear; they never afforded material for anything that fell short of practical sympathy. It was just the work God had given him to do, and he did it with all his might.
>
> He was an enthusiast about light and air. At the restoration of the Cathedral he characteristically made an extra door opening into the Northern Transept his personal share in the work. He never would admit that we had sufficient air in the building, and he proposed humorously that the instruction in the North Porch "Please shut the door" should be removed in favour of a revised notice "Please leave the door open." He used to remonstrate with me on my inaptitude to realise the virtues of a draught.

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[1] Now Archdeacon of Bristol.

> The feature as a Canon of Bristol Cathedral which will remain permanently in the memory of his colleagues is his constant endeavour to bring the Mother Church and its services into the closer knowledge and the life of working men. There are few men who could equal his notable power of dealing with meetings, eliciting candid questions and comments, and yet never losing control. Our excellent Sub-Sacrist, Mr. Heyward, reminds me of an instance in point.
>
> "Do you believe in war?" demanded a heckler. Promptly the rejoinder came:
>
> "You may as well ask me if I 'believe' in a man having his leg off. I don't; but there are times when it becomes necessary."
>
> He was an unfailing optimist, but his optimism was of that rare type which gazes into the depths, and therefore never falters as to the future.

Chapters are but Committees, and, as in every Committee, differences arise; but the absence of business training in parsons leads often to delays, incongruous decisions, and consequent divergences which affect temper. The Bristol Chapter was not exceptional, and often my husband was gravely annoyed at the waste of his time. He and Canon Ainger always travelled from London to attend the meetings, and it was very vexing to take the long journey, to break their town engagements, and then, owing perhaps to want of preparation or action taken independently of the Chapter, to find that it was not possible to make any progress with the matter in hand.

In Bristol as in Whitechapel, Canon Barnett never allowed the irritations of work to affect his personal relations, and all the Chapter as well as the staff became our friends. Indeed, to the kindness of the Dean and Canon Tetley were owed many of the holiday hours we rejoiced in during my husband's residence; for, realising that those three months were our only vacations, they were generous in offering occasionally to take the week-day afternoon duty, and, as he said, "let him off to play." The Cathedral's spring-cleaning taking place in August also gave Canon Barnett more leisure. For, though he never ceased to protest against the reduction of the music and the diminished dignity of a shorn daily service, just at the time when Bristol was full of excursionists who might be drawn to worship, yet the practice enabled him to take some days quite free from responsibility. Sometimes he and I drove to Wells or Cheddar, Gloucester, Tintern or Glastonbury; and for several years Mr. Henry Ward[1] brought his motor, and then it was possible to go farther afield into Devonshire and Wales, Worcestershire and Cheshire. Those were the days when motorists were only just released from the restrictions of the law which compelled a "man with a red flag to precede a mechanically propelled vehicle"; the days when horses went wild with fright, and people in their interest in the new carriage forgot to get rapidly out of the way; the days when the creature often objected to go, and could only be induced to proceed after a long confabulation with a man who lay in the road on his back under its stomach; the days when to ride in a motor was a new experience and a great treat. To many, very many people, including the halt and the handicapped, did Mr. Henry Ward give that treat; but my ambition to get Sir Edward Fry into the motor and make him unwittingly break the law was never attained. Canon Barnett did not approve of exceeding the speed-limit either; but who could help it, when he was not there, and Beggar's Bush Lane was absolutely clear? In those days, be it remembered, twelve miles an hour was the maximum, and a 28-h.p. Mercédès does not like twelve miles. She does not feel healthy under twenty, and only really enjoys herself at thirty. But during all the years we motored we never hurt a thing—though fowls are strangely bent on suicide. We drove slowly through villages, stopped and helped with refractory horses, and paid for the annoyance of making dust by picking up parcel-laden women on the road or giving shouting children short scampers. How amazed people were at the offers to drive them, and we usually left them amazed, for motors go too quickly for ethical explanations. But it was all great fun.

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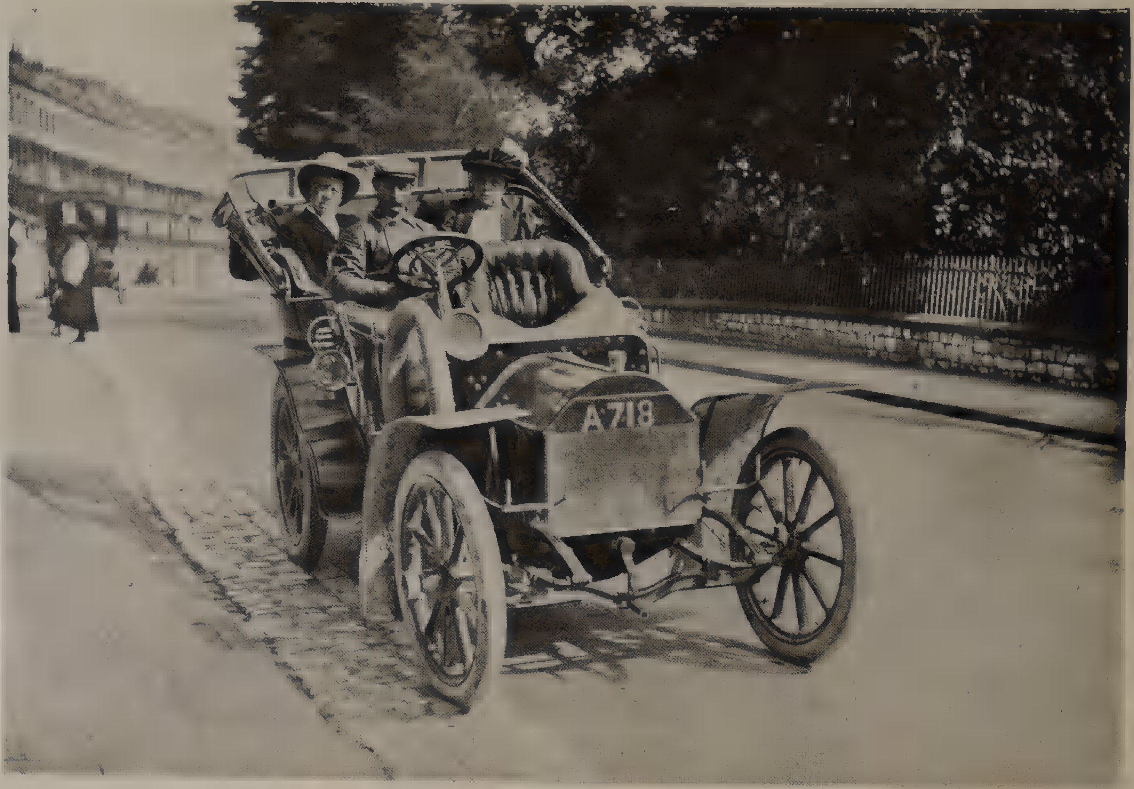
[1] Alderman of the L.C.C., and the senior Resident of Toynbee, 1886 to 1915.

How persistently I slip into telling of the joys of the Bristol life; and yet the Canon's duties occupied both more time and more thought. They were very varied, ranging from giving prizes for athletic sports at the Zoo, to acting as adviser in labour disputes. The employers were always most courteous to Canon Barnett, explaining fully the intricacies of their businesses and receiving his suggestions with consideration. The employees also kept nothing back, knowing that with their demands for more wages, shorter hours of labour, and greater opportunities for cultivation, my husband had whole-hearted sympathy. For their suspicions he had but scant patience; and the realisation of the intensity and ingenuity of these drove him with renewed conviction to his belief that in the union of the various classes of society lay economic hope.



Canon and Mrs. Barnett in Mr. Henry Ward's car.

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"If they were acquainted, they could not credit each other with such motives," he would say; or to quote his written words, "To know and be known is the foundation of social and political peace." Canon Barnett did not often take public action in labour disputes, contenting himself with serving as intermediary to explain respective positions. At all times he acted the part of the candid friend, often using the opportunities which were given to him of presiding at anniversaries, fêtes, or functions to tell his hosts his views of their shortcomings. This does not sound courteous, but it never gave offence. He had so genial a manner, added to an unquestioning faith that the people he was speaking to sought what was best, and would therefore be glad to hear the hindrances in their way.

In 1894, at the eleventh anniversary of the founding of the Bedminster Co-operative Society, he said:

> Co-operation and trade-unionism are the two forces which will make the twentieth century. The twentieth century will be the working men's century, and they must take their place in it. The triumphs of the past are many, but it is better to direct thoughts to the future.
>
> What will co-operators be in the twentieth century? They may be the merchant princes of that time, gathering up all that was great in the merchant princes of the past and dropping all that was mean and bad. The merchant princes of the Middle Ages were great men. They sent travellers into strange lands, who brought back treasures of distant parts, and their work enlarged the minds and the lives of the people amongst whom they lived. They made their money grandly and they spent it grandly. They built palaces and warehouses, and encouraged painters and poets. But they had their seamy side. They were tyrannical in their customs and cared little about their work-people. Then there are the merchant princes of modern days—men of integrity, of strong character, and honest. They make their money by attendance to their business; they do not build palaces, but they erect schools and endow almshouses. But they also have their dark side.
>
> The co-operators, as the merchant princes of the twentieth century, must have the grandeur of the old merchant princes and the honesty and strictness of the trade princes of the nineteenth century. They must not be content to be good traders only, but endeavour to educate by their trade, to employ the best artists and raise the people of the century. They must, like the old merchant princes, be continually bringing within the reach of their customers the best of everything, feeding their minds as well as their bodies. They must be spirited men, having a

voice in the government, leaving their mark on the city by public halls or homes for their "workpeople." There are many steps before co-operators can enter upon this heritage, one of which can be taken with their own store. Let it be renowned for its straight dealings, have everything in the business as good as it can be, and no sheltering behind trade lies.

Then co-operators might make their voices heard in the government of the city. Do they really think the only education necessary is reading and writing? Is there not a need not only to teach boys and girls how to earn money but also how to spend it? how to enjoy books, the country, and picture-galleries? Cannot co-operators push towards higher education? May they not do something to beautify their city, to make the streets grand? Let them keep their eyes on the future while making the store a model of good business and a centre of public spirit.

Of the tone of mind prevailing among co-operators Canon Barnett had written on more than one occasion to his brother:

> 1885.—On Thursday the co-operators came to dinner. They are a heavy and serious lot of men and women. They take pleasure as business and the main chance ends in their stomachs. I don't know if co-operation is best able to raise them: if it is, it will be only just in so far as it absorbs a bit of Christianity.

Was it honest to speak to them as if they possessed the virtues he believed them devoid of? He argued that imputed righteousness was not only a great but a vivifying doctrine, and that in painting what they might be and do, he by implication pointed out what they really were and did. He always discouraged frontal attacks, believing that to arouse opposition was the strongest hindrance to reformation. He also held that the human conscience was very sensitive and ever ready to respond to higher calls, unless barricaded by the defences raised by attack.

However, in relation to the reform of charity and education Canon Barnett used hard hitting. The year after we went to Bristol, he attacked the methods of expending the £200,000 which yearly went in relief. At a meeting at Goldney House, when Mr. Lewis Fry was in the chair, according to *The Bristol Times and Mirror* he said:

> 1894.—There are three unions in East London with which I have been closely connected, Whitechapel, Stepney, and St. George's East. These three have about the same population as Bristol. . . In Bristol the Poor Law expenditure is £35,000 a year as against £40,000 a year for East London; the endowed

charities are £50,000 a year, alms about £91,000, making a total of £200,000 spent in a 200,000 population compared with £60,000 spent in East London. . . The money seems of no great use in Bristol, for there the squalid streets in proportion to the number of poor are more than in East London, and dirt and smoke are still masters over many neighbourhoods. Unfit houses are still occupied; space and water are not within the reach of every child; and medical care is as inadequate in Bristol as in East London, and begging is very common in Bristol. . . The result of that expenditure of £200,000 a year in charity in Bristol is demoralising; people leave their work, they cringe, lie, and degrade themselves, in order to get these gifts. . . Large expenditure involves low wages, and because of the gifts men and women take a starvation wage, and therefore a large part of charitable funds goes back to the employers as their profits. . . One might wish that there were no charities in Bristol at all, that the poor were left to look after themselves; but that is a policy of despair—it is not a human thought. The policy of leaving alone is not so bad for those who are left alone as for those who leave alone. . . The important factor is a definite care for the poor. . . I feel awed to read of endowed charities giving in doles £2,500, the Colston £3,000, and parochial charities £2,140. If the trustees of these charities cared for the people, they would not allow themselves to be bound by trust-deeds and go on demoralising the recipients. Care, in a Christian sense, is a first necessity—care not only for the poor as far as their bodies are concerned, but care as brothers. Care depends upon knowledge, and knowledge of the people is not to be obtained second-hand.

This strong indictment produced not only newspaper correspondence, but a good deal of angry feeling, for Bristol was very proud of its charities, and counted their multitude as an evidence of virtue instead of an indication of disgraceful conditions.

Two letters from Canon Barnett to Mrs. Dawson of *The Clarion* clearly put the principle which guided him in relation to gifts:

TOYNBEE HALL, WHITECHAPEL.

DEAR MADAM,—I am always glad when the quiet waters of ignorance are troubled, and I know how many whole-hearted people engage in your cause; but my own Socialism has always been limited by the desire to provide for everyone equality of opportunity and to give to everyone only those things he does not want.

Yours truly, SAML. A. BARNETT.

Feeling [writes Mrs. Dawson] that the last paragraph lent itself to more than one interpretation, I asked Canon Barnett to give me his meaning, and he replied as follows:

Warden's Lodge, Toynbee Hall, *May* 11*th*, 1902.

Dear Madam,—You write most kindly. My words were hardly intended for publication, and are, of course, open to all sort of misunderstandings.

I suppose we all try to get formulas by which to explain our position. I am a Socialist in so far as I desire for everyone equality of opportunity, an equal chance of a healthy life, and of enjoying the best gifts to this age.

I put it in another way by saying I would give to everyone only that which he does not want. By this I mean that I would give to people those advantages approved by the best minds of the day, which they themselves have not learnt to appreciate. I would give, for instance, the use of abundant water, books, pictures, open space, etc., etc., but I would not give food and money, which they have the will to get for themselves. I make an exception indeed as to old-age pensions, because a lax administration of the Poor-law has made the provision impossible out of wages.

I repeat, therefore, I would give people what they do not want; but I would always raise the standard of human wants, and never lower the means, the individual energy by which wants are satisfied.

I am, yours truly, Saml. A. Barnett.

At the time of the Board School election in 1895, Canon Barnett boldly attacked the conditions of elementary education in Bristol, and contrasted them with those prevailing at Birmingham, to the great advantage of the latter city. His statements concerning laxity of attendance, insufficient accommodation, over-worked pupil-teachers, unwieldy classes, absence of higher training, and the uselessness of the truant school, were made both with knowledge and moderation. They aroused much indignation among the few persons who were then engaged in managing education, but the bulk of the voters took no notice. Indeed, the indifference of the people to what affected their children so vitally was always to my husband a source of pained surprise. It was but another argument in support of his contention that people had to be given what was best, before they were able to value and so to demand it.

It is not possible to report the occasions when Canon Barnett lectured, gave addresses, or made speeches from the chair; but of all his duties, what he rejoiced in most were the daily Cathedral services. This was a great surprise to me, for daily service had not been the practice at St. Jude's. He often spoke of the helpfulness of the prayers, the appropriateness of the psalms, or the interest of the lessons, and more than once he urged the most unlikely people to go and there find " rest and unexpected refreshment."

The walks to and from the Cathedral were also an inexhaustible delight. In the early years when his residences were in the spring, 9.15 a.m. saw him starting hand-in-hand with little Dorothy to dawdle across Brandon Hill and rejoice in its may-tree beauty. In the afternoon, if the tide was up, the Zigzag and by the river was the chosen route ; or he would go down Constitution Hill and past Jacob's Wells, or any other devious way, to avoid the fashionable Park Street. On these walks he picked up many small adventures, from remonstrance against the cruelty of the drivers as they turned the hot Irish emigrant pigs out of the cool Cathedral porch, to theological discussions with people who waylaid him to ask his views. "You were saying, sir, last Sunday," some innocent-looking individual would begin with, and then—the deluge !

It would not have been in accordance with human experience if every " residence " had held only happiness. In 1900 we had a sad time: first, we nearly lost our Dorothy with diphtheria, and then the strain of such terrible nursing resulted in the breakdown of my health. Another year Canon Barnett injured some of his ribs, and had a spell of inertia and an opportunity of realising the kindnesses of the Bristol people. And yet another period of pain and cloud was passed in that delightful holiday house, when, owing to a serious accident, the life of one infinitely dear to us was poised in uncertainty. The diagnosis of that case was obscure and I could not sleep from puzzling over it. At last, like a lightning flash from the blue, an intuition came. I knew that the doctor, gravely anxious, was to see the patient at six in the morning. So I woke my husband, told him of my explanation of the symptoms, and proposed he should go to the doctor and suggest it to him. He at once got up, crept out of the house, in the chill cold of a foggy night, and astonished the doctor by a 5.30 a.m. visit.

"She is right," said the doctor, "and I will act on it; but what made her think of it ? Is she a trained nurse ? "

"No," said the Canon ; " but experience has taught me not to ignore these intuitions."

The treatment was changed, the patient lived, and we never told a soul. Indeed, I only relate the incident now because I never heard of any other man who would get up and go out at that hour in that weather because his wife had had an idea. Most men would have counselled further sleep, with remarks on the value of unprofessional opinion. Canon Barnett had great faith in the revelation to babes and sucklings, in the Christs coming out of despised Nazareths, in the seers from small nations. This accounted for his passionate defence of individualities in persons or places. It was one of his paradoxes that socialism was the best protection of individuality.

Canon Barnett's care for the Cathedral did not begin and end in its services. He was immensely interested in the building, and spent many a pleasant half-hour with Mr. Heyward, the delightful custodian of all knowledge thereon. In the restoration he took keen if critical interest; and though not supporting the repetition of the conventional standards of ecclesiastical taste, he yet gave generously of his time and business capacity to the work the Chapter had undertaken. As he was in residence at the time of the re-opening Dedication ceremony, he had to take a more prominent place than he enjoyed, and I remember his disappointment that the vast congregation was influenced by the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermon towards self-congratulation, rather than towards further effort. Regret was sometimes expressed that the Cathedral was not in a tranquil Close as at Wells or Norwich. My husband did not share that view, holding that the position of Bristol Cathedral, surrounded by trams and docks, in the midst of the din of the city, was a suitable symbol of what should be its place in the life of the town.

To its citizens he was never weary of showing the Cathedral, and, on all occasions when congresses or conferences were visiting Bristol, he offered to conduct groups of the delegates over it. That pleasure was often his; for in co-operation with the Trades Council we entertained representatives of one of their organisations on most Saturdays. Of one of these occasions *The Bristol Mercury* reported:

> At the west end of the nave Canon Barnett gave an historical summary of the Cathedral to about thirty persons, who were taken to the Chapter-room. Its beautiful Norman work was dwelt upon, the visitors' attention drawn to the cloister; and the ruins of the Bishop's Palace, the Berkeley and the Elder Lady Chapels were shown. The result was that many left the Cathedral with a wider knowledge of the thoughts and aspirations actuating the citizens of the twelfth and subsequent centuries than they had before, and feel an additional interest in the Cathedral of their city.

The parties always met at 1.45 and, after seeing the Cathedral, some of the guests stayed to the service, while others inspected the outside of the building; but all met my husband at four o'clock to walk up with him to our house. There I gave them tea, and took the burden of entertaining off him. The parties were strictly limited to twenty-five men, who sat informally about the drawing-room. After tea, if Canon Barnett was tired, portfolios and artistic treasures were looked at; but if he was bright, he sat on the fender-stool or floor and guided a general talk. He usually carried on the thought of the afternoon by asking how the men as citizens would propose to make the Cathedral more useful. In every case the same reply was courteously given.

"Well, sir, the first thing I should do would be to abolish the Canons."

It showed the existence both of a gallant confidence in him, and a robust self-respecting independence, sturdy enough to enable a guest to tell his host that public spirit demanded of him "hara-kiri." The men were representatives of all sorts of trades, from the highly skilled stonemason to the dock labourers, or the Prudential Society's agents, but they all held that one opinion in common.

"What would you do with the Canons' salaries?" asked my husband, expecting proposals for civic benefits or reduction of rates. To that question the replies rarely differed from:

"Give it to increase the curates' screws."

"You see, sir," said one man, "I have been figuring it out, and you get close on £7 a day for your job, and a soft one at that."

Then the talk would lead on to the advantages belonging to a National Church, of pooling of endowments, and the amalgamation of parishes; but the size of the wage still remained the stumbling-block.

Severe, though, as our artisan guests were on the Canons' incomes, it did not cause them to avoid us personally, and a very pleasant relationship sprang up. On one occasion we were cycling by the Avon, when "halloas" and "hurrahs" from the dredger, groaningly at work in the centre of the river, attracted our attention to the guests of a few Saturdays back, who were giving us a friendly greeting. Another group brought the gift of a doormat which they had made, while individuals often left flowers and the "fruits of the earth in due season" grown in allotment gardens.

With the Trades Council we had annual outings, and very interesting both to our guests and ourselves were the visits to the Cathedrals at Wells and Gloucester, to Mr. Cadbury's garden village at Bournville, to Toynbee Hall, and, after we had moved to Westminster, to its Abbey. Of these long days what is left? Some faded photographs, some grateful letters, some newspaper cuttings. Yes, and memories of strong, earnest men, eager inquiries for the spiritual forces behind dogmas, pathetic confessions of inability to find sustenance, and my husband's reiterated cry, "Democratise the Church. It is such as these who should rule her and be fed by her." Again perhaps he anticipated the times.

Of my work at Bristol something must be said. Of course I opened sales of work, made speeches at women's meetings, presented prizes, and did what are called social duties. I also recall pleasant intercourse with Miss Pease, Miss Llewellyn Smith, and Miss Townsend in connection with the organisation of a Pupil-teacher Association; but the chief public work I did there was for the preservation of the beauty of the river-gorge.

The mutilation by quarrying of the Avon banks had always been a source of indignant sorrow to both of us, but it was not until October 1903 that any active steps were taken to arouse public opinion against the continuation of the devastation. Then, with the warm support of Sir Robert Hunter—with whom I was at work in Whitechapel over the purchase of the eighty acres for the extension of Hampstead Heath—a movement was begun at Bristol in the hope of saving what was left of that incomparable rock and river scenery. Mr. Lewis Fry became chairman of a newly created committee, which notable citizens were induced to join, and a stirring campaign was initiated. The Press were sympathetic, accepted my letters, encouraged correspondence on them, and wrote helpful leaders. Mr. Henry Ward, M.I.C.E., and Mr. J. McMurtie, M.I.M.E., examined the quarries and issued technical reports; well-wishers arose from unexpected quarters; the National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Beauty and Historic Interest sustained the Committee with its experience; and both the Cathedral and the College leaders co-operated. Beautiful and interesting pictures and plans were prepared, and, with descriptive leaflets, were issued in thousands. The quarry owner, Sir Henry Miles, was interviewed and remonstrated with; the Town Council, who used for its road

The River Avon from the Clifton Downs.

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mending its chief beauty asset, was instructed and rebuked. But Bristol is hard to move, and the curious self-satisfaction which seems to be engendered by its climate makes the large mass of its population content with whatever is. At last after various societies had sent resolutions to the Town, Council and a deputation which the local Press described as both " able and influential " had been received, a Municipal Sub-committee was created " to consider what steps, if any, could be taken to preserve the physical beauty of the Avon Gorge which the present method of quarrying is gradually destroying " ; and then, just when the campaign was in full swing and it really seemed as if something effective might be done, I had to leave England, for my husband desired to winter in Italy, and the following year our residential connection with Bristol ceased.

Has nothing been done ? Has the town not purchased the quarries, stopped their working, silenced the loud explosions and roar of falling stones, which daily report that one of the most beautiful river-views in the world is being destroyed ? Have no efforts been made to carry out a suggestion which I set forth in a letter, December 2nd, 1903, to *The Western Daily Press*, showing a method by which the stone could be obtained and the beauty preserved ?

> The plan has been pronounced practicable by three civil engineers who have been consulted. It is that the banks and, say, 150 or 200 feet of the land at the top of the banks should be purchased, and the quarries on the face of the banks should be closed, but that in some portion of those that are being worked a cleft or tunnel should be cut, running backward at right angles to the banks, for the 150 or 200 feet that has been purchased, and beyond that fresh quarries could be opened. This would involve: (*a*) a much smaller cost for purchase, as the landowner would not have to stop working his quarries, and we shall, I expect, all agree that no landlord should be called upon to sacrifice his income because his quarries are placed in a beautiful spot, which other people rightly wish to keep undevastated; (*b*) this plan would not involve the annual loss of a large sum of money in obtaining the stone needed by the Corporation for the roads elsewhere, because even more stone could then be obtained from the quarries than now, and the price would only be a little higher, because the water transit could be retained, the stone reaching the river by means of the 150 or 200 feet tunnels or clefts; (*c*) this plan would not involve the expenditure of a large sum of money in compensating the leaseholders of the bank quarries, because only the position of their operations would be changed, and the output would probably be larger, as the quarries could extend inward indefinitely in accordance with the wishes of their owner.

Have no steps been taken towards realising my still larger hope that the Municipality would buy the whole of the

Somerset side of the river-bank, and having draped its poor scarred face with nature's veil, would close the quarries and use them for open-air museums and playgrounds such as Denmark has taught to be possible? Cannot one picture the municipal trams laid all along that lovely river-bank, and Bristol's industrial toilers taking evening rides and for a few pennies reaching the tea-gardens and enjoying the zigzag walks cut on the steep cliff sides? Has nothing been done to give to the majority of the ratepayers their share of their city's natural beauties?

Yes! something has been done; but not by the stagnant Town Council, not by the supine Cliftonians, but by one resident, Mr. George A. Wills, who has bought Nightingale Valley and some of the overhanging woods to preserve them for the people's use.[1] In his gracious letter to me he refers to "the keen interest you have ever taken in the preservation of the woods," and adds that he is amply rewarded if his action has given pleasure to his fellow-citizens. But should they rest satisfied with his gift? Is there no one who will awake before it is too late, and rescue Clifton's gorge from devastation and God's gift of unparalleled beauty from being trodden under foot?

In 1906 the happy relationship with Bristol was broken by Canon Barnett's appointment to a stall in Westminster Abbey, and amid regret, genuinely felt and touchingly expressed, my husband ended the official connection with his birthplace. *The Bristol Mercury* said:

> *June 9th*, 1906.—Canon Barnett will not be allowed to leave Bristol without receiving some acknowledgment of the active interest he has shown in promoting the welfare of the working-class element in Bristol, and already a committee is being formed, with Mr. Frank Sheppard[2] as chairman, for the purpose of arranging for the presentation of an address to the reverend gentleman, recording appreciation of his services.

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[1] *To F. G. B.*—WESTMINSTER, *January 26th*, 1909.—When Mary's letter came about Leigh Woods, my wife fetched the Glazebrooks, who are staying with us, and broke the news to the group; then we all danced together round the table and the women embraced. Bread thrown upon the waters *does* return if one has patience, and we both feel that all the labour she spent has not been in vain.

[2] Mr. Frank Sheppard is now Lord Mayor of Bristol.

CHAPTER XLIV

"The chief need of the social reformer is a poet—rather than for more practical people or more laws; someone who will make a vision, or give a conception of the city or society which will unite the actions of good people."

ALREADY efforts have been made to tell of my husband's deep and continued care for methods of relieving those suffering from poverty. In chapter iii Dean Fremantle describes how Miss Octavia Hill and Mr. Barnett reformed the system of doles then prevalent in St. Mary's Parish, Marylebone. In chapters viii and xvii I have tried to show how in the area of St. Jude's as Vicar of the parish, and in the Whitechapel Union as Guardian, he tackled the same problems. In this chapter his attitude towards these questions, and his actions concerning them, will be dealt with without relation to locality.

Living in the midst of the very poorest and saddest people, and dealing daily with their needs, gave a reality and a humanity to his proposals which are often absent from some of those "good people who sit still in easy chairs, and damn the general world for standing up." From his "principles" Mr. Barnett never parted, costly as it was, and indeed it is impossible to convey the long-drawn-out pain of obeying them. Often has a well-cooked dinner become nauseating because one knew the Jones's children and their mother were famishing; but Mr. Jones was a drunkard, and the "principles" forbade the stealing of his duties as a father, lest an incentive to his reform should be removed. Often has sleep been banished because in those grey hours, when things are grim and vivid, torturing doubt grew rampant as to the rightness of the "principles," which gave to one human being the best of beds in a picture-lined room, and the duty of denying to another the rent for a ramshackle single tenement home, for which such an earnest plea had been made. But "the principles"!

On a freezing night, with the north wind tearing down

Commercial Street, human brothers, and worse still, human sisters slept on the clean hearth-stoned Vicarage steps, and one dared not give them the fourpence for the doss-house bunk, or even the twopence for the rope lean-to.[1] If we had only been poor it might have been easier, but to possess the money and to have to withhold it! The "principles" made life very difficult. But Mr. Barnett never wavered. He saw, without a shade of reservation from pity, that a man's soul was more important than a man's suffering, and held that it was spiritual murder so to act as to nullify for him the results of his own actions. In his early manhood he agreed with Mr. Brooke Lambert, who, after years of life and work in East London, said that he had "never seen the righteous begging his bread." Believing then that all misery was the result of wrong-doing, he thought that to relieve it without reforming the character which had caused it, was but to interrupt God's methods of teaching mankind.

> 1884.—Relief, if it is to be helpful, must strengthen and not weaken character; it must have for its object the good and not the comfort of individuals, it must follow and not prevent friendship. . . Gifts from strangers often defraud a man of the power to do his duty. Dives has his good things, but Lazarus has his good things also. It is easier to take from the poor man his energy of character, his simplicity of love, than it is to give him the width of view and the pleasure of living which belongs to wealth. . .
>
> Our main duty is to hold fast to the principles which we have in calmer moments determined to be the best. Popular indignation at the sufferings of many, and money impulsively offered, ought not to tempt us to practices of giving which we have decided to be cruel. Disgust that our principles have been made by some a justification for doing nothing, and that luxury has increased while the poor have been left unhelped, ought not to make us forget that money is inadequate to the greatest needs of the poor.

It was not only those who had failed whom Mr. Barnett feared to injure by gifts. There were always those on the moral borderland whose noble striving for self-dependence could be weakened or killed by careless doles and the degradation of obtaining them.

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[1] In those days a rope was stretched across a room and men paid twopence a night to lean across it.

1897.—There are charitable people who give, and by their gifts increase greed; who ally themselves with the lower and not with the higher nature of the recipients. . . Often kind-hearted people, not having reverence, fail to see the soul in every one, the smoking flax of self-respect, or the broken reed of hope. In their very kindness they destroy the soul, and so fail to raise the body.

1884.—That evils exist is not to be denied, and no exaggerated account quite reveals the condition in which the poor live. Dock labourers, who by the law of average cannot hope to get four days a week at 3*s*. a day, tailoresses who cannot get more than 3*d*. for a boy's suit if it is to be sold for 4*s*. 10*d*.; these, and many like them, endure evils not to be described in words.

More money, much more, must be spent on relief, but it must be spent according to proved principles. In the relief of the poor it is "the passionate patience of genius" which will effect good. The rich must give with eager generosity, but they must wait for results. They must be ready to do good and be content not to see good.

The first sign of abnormal poverty during our residence in Whitechapel occurred in the winter of 1880–81.

The severe winter tested our system of relief. For the first time, during the last eight years, we had to deal with applicants in need of immediate help. The question was, should we give the help, or should we think first of the self-respect it has been our aim to cherish. We determined to stand firm. We offered to all men who had homes adequate support up to 12*s*. or 15*s*. a week for their families on condition that they themselves went into the workhouse.

This plan seemed to have many advantages. It secured that relief should be sufficient to enable the man to start work again free of debt and trouble. It further tested the need, so that none not in want were tempted to take the money more needed elsewhere. It brought home to the man rather than to the woman the hard results of inadequate wages, of laziness, or waste.[1]

1881.—The offer was rejected by some who had applied not from want, but because they heard "something was being given out," and by others who were tempted to trust in the uncertain help of tickets only too readily offered.

One afternoon the offer of a half-day's cleaning work which had been placed in my hands enabled me to deal with every woman applicant. One after the other all refused it. They had come for charity not for work. By some, however, the offer which we made for relief conditional on the man entering the House was accepted with gratitude. The homes were kept together, and we did not stop the relief until the man had been out of the House one week. In cases where the man had belonged to a club, and taken the precautions against poverty, which are possible to every man, we did not apply this condition. Ample funds were placed in my hands, and I felt justified in giving to those who came under my notice at the Charity Organisation Society, even when they did not live in my parish.

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[1] Over ten years after the date of this passage he wrote to me:

September 24*th*, 1893.—The East End was despair-creating this morning as I walked to Bethnal Green. I wished you had been with me to help me think. The sight drove me to Socialistic remedies. How can the people rise, crushed in such tombs of streets foul with death?

The alarm of the rich at the indication that the poor were becoming restive from suffering was shown in the outpouring of their money, and their demands that relief should be given instantly and discontent assuaged. The outcry was supported by the Press, and for a time it looked as if even the most stalwart of the C.O.S. workers would waver. The following letters continue the tale:

To H. O. B., January 24th, 1881.—On my return I found Yates and Crowder excited about relief, both had had ten hours of applications yesterday. Yates was comically disturbed and put out that this should have happened. I did my best to strengthen weak knees. Atkinson, Statham, Bolton and Bonar came to tea, and so I had six of them. It was a gloomy meal without you and with the sense of cringing applicants and an indignant public.

To F. G. B., January 29th, 1881.—Poor relief has been the keynote of the week's work. . . On Monday we appeared in force at the C.O.S. office, money had flowed in, £3,300 in one week, so we had no fear of want. The office was crowded. . . To man after man we said, "We will keep your families—give them if need be 12*s*. or 15*s*.[1] a week, but you must go into the House." Some swore, some went off angry because work was a necessity of relief, a few went in. After three days the pressure ceased; it has left us convinced that our plan is good, and anxious to be apostles of it to others.

The test was crucial, for out-relief had been abolished in three out of the five East London Unions, and the worst months of winter were yet to come. As soon as the first rush of applicants had been dealt with, Mr. Barnett formulated schemes that would not only test the genuineness of the need, but also develop independence. Thus in 1885 he set on foot a plan of street-sweeping, and arranged with the lady rent-collectors that some work-test should always be available in the shape of a repairing job for one of the houses. From experience thereby gained, he was increasingly impressed with the depth of the canker of indolence and dependence.

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[1] Then considered an extravagant rate of relief.

The next few years saw more sops offered by the public to the suffering poor, such as charity breakfasts, soup kitchens, night shelters; but in them my husband would take no part, urging with ceaseless persistency that what was wanted was, not palliatives for personal suffering, but remedies for society's disease. At the same time he could not but realise that there was much suffering among the children. Still he discountenanced plans for feeding them wholesale, believing that patient investigation into each family's case would disclose such methods of helpfulness as would enable the responsibilities to be borne by the parents. For the few children whose circumstances compelled them to be fed away from home, Mr. Barnett counselled that they should be invited as guests to the tables of those able to welcome them. As an example, six of the most destitute children dined daily in Toynbee Hall, one of the Residents acting as host. Those small, pinched little people seated amid plenty in the beautiful dining-room, eager with palpable hunger, were very pathetic, and an excellent influence on the Residents, but in a neighbourhood like East London it was an example that could not be followed to an appreciable extent.

In 1883 my husband gave warnings that a bad time was before us, and urged that thought be given in preparation for the coming trouble.

1883.—The question of poor relief is rushing for solution. The rich can hardly be thought to have been wise in their action of the last few years. They have ceased to give as they used to give, and it becomes impossible without their gifts to make gradual the passage from the old to the new condition of things. Before this question is solved, a demand may arise for means to prevent the loss of life which, in East London, is yearly greater than on any battle-field, and the answer to that demand may unsettle much that is thought to be fixed. I would not, though, urge you to give to the poor, because I see signs of social threatenings; I urge you rather to remember the poor, because they are the children of your Father Who is in Heaven.

He also tried to train the workmen to see behind the appearances of destitution by starting a Committee of them. Helped by a rich friend, he was able to place £50 in its hands to spend on relief unfettered by rules. The result of two years' experience was the creation of a group of the sternest supporters of the "principles." Without an agent or any go-between, they had not only looked into, but watched every applicant, and realised that to interfere with the results of a man's bad actions only weakened him to his downfall.

1885.—In the bad times which must come, such a body of men—fifty—may help to form a bulwark against the tide of folly and passion we shall have to meet. It will be a source of weakness when these bad times come, that working men, having been excluded from Boards of Guardians, have not been educated in methods of relief, and are inclined to think that it is hardness and not kindness which refuses the dole.

His warnings, however, were not listened to, and in the winter of 1885–86 a Mansion House Relief Fund was suddenly started. The result was disastrous. Ne'er-do-weels from all parts of the country flocked into London; the idle left their work to obtain "something for nothing," the industrious and self-controlled felt injured because their virtue had been profitless and the lawless had obtained money. Toynbee Hall became a centre of relief for Whitechapel, and all day long miserable people stood in long queues waiting to record their woes. I remember Mr. Barnett's sufferings that winter, not only at the sight of so many of the degraded among the human family, but at the baneful influence of money carelessly scattered by strangers among people who had been long loved by friends, and urged by them to be self-dependent and self-respecting. The memory of those crowds never faded, and lay behind all the plans for their uplifting, subsequently so laboriously conceived. Not only were they ragged, dirty, gaunt, thin, pale, and often diseased, but their faces were lined with antagonism, disfigured with greed, haggard with hopelessness. The Toynbee men, led by Mr. Ingham Brooke,[1] literally slaved on their behalf, but all Mr. Brooke's cheery optimism, unfailing courtesy, and generous sympathy evoked in most of the applicants little human response, and they left the Lecture Hall—temporarily turned into an office—indignant at getting no dole, resentful of the suggestions made, and suspicious that they were "being got at." How often that winter without Mr. Barnett I should have jettisoned the "principles" and brought a temporary happiness into those sad faces by the gift of nice bright half-crowns all round, but he, ever wishful to redeem character, stood resolute.

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[1] The present Rector of Barford, Warwick.

The report of the Committee which administered the fund in Whitechapel tells how of 850 who were offered work, only 339 accepted the offer. The letter of the foreman is instructive. He says: "The men were improvident, unsober, and non-industrious."

The lesson is enforced that although the poverty is great, so great that it may be said one-fifth of the inhabitants of Whitechapel have insufficient food and clothing, yet that this poverty, being due to weakness of mind and body, is out of the reach of such careless remedies as relief funds. It is a significant fact that out of 1,700 applicants, only six had joined a friendly society.

Mr. Arnold White, giving evidence before the Mansion House Committee of 1893, said:

> The Mansion House Fund, 1885–86, was open about twenty days, and collected £19,000. Then the mob broke the windows in St. James's Street, and in two days it went up to £72,000.
>
> And yet, large as the sum was, it was ridiculously inadequate to meet any real needs of the poor. . . Mr. Barnett has pointed out that in St. George's E. £2,000 was apportioned for the relief of 2,400 families, representing some 12,000 persons, or a sum of 3*s.* 4*d.* per head on which to support life during three months. In Mile End again, £2,539 were spent among 2,133 families, an average of 4*s.* 10*d.* a person. It was the publicity of the advertisement which rendered the Fund so potent for evil; and the money which, wisely applied, might have raised a number of families out of want, was worse than useless when distributed broadcast under the pressure of public clamour.

The Mansion House Fund was soon spent, the rush of busy distributors went back to the West End, and the agitation died down, but not so the effects. On these Canon Barnett wrote to *The Times*:

> *March 7th*, 1886.—It is nineteen years since East London has been blighted by a Mansion House Fund. . . By the long service of many who gave better than money some of the evils had been undone, and at the beginning of this winter there was distinct evidence of bravery and independence. A steady flow of good-will was directed towards real needs, and ground was given for

hope that, by the co-operation of rich and poor, things would become better.

The new Mansion House Fund has damped the hope. It broke upon us in a way no one could have expected. At the instance neither of the leading workmen nor of any trades' society, nor of any body of clergy, but simply moved by men well-known as agitators against Free-trade, Thames bridges, or any interest, the Lord Mayor opened the Fund.

Suddenly the advertisement appeared that £60,000 were to be given away. People whose imaginations hardly grasp the meaning of £100 felt this sum to be sufficient to meet all needs. They came forward in crowds to make their applications, and found themselves face to face with administrators without organisation, without principles, without even leisure to listen patiently. . . The poor are rightly angry. Those who have travelled up from the country for their share feel they have been deceived. The struggling workers who know that the wages weekly earned are insufficient, protest that the fund is being wasted. The idle threaten to break more windows if their wants be not more easily satisfied. The servants of the poor break their hearts. They see the work of years undone, as some of their friends give up trying, and waste days begging for relief. They see evil returning as they catch sounds of grumblings, bitter speaking and suspicion. They see people of goodwill hurried and anxious to give money, forgetful of the real needs of brother men, and they lose hope. It seems as if there would be greater poverty in the future, and what is worse than poverty, greater class hatred.

How tersely he puts it. And those of us who lived through the years following that terrible wave of dole-giving cannot even now read the letter unmoved. Do we not remember loud-voiced Mrs. Downs[1] saying to Mrs. Westgate,[1] deliberately within our hearing, as they walked up the school-yard to the mothers' meeting,

"I don't 'old with such close ways in people as pretend to be yer friends"?

Can we forget Mrs. Hubbard's[1] words as she wept over her dead baby whose life might have been saved?

"They said it was no use a-sending to the Church, for you didn't never give nothing though you spoke kind."

The men whose weak sense of independence and responsibility had been so patiently cultivated were even more hopelessly estranged. Sturdy Joe Standish,[1] red-haired William Nye,[1] keen-brained Thomas Willett,[1] never lost a chance of talking against us and the Toynbee men.

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[1] These names are fictitious, though the incidents are true.

"The money was there, and we would 'ave 'ad it, 'adn't it been for Mr. Barnett," was the one idea they held in common, and from it a crop of suspicion grew. And yet one knew that that vast sum of money was not poured into East London without some sacrifice in West London. It was haste and ignorance which worked the mischief, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's wisdom in establishing the School of Economics shines out with fresh clearness.

In the chapters devoted to Toynbee Hall it was necessary to dwell on the educational and social work—indeed care was taken to avoid introducing the complications of poverty problems—but they were never far from the mind of the Warden and the most serious of the Residents. From time to time also, efforts were made to bring the subject home to the large mass of the students, and on the evening of the opening Conversazione of 1892, my husband spoke to them. *The Pall Mall* reported his speech :

> *October 3rd*, 1892.—More than a thousand visitors flocked to Toynbee Hall on Saturday night to be present at the opening of the new Session, when Mr. Barnett made an effective speech on the social condition of London at the present moment, and the work needed of those who, like the students at Toynbee, are willing to "give hostages to virtue."
>
> The Warden began by saying that he regarded the educational side of Toynbee Hall as a means to an end, and that end social service. "We must educate ourselves before we can help others. Half the poverty and sufferings of our neighbours is due to ignorant help. Goodwill is a force and not a guide—ignorant benevolence is as destructive as crafty malevolence. . . Let our end be, having educated ourselves, to help others."
>
> Having touched thus the right note in addressing a body of students, Mr. Barnett went on to predict that bad times were coming. His reasons for this anticipation were so striking and so important to all of us that we make no excuse for giving them in full.

There are bad times coming. I have never been an alarmist. I have often deprecated agitation about distress in East London, and I think "Wolf" has been often cried when there has been no danger. Bad times are now, I believe, at hand, and I offer you some of the reasons of my belief.

1. The better organisation of labour is throwing out from its ranks the weak, the unfit, and the old. Employers forced to pay good wages are forced to insist on good work. The general and ultimate effect will be beneficial, but one immediate effect is to drive an increasing number of the half worn-out, the weak, and shiftless to join in the hopeless scramble for odd jobs or odd gifts.

2. The widely spreading depression of trade is at last touching London labour, and already a large number of the less active

and less skilled have been driven to live on their savings or on the resources of their more successful mates. There are, for the first time in my experience of East London, genuine unemployed.

3. The opening of shelters and the bold advertisement of charity have caused an unusual number of the shiftless, ragged, and vagrant class to congregate in our neighbourhood. The means of relief offered do not meet their needs. Their misery, their hungry bodies, and their hunted looks, as they are seen on doorsteps or street corners, stir up sympathy and indignation which is not always reasonable.

4. Prosperity has had a spirit of impatience. A generation which knows the triumph of machinery is impatient for a machine to deal with poverty, and a generation which has realised a great increase of comfort is impatient of any suffering. Such a spirit is least fitted to deal with the problems of bad times, it leads to the application of remedies which are poisons and to rebellion against discipline which is necessary to all recovery. There is in the sights around sufficient reason for passion, and without passion there can be no radical reform. Passion is the cleansing fire of the world's evil, but the passion which deals with poverty must be the passion of patience.

Such are the reasons for my belief that bad times are at hand, and I look out with some anxiety on the coming winter.

Mr. Barnett then proposed, as a way of facing the storm and keeping calm heads, that a "Toynbee Commission" should sit to investigate the state of the East End.

"We are an association," he said, "we have the strength of numbers, the reach which belongs to many minds and many interests, and the force of unity; we grow every year in wealth and extent; let us grow in depth of intent. We are recognised in East London as those who seek knowledge, but let us be recognised also as those who serve."

The "Toynbee Commission" which he proposed was established, and with Mr. T. Hancock Nunn acting as Secretary, and guided by some of the ablest economists, it set out to make independent inquiries as to the condition of the unemployed. The results of these investigations were embodied in a Report, and a letter summarising them was sent to *The Times*, signed, as the newspapers said, "by seventeen of the most prominent friends of the poor," among whom were my husband, Mr. J. W. Benn, M.P. for St. George's-in-the-East, Mr. Percy Bunting, Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. for Poplar, Canon Scott Holland, the Rev. E. Hoskyns,[1] the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Mr. George Shipton of the London Trades Council, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. F. N. Charrington, and Mr. Corrie Grant.

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[1] The present Bishop of Southwell.

The letter began by stating that the conclusions arrived at had been submitted to the criticism of workmen, clergymen, members of public bodies, and the suggestions were set out in detail.

A very large number of newspapers commented on both the letter and the Report, which undoubtedly did much to form public opinion. The best summary was made by *The Spectator*, December 31st, 1892.

> The Report on the unemployed in London, published in *The Times* of Thursday, is signed by some of the most "advanced" thinkers in England, men hardly distinguished from the socialists of the Continent, but it is a moderate and reasonable document.
>
> They find that there is no evidence of any general lack of employment in London, misery being for the most part confined to the casual "dockers," who have been thrust out of work by the "organised labour" introduced after the last great strike. They find that doles, or even temporary provision of work, only bring in shoals of the distressed from other districts, thus increasing the habitual congestion of labour in London. And they therefore find "that anything of the nature of a 'Mansion House Fund' for the relief of distress, or any new fund for the irresponsible and indiscriminate provision of meals, lodging, or other doles in the distressed districts, would, in our opinion, inflict a cruel injury upon the inhabitants of these districts, and seriously aggravate the disease."
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> They therefore think that a small voluntary Committee should be formed, which should raise money to supplement the efforts of the parochial authorities in distressed districts, these, again, finding all possible work, but limiting it strictly to the resident poor, and exacting from every man relieved a full day's work, so that when occupation is again plentiful he may be able to maintain himself.
>
> Those who sign the Report see that their scheme will be no permanent remedy, unless they can separate the "unemployed" from those out of employ, or, as they put it, the "demoralised residuum," from those "with whom it is possible to deal hopefully"; and they actually declare that the former "cannot be treated as *bonâ fide* unemployed," but their needs "must be met by some humane discipline." That means the formation of industrial regiments, with compulsory work under humane discipline, and indicates the greatest advance in public opinion towards a reasonable yet philanthropic practice we have yet been able to record. After that, there is hope even of solving the apparently hopeless problem of London destitution. Work for the workers at rates low, but sufficient for subsistence; a "humane discipline" for those who will not work, and the "house" for those who cannot work, that is, at all events, a reform for the Poor Law which it is possible to debate.

The result was that for that year the incalculable evils of a public relief purse were avoided, more scientific thought directed to poverty problems, and the "Mansion House Committee for the relief of the Unemployed" established. The *St. James's Gazette* reported:

1893.—The letter from the Rev. S. A. Barnett and others in reference to the unemployed resulted in a Conference being called by the Lord Mayor. As an outcome an effort is now being made, under an experienced Committee, to provide for some of the casual dock labourers who have been dispossessed owing to alterations in dock management, opportunities of work, with a view of testing their capabilities, and in cases where the result of the test is satisfactory, consulting with the men respecting their future, and if possible assisting them to a permanent means of livelihood. For the purpose of this test work the Committee have been permitted by the London County Council to make use of forty acres of waste land in West Ham, where during the last three weeks some 200 men have been set to work under careful supervision.

The conditions laid down have been two:

1. That men must belong exclusively to the class of casual dock labourer.
2. They must be living within a strictly defined area, and must prove residence in this area for, at least, the past year.

The work has already been found useful as a test of industry, and will result, we hope, in many cases, in affording the men future possibilities of permanent employment.

In the work of that Committee, of which volumes have been written, my husband always took the deepest interest, though he not infrequently adopted the unappreciated rôle of the candid friend.

The next demand that Mr. Barnett made on behalf of East London was for a poet to "give a word picture inspired by the thought of life, as life would be when every generous effort, every high-principled act, every gift, and every refusal to give are aimed by love and wisdom to meet human needs." It was a strange demand, but no one could help resenting much of the descriptive writing which the widely advertised sufferings of the poor had brought forth, when they were painted like animals, credited only with brute instincts, the Holy Spirit within each ignored. But the falsehoods of the usual literature made Mr. Nevinson's *Neighbours of Ours* all the more welcome, for in his tales the Divine spark is shown in every character in spite of the coarseness in many.

The inquiries made by the Toynbee Commission had increased its Chairman's knowledge of the many isolated organisations which, while existing to improve the condition of the people, were weakened by ignorance of the efforts of others similarly engaged. An article entitled "A Charity Clearing House,"[1] set out the need of co-operation and pleaded for self-restraint in good doing, and for the recognition of an ideal for every philanthropic society held by itself for itself. Notwithstanding, as *The Rock* said, "the catchiness of the good, new, and popular title," the project never came to fulfilment in the form proposed, though in the following year, 1894, the rapidly increasing volume of earnest thought that was given to social and civic subjects brought the Stepney Council of Public Welfare into being. It was an association born of disappointment at the settled determination of the C.O.S. to organise charity and not effort, and of the opportunity afforded by Toynbee Hall as the gathering place of innumerable social workers. Its objects included the observation and discussion, not only of charity, but of all matters affecting the general welfare of the district. From its beginning Canon Barnett was its Chairman, giving to its work, its policy, and its vision his best brains, much time, and the inspiration of the genius he possessed for suggesting fresh fields of effort and new methods for attacking abuses. One of its first labours was to inquire into Sunday trading, and very interesting results were laid before the Borough Council by a Deputation.

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[1] *Newbury Magazine*, 1893.

To its subsequent President, the present Archbishop of York, is owed one of the noblest and most understanding of the many tributes paid to Canon Barnett after he had left this world in June 1913, in the course of which he said:

> Barnett's idealism and his common-sense were always close friends. He carried his visions into his committees; they never disturbed the business; but they made men feel that the business was worth doing. . . This was the secret of his freshness; in the plains he kept about him the atmosphere of the hills.

Unemployment

CHAPTER XLV

"*I want for the poor a sympathy which will bear their burdens and their sins, and give its best to save the worst.*"

The winter of 1903–4 was marked by another of those waves of trade depression which so disastrously affect the large masses of people who live just above the border line of starvation. The "Mansion House Committee for the Relief of the Unemployed" was revived, the Lord Mayor appealed for funds, and once more the evils of a wide advertisement of destitution were patent. But past experience had not been wholly forgotten, and the money was expended with more regard to both principles and needs. Work was offered to the applicants, both in town under the County Council and in the country.

During all that winter we were away in Italy, partly because Canon Barnett was unduly tired, even when the weight of his sixty years was taken into consideration, and partly because there were men of great ability in Toynbee, including Mr. William Beveridge, and for the full development of their work he thought his absence would be helpful. The article in *The Toynbee Record* of October and November 1904, by Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Maynard, shows that they had both grasped the subject from the "Comparative Statistics of Unemployment" to "The value of Mr. Long's proposals for the creation of administrative bodies." The Warden reviewed what had taken place in these words:

> 1905.—The winter of 1903–4 began, as other winters have begun, without any adequate preparation, and many of the things that ought to be done were impossible. The difficulty was met by relief doles in West Ham, and by the Central Committee for the Relief of the Unemployed.
>
> The Central Committee laboured under great disadvantages. It was started too late, its Council was hurriedly formed, it had to create a brand-new machinery to distinguish between the classes of the unemployed, to collect money, and to find avenues

of work. If these disadvantages be considered, it is no small achievement that within six weeks from its start there were Committees in each borough who were able to receive applications and visit applicants and put within their reach the sort of help or work thy seem to need ; that, through the Committees or directly through its own organisations, over 2,000 men were put to work and openings secured which may give occupation to some thousands more.

All who saw the men at work in the parks or open spaces were either saddened or scornful. They saw their indolence, their indifference, their dirty untidiness, their weakness, their apparent determination to use such strength as they possessed for ingenious devices to avoid labour. It was a pitiful evidence of human depravity, on which Canon Barnett commented :

> The work was ill done, and proved to be very costly. The men knew that it was made for them, and it seemed to them unfair that work should be required when the money had been given for their use. They knew that no one was concerned to dismiss them, so slack work became the order of the day, and men who started with a good will have confessed that the display of energy brought them into disrepute. The Committees tried by various means to raise the standard, but once more an experiment in relief work has shown that it is not only costly, but demoralising. The recipients of the work were not braced, as they might have been braced by regular work, to better their position. They made no efforts to do themselves good, and on one gang the effect of an extra and unexpected day's work was to bring them drunk to the pay-table.[1]

The men who accepted work in the country, Canon Barnett affirmed, were made too comfortable with short working hours, Saturday half-holidays, entertainments, and billiard tables. He wrote :

> There may be wisdom in developing a man's capacities for new interests, but among the unemployed there is a special need to develop energy. Relief cannot, therefore, be made too comfortable ; it must not, indeed, involve any self-degradation, but it must involve some self-sacrifice.

In the hope of forming a public demand for changes in the law to meet the increasing weight of normal poverty, as well as the stress of occasional destitution, Canon Barnett worked incessantly. Meetings were held, conferences arranged, articles written, beside innumerable letters and many "talks in the study." The invitation to one such meeting has been preserved.

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[1] *Towards Social Reform*, published by T. Fisher Unwin.

> *Private.*
>
> HOUSE OF COMMONS, *February* 21*st*, 1905.
>
> You are invited to attend a meeting of members, which will be held in Committee Room No. 13, on Thursday, March 2nd, at 5 p.m., to hear an Address from Canon Barnett, on "A Scheme for the Unemployed."
>
> Mr. Asquith will take the Chair.
>
> JOHN BURNS,
> S. BUXTON,
> C. M. DOUGLAS,
> ALFRED EMMOTT,
> R. MCKENNA,
> T. J. MACNAMARA,
> RUSSELL REA,
> WALTER RUNCIMAN,
> HERBERT SAMUEL,
> CHARLES TREVELYAN,
> J. H. WHITLEY.

My husband wrote to me that night:

> *March 2nd*, 1905.—There were sixty M.P.s. Asquith introduced me, and I spoke for twenty minutes, not well, I think, but clear and concise, they said. The air was killing. Then questions began thick and fast—Burns leading. But after I had answered two there came a division and the lot fled. While they were away we had the windows open, and in twenty minutes thirty returned and questions went on. Beveridge and I dealt with them well, I think. But they knew little, going for the farms, which is least important.
>
> Trevelyan pulled them back, and then at about 6.20 Burns very nicely proposed a vote of thanks. Burns, Douglas, Emmott, Samuel, and Macdonald took me to tea, and we had a close talk. Burns's generalisations came out in their shallowness, but he *is* a good fellow. Samuel sent kind messages to you. I had a talk with Crooks, who looks sadly—he also sends kind messages.
>
> I am very well, and shall enjoy a good dinner and another sort of talk.

In three articles, respectively called "The Unemployable," "The Unemployed Before the Act," and "The Unemployed Workmen Act," Canon Barnett grappled with the conditions which he insisted were a national evil.

> The unemployment difficulty is, as Sir Oliver Lodge says, "a root and not a fruit," and it must be ended rather than mended...

It cannot be met by palliatives. . . The problem is confused by the presence of the unemployable. The distinction between them must be clearly accepted, and it is the interest and the duty of the community to do something for men and women who are not worth a living wage. The loafer and the vagrant fall into well-defined classes, and then there remain the non-unionist, the partly employed, and the unemployable.

For the two first he could find no better plan than that of work in the country for the father, and support for his family in the home; for the unemployable he advocated detention.

For the unemployable there seems to be no remedy but an extension of the system in vogue in workhouses or inebriate homes, which would allow the aged, the ineffectives, and the cripples to live either in families or in Communities where their labour would give them interest and in some way meet the expenses which the community must under any conditions bear. The unemployable are now kept, and must always be kept. The change required is that their treatment should be such as would develop their best by making them more useful. It is, for instance, both cruel and wasteful to keep old people idle in a workhouse, or epileptics wearying themselves in an asylum, when there are many services which they might render and some actual work which they might do.

A few weeks later "a day industrial school for adults" was suggested, so as to provide yet another chance to the handicapped and the wastrel before they had to be pronounced as "unemployable." In 1905 the Unemployed Workmen Act was passed, and to Canon Barnett's deep disappointment, and in spite of repeated representations, it contained no clauses to enable the authority to detain loafers. It, however, made the central body a Statutory Committee, established numerous distress Committees in the London Boroughs, and founded twenty-five employment bureaux.

In labour exchanges Canon Barnett took the deepest interest, discussing them in all their bearings with Mr. W. H. Beveridge, who was then acting as Sub-warden, and for whom my husband deeply cared, expecting of him great things.

This perhaps may be the best place to speak of the starting of Labour Colonies, but my readers must be taken back to 1886, when my husband first made efforts to get country guardians to utilise land near the workhouses as training farms. The following passage occurred in the St. Jude's Report:

> There are two classes to be considered in East London—(1) the criminal or semi-criminal; (2) the unskilled, honest poor. For the first there must be the education provided in the prison or the workhouse; they may, as individuals, be more sinned against than sinning; but, as individuals, they know of their own sin, and sharp discipline will be respected by them as more just and therefore more helpful than softening pity. The tender mercies of the thoughtless are cruel, and the habit of making allowances for the sins of those whose condition has not been by sympathy felt out, nor by inquiry sought out, tends to actions which seem kind and which really break down strength and are cruel.
>
> For the second class it is necessary to look for means of relief. The types of this class are familiar. The family where one room is the home, where food is always insufficient, where the occasional drink is the only excitement, dirt the only decoration, the workhouse the only hope, has been sufficiently described.
>
> For a class composed of families, what relief is possible? The expenditure of almost any money would be economical, because these families are at present supported by others, and themselves add nothing to the common wealth.
>
> The problem is one of which it would be presumptuous of me to offer a solution. Experience, however, suggests certain lines which may be followed. The poor are obviously the unskilled. Any adequate system of relief must therefore be one to provide training. It may be in technical schools in town. It may be on a farm in the country, it may be under voluntary or under official direction, but somehow these men and women who are now too ignorant to repeat a message, too untrained to be punctual, must have their higher qualities developed.
>
> But as well as being unskilled, the poor are weak, and a good scheme of relief must include means for strengthening them to choose the good and refuse the evil. It is therefore important to encourage Trades Unions, to discourage all casual work, such as dock labour, to support the Charity Organisation Society in its efforts to make actual gifts helpful to the formation of character, and to fight an unpopular battle against those "charities" which tempt to cringing and to laziness.
>
> Following these lines, some of us have made efforts during the year to get a training farm established. . . It is proposed that London Guardians should be given authority to buy uncultivated land in the neighbourhood of one of the partially empty country workhouses; that they then should offer residence to

able-bodied men, willing to remain for six months and work on the land with the hope of one day being accepted as fixed tenants of some portion of the reclaimed land, or of being emigrated, the families meantime to receive adequate relief in London. . .

Against the "sin" of Dock Companies who destroy character by doles of labour; against the "sin" of the careless who will not regard the bloodstains on their cheap clothes or furniture; against the "sin" of the thoughtless who think to satisfy a beggar and the starving with a free breakfast, and the poor with out-relief, we have been able to do little. The sentimentalists have been too strong for us. May it be that in this season of calm those who think as well as feel will once more gather their strength and guide benevolence to be beneficent.

The proposal was taken up, considered by the Whitechapel Guardians, made the subject of a metropolitan conference, and with other suggestions thrashed out by a Mansion House Committee. My husband wrote to his brother:

January 21*st*, 1888.—I went yesterday to the Mansion House Relief Committee. They knocked on the head my scheme for using the Poor Law to offer country work to the able-bodied, and will, I expect, suggest a voluntary scheme under a new society. I am almost inclined to take a pledge to join no new societies. They represent more of the spirit of revolt than of service, they are got up because men will not submit themselves to control, they live with the strength of their first promoters, and when these get tired they go on to "cumber the earth."

At that time two Royal Commissions were sitting on sweated industries, and on the working of the Poor Law, but it was left to private philanthropic effort to start training-farms, an honour shared by our friend Mr. Walter Hazell and the Salvation Army, who each founded institutions respectively at Chesham, Bucks, and Hadleigh. At Marple Dale the Union for Christian Social Service, and in Essex the West Ham Corporation followed suit; and then in 1905, nearly twenty years after Mr. Barnett had first advocated the plan, our friend Mr. Joseph Fels found the purchase money, and the Central Committee for the Relief of the Unemployed started the Labour Colony at Hollesley Bay.

In 1909 we visited it, and the few days we spent on the estate are not easily forgotten. We had taken the motor-car and wandered about the twisting lanes of Suffolk and Norfolk. We had enjoyed a visit with our East London neighbours, the Rev. Sidney and Mrs. Vatcher at their house in Felixstowe; and stayed awhile in the happy household of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadbury, at Sheringham. We had seen the boisterous enjoyment of the holiday trippers at Yarmouth, and the fishing fleet at Lowestoft, and had spent a week with Lady Battersea at Overstrand. Her house-party, which included Sir Algernon West, Lady Frances Balfour, and Lady Dorothy Neville, was very amusing and interesting, as also was the surrounding coterie, Lord and Lady Carrington, Sir Edgar and Lady Speyer, Sir George and Lady Lewis, and their guests. There was much good talk and many jokes. I remember Sir Philip Burne-Jones's humorous account of a fashionable doctor who commanded—and with success—his fellow guests to abjure the delights of the tables of the wealthy and live anyhow for the length of his visit, on barley water! On all sides there was opulence; the rest which beauty in art and nature gives; the profusion of polite interest in the passionate pursuits of the earnest, which are the toys of the rich; the acceptance of the security of position, money, and service which assumes superiority; the self-indulgence which paralyses powers and absorbs time; and then! the next night we were in the spare room—spare in a double sense—and enjoying the frugal fare of the Labour Colony. What a contrast! [1]

Our hosts were the superintendent, Mr. Bolton Smart, his wife and daughter, strenuous, "patient in well-doing," strong in hope, unwearying in sympathetic observation. That house-party included Mr. George Lansbury and Mr. Devereux, who as members of the governing body were paying visits of stimulating inspection. That coterie consisted of 335 men, each one of whom had a past worthy of respect, but who had been beaten in his fight. Each had a home, some woman who cared for him, some child to call him father. Each had voluntarily accepted discipline, exile from his family, and the hardships of a rough communal life because he had been beckoned by purpose, driven by memories of despair. We saw all their work, the 4,325 trees they had planted, the 943 sheep, the 397 pigs, the 437 poultry, the 147 stock, the dairies, the fields, the nurseries, the plantations, the gardens kept, as Lord Carrington,[1] who came to spend a day there with us, said, up to "Windsor Royal standard."

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[1] Canon Barnett wrote to his brother's wife:

September, 1909.—We returned from our rich surroundings on Monday, having enjoyed some young life and left some seeds of socialism to germinate. What a fright these rich are in! How their consciences prick! What shifts they have to justify their possessions! How vicious some threaten to be! Well, they have their share of goodness, and when Socialists attack them, I remember their kindness, their efforts after right, their respectability, for which they often endure much.

We saw their work and wondered, for did we not know these men in East London? Had we not had experience of their lounging ways, their idle habits, their derision of industry, their unrighteous acceptance of the position of the disinherited? What had worked the miracle? Just the gift of hope, plus enough food, clean air, organised labour—surely the birthrights of every man. One evening my husband took a service, and on another I talked to the men. I think they would have appreciated what he said better had he not been a parson. People often expect what they think the clergy are going to say, and so don't really listen to what they do say; but to me they came out of curiosity to hear a woman lecture, and so listened.

I have talked to many audiences, to the righteous at Church Congresses, to the wicked in slums, to the earnest in mission-rooms, to the rich in mansions, and to all and sundry in lecture-halls. Most of the occasions I have forgotten all about, but that evening lives in my memory. The audience was large, silent, tired with long hours of outdoor labour, and somewhat sceptical of the value of anything I had to say. With more or less indifference I was followed round the world, but when I told of British Columbia, and its land, forests, minerals, and waterways calling out for development; of Canada and its wide acres waiting for men, then longing awoke slumbering interests and the very atmosphere changed. The Holy Spirit of hope had entered the breasts of those human failures, and behold the dry bones lived. How that hope was crushed for England shall be told in Canon Barnett's words:

1911.—The Hollesley Bay Colony is situated not far from Felixstowe, occupies 1,300 acres of land of varied character, and is equipped with buildings once used for an Agricultural Training College, with accommodation for 335 men and the necessary staff. It has, besides residences for a farmer and a works manager, thirty cottages with gardens for labourers, four sets of farm buildings, and a large open-air swimming-bath. It has workshops for carpenters, joiners, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, farriers, painters, and plumbers. It has a wharf with a warehouse on the river front, and a tramway connecting the wharf with the farm and gardens. Every sort of stock is kept and every branch of agriculture is followed. There are 200 acres of gardens admirably planned and planted, with eight glasshouses, from which fruit and flowers are supplied to the market. The bare outline of its advantages suggests a thousand possibilities.

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[1] Marquess of Lincolnshire.

The Central Committee of the London Unemployed Fund entered upon the management of the colony in 1905 with the object of using its resources (1) to provide work for men during periods of exceptional distress, (2) to give training to those who showed a marked aptitude for country life, such training to include that of the wives and families, who in suitable cases were to occupy cottages allotted to them for six or nine months; (3) to establish suitable men and their families in agricultural or rural parishes at home or in the Colonies.

The scheme, so complete and full of hope, is, however, blocked by a decision of the Local Government Board, and so "the Central Body regrets that up to the present it has been unable to establish co-operative small holdings, and has not been able to give effect to the training scheme."

The Colony, under such restrictions, has been used for the reception of unemployed men, who for sixteen weeks receive good food and good air, with provision during the time for their wives and families in London, who then—if they are unable to obtain work—return to their former conditions. The number of men sent to the colony from its beginning is 5,795. Sixteen weeks is obviously an insufficient time in which to learn new habits and find equipment for country pursuits. But where, as in the case of some early colonists, it was possible to put the men who showed special ability and adaptiveness for agricultural work into cottages where they could live with their families, the results prove that London men can respond to such training.

The superintendent reports: "The London men, settled with their families on the estate, are very keen in their work, most of them being now able to do any kind of gardening, and to raise their own fruit stock—budding, grafting, pruning, and fighting every kind of pest the fruit-grower has to meet. They are also, like most London men, extremely fond of live stock, and most of them are doing well with their poultry and pigs, while the large garden of nearly half an acre attached to each cottage compares favourably with any cottage gardens in the country. The experience points to a successful issue should we be able to revert to our main function as a training establishment. From the teaching standpoint we have found the

Londoner to be good material; he is so alert and curious. The whole of the planting, budding, grafting, and pruning for our nursery fruit grown during the last two years has been done by London men of our training, and I have no hesitation in asserting my belief that, if the way were opened for the establishment of co-operative small holdings, we can quite successfully train suitable London men for this purpose." "The work of the past years establishes," he adds, "certain facts—(1) that there are numbers of men in London keen to adopt country life and earn their living on the land, and (2) that such men can be successfully trained for country life."

The present position of the Colony constitutes almost a tragedy. On one side are unemployed married men with settled homes who by some change of fashion or by the introduction of new industrial methods or by some accident are drifting into the casual and irregular ways whose end is poverty or degradation. Many of them, it has been proved, could be trained. On the other side is Hollesley Bay Colony, established by the ratepayers at a net expenditure of £59,252 and developed by the most devoted thought and work of the superintendent and his staff. It is used simply as a workhouse, receiving parties of men for a few weeks and returning them at the end of the period little better prepared for their self-support. While Mr. John Burns pours scorn on the experiment, here are the elements of a tragedy or a scandal which has surely gone on long enough.[1]

Yes! Mr. John Burns poured scorn on the undertaking, and so it was barren. What powers he has, what splendid virtues; what insight and conceit; what observation and honesty; what devotion and jealousy; what wilfulness and rectitude; what love of beauty and faith in force; what capacity for annoying and what a trick of winning affection. And through and above all his complications is his genius for friendship; his adherence to fellow humans. Why, his friendship will even forgive me this, though he will scold me fiercely the next time we meet—and very cleverly too.

"Woman!" he said, turning on me furiously when I once tried to bring home a flaw in his Department, "*when* will you learn to mind your own business?"

I liked that. To be called by that glorious nondistinctive noun had a Biblical flavour, and then there was his recognition of the hopelessness of attempting to make me not care for public things.

"Local Government is everyone's business. Why! even

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[1] *The Westminster Gazette.*

women have votes for that," was the proper reply, but I laughed too much to make it.

On the influence of Hollesley Bay training on the subsequent careers of the men who had passed through it, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb made one of their illuminating investigations, and found that out of 908 cases inquired into, not more than 16·9 per cent. had received permanent benefit, though 74·8 per cent. had been temporarily aided, and only 8·3 per cent. had gained no good.

> It is not enough, they say, to mitigate the evils of unemployment. . . A great many of the men show by the length and good character of their previous records that they are both able and willing to work, and very few belong to the wastrel class who prefer to live in charity. These respectable men were much disheartened and embittered by the hopelessness of their outlook.

A pathway leading to self-respect and self-support for thousands of men, blocked by the kindly figure of Mr. John Burns, was a tragedy, to end which Canon Barnett made further suggestions in *The Westminster Gazette.*

> 1911.—The first change which seems to commend itself is that the Colony should be removed from the care of the Local Government Board, which is associated with the relief of the poor, and be put under the Board of Agriculture, or the Board of Education, or the Board of Trade, for the training of men from the whole of England who are unemployed, under the age of thirty-five, married with settled homes, and ready to be trained with a view to work on the land or in rural industries. The wide area of choice would make it possible to select the best men, and all experience has shown the necessity of classification. The Colony could from the whole of England be filled with men capable of being trained, and the one object of all the staff would then be the fitting of such men for work on the land.
>
> If the Central Committee for the Relief of the Unemployed ceases to exist—and its life is only from year to year—the property reverts to the Local Government Board. Is it not a practicable suggestion that it should at once be transferred to one of the other Boards? Under expert control the Colony might become an adult agricultural school for the purpose not of relief, but of training?
>
> A plan has been proposed that the men should remain altogether in the college for three months, be tried at farm work, and receive simple education. At the end of this period those approved should be housed for nine months, with their wives and families, in huts built for the purpose and live the normal labourer's life, working still in the Colony under direction. At the end of the year those again approved should be removed to

cottages and work as farm labourers at a regular wage, or, combining with eight or ten others, cultivate portions of land on some profit-sharing basis under supervision for three years, with the prospect after that period of holding the land for themselves, or to emigrate to the Colonies.

This plan, however, is only one of many ways by which the waste of resources might be prevented. The problem is simple. Here is an institution perfectly equipped for training 325 men; it is now used under the Local Government Board as a Workhouse. It should not be hard for a Board more sympathetic with the object to use it for the training of some of the men who, for want of training, drift through unemployment to become burdens on the community.

The subject of the training farm has been dealt with fully, not only on account of Canon Barnett's having hoped so much from it since 1886, but because it is one of the plans under consideration for the settlement of the men who "through perils of war are serving this nation." For their sakes it is to be hoped that there will be no paralysing conflict beween the Local Government Board, the War Office, the Food Controller, the Board of Agriculture, the Ministry of Pensions, the Department for demobilising the army—the—the——

"Woman! when will you," etc., etc., I seem to hear again, and so forbear.

The rejoicing that the establishment of the permanent Committee for the Relief of the Unemployed had prevented a Mansion House Fund was in 1904 summarily extinguished by the advent of even a worse evil. Certain newspapers created themselves almoners and collected enormous sums which they recklessly distributed among the poor to their injury. On this Canon Barnett wrote severely:

1906.—The Press had been the Church's ablest ally in its effort to fulfil the apostolic precept, and teach the nation to remember the poor. . . It has not been content with the rôle of a prophet or of a teacher, it has now taken a place alongside of Relief Committees and Boards of Guardians. It has invaded another province, and rival newspapers have had their own funds, their own agents, and their own systems of relief. . . The result is probably an increase in the volume of money . . . brought to the service of the poor. The question is: Has it been for good?

In West Ham, in the winter of 1904–5, when the Borough Council was spending £28,000 on relief, when the Guardians had

20,000 persons on their out-relief lists and 1,300 men in the stone-yard, the Press funds were distributed without any inquiry or any attempt at co-operation. I gather a few notes from reports made at the time by a resident in the district.

"In one street nearly every one had relief."

"I was asked to visit a starving case on Sunday, and found a good dinner stowed away under the table."

"One man in receipt of 47*s*. a week in wages received twelve tickets from *The Daily News* on Christmas Eve, and did not turn up to his work for four days, though extra pay was offered for Boxing Day."

"A man," says a relieving officer, "came to me on Friday and had 3*s*. He went to the Town Hall and got 4*s*. His daughter got 3*s*. from the same source; his wife 5*s*. from a Councillor, and late the same night a goose."

"Outside my office a 4 lb. loaf could be bought for 1*d*., and a 2*s*. relief ticket for two pots of beer."

"The public-houses did far better when the relief funds were at work."

"The relieving officers had to be under police protection for four months."

I recall my husband's grief and chagrin that this fresh indignity should be put on the poor. He wrote:

1906.—The waste of money is itself serious, but that is a small matter alongside of the bitter feeling, the suspicion, the loss of self-respect, the lying, which are encouraged when gifts are obtained by clamour and deceit. Gifts may be poisons as well as food, and gifts badly given make an epidemic of moral disease.

The press organisation, when it is created, disturbs, displaces, and confuses other organisations, while it is not itself permanent. The Press action leaves a trail of demoralisation, and does not remain sufficiently long in existence to clear up its own abuses. . .

A characteristic of a Press fund is, that a newspaper raises its money by word-pictures of family poverty. Its interviewers break in on the sacredness of home. They come to the poor man's house without the sympathy of long experience, without any friendly introduction, with an eye only to the "copy" which may best provoke the gifts of their readers. They write about the secrets of sorrow and suffering. They make public the bitterness of heart, and intermeddle with the grief which no stranger can understand. Their tales lower the standard of human dignity; they make the poor who read the tales proud of conditions of which they should be ashamed; and they make the rich think of the distress rather than of the self-respect of their neighbours.

The effects of the Press method of raising money may be summed up under three heads.

(*a*) It increases poverty. Poverty comes to be regarded as a sort of domestic asset. The family which can make the greatest show of suffering has the greatest chance of relief, and examples are found of people who have made themselves poor, or appear poor, for the sake of the fund.

(*b*) It degrades the poor. A subtle effect of this advertisement of private suffering is, that people so advertised lose their self-respect. They, as it were, like to expose themselves, and make a show of what ought to be hidden; they glory in their shame, and accept at others' hands what they themselves ought to learn. They beg, and are not ashamed; they are idle, and are not self-disgraced. They are content to be pitied.

(*c*) It hardens the common conscience. A far-reaching effect of these tales of suffering heaped on suffering is, that the public demands more and more sensation to move it to benevolence. Feeling which is acted on, and not actively used, becomes dulled; and the Press tales which work on the feeling of their readers at last dry up the fountain of real charity. The public in a way finds its interest, if not its enjoyment, in the news of others' suffering.

The high place that Canon Barnett gave to the Press and its staff, among whom we had countless friends, encourages me to quote words which under the present circumstances seem specially appropriate. With earnest directness he asks for "hands off" from patients whose condition is too serious to permit of quack remedies from inexperienced doctors, and then applies to newspapers for deeper service:

The Press has great possibilities in teaching people to remember the poor. It might educate the national conscience to make a national effort to remove the causes of want of employment, physical weakness, and drunkenness. It might set the public mind to think of a "Heart of the Empire" in which there should be no "infant of days," no young man without hope, and no old man without the means of peace. The Press has done much. It seems to me a loss if, for the sake of the immediate earthly link, if for the sake of creating a "fund" to relieve present distress, it misses the eternal gain—the creation of a public mind which will prevent any distress.

CHAPTER XLVI

"*All other efforts are short cuts to reach what only friendship can produce. When people know one another, they need no laws to enforce their duties to one another, and no appeal to make them give their help.*"

To reach the rich and induce them to face not only the problems of poverty, but also the ethics of luxury, Mr. Barnett made many efforts.

1882.—Too long have the poor been forgotten by the rich, and it is this neglect during fine winters which makes so intolerable the pressure of the hard winters. The ordinary condition of families who are forced to live in one room, to pay their way, find their pleasure, and prepare for disease or old age on 18*s.* a week ought to be known. . . The neglect of the needs of the poor is but another argument against the system of doing good by means of gifts. The gifts follow no regular law, and the needs do—they exist always. Alms, out-relief, and gifts cannot do permanent good, and cannot be even trusted to give relief. They destroy the self-help which is the only present hope of the poor. For myself, I am convinced not that the poor must remain unhelped to struggle into a better state, but that they must be helped by other means than by gifts. Gradually attention is being forced to the condition of those who do the work and have so little of its result. Would to God that the attention were given. If in ordinary times, as in extraordinary times, the rich and governing classes would consider the poor; if they would give attention to the poverty of life which is cabined within the body's needs; if they would think of the gloomy streets, the cheerless entertainments, and the miserable dwellings of East London, they would discover other means of doing good. . . The social question is the question of the day, and I ask only that the consideration of the thoughtful and the loving go out to meet it before their attention is *forced*.

Of one of such efforts Father Adderley wrote in his reminiscences:

Barnett was always deeply concerned about Labour problems, but there was never a man less given to fruitless agitation. When he did agitate, it was with a knowledge and determination to be fair to all parties. He knew the faults of the rich, but also the faults of the poor. He never shrank from telling either of them the truth to their faces.

The famous letter from past and present heads of settlements on "Poverty and Luxury" is well worth reading in view of the present problems. It is the best piece of "Christian Socialism" I know. It may interest our readers to hear how it came to be written.

I have always myself believed that there should be missions to the rich, and that the message delivered to them should be by those who really understand the social problem. I suggested to a Bishop who was about to hold a mission to the West End of London that Canon Barnett should accompany him and do the "penitent-form" work. This was thought to be a very odd idea. I suppose it is because we think that there is only one way of working a penitent form, the Evangelical way (so-called). To my mind there is a more truly Evangelical way than the fashionable one—namely, the way of St. John the Baptist, who was a casuist and dealt with each class differently (the Pharisees, the publicans, the soldiers, etc.). It seemed to me that Barnett was exactly the man to tell the rich how to repent, and I still think he was the man.

Well, not meeting with much sympathy in episcopal quarters, I appealed to Barnett himself, and this is how he replied in his characteristic way:

"What I fear is that a mission as usually understood is a form of excitement which weary people might like as a change. If you can induce the Bishop to use the power he has won in calm, well-thought-out denunciation of smart life, I believe good will follow. The denunciation must not be sensational, but go home as straight as our Lord's words. By all means tell him that in my opinion the luxury of West End living is the chief obstacle to East End improvement. 'You will never help the East till you destroy the West,' was one of Ruskin's warnings to one of the first of the Oxford groups who came East. The truth underlying this exaggeration is borne home to me. An example of simple life in high places, a protest against the vulgarity of 'having' when 'being' is possible would turn the current of people's thoughts. A simple life would be the distinguishing mark of a Christian. What is to be done? Shall we—you and I and others—memorialise the Bishop? Would a published protest, something on the lines of the enclosed, be any good? It might be signed by past and present heads of settlements."

Luxury and Poverty

As past or present Heads of Settlements we desire to call the attention of our fellow citizens to the extreme of luxury which exists alongside the extreme of poverty.

Extravagant expenditure on food, on dress and on passing pleasure has increased, and 28 out of every 1,000 citizens of London are paupers. The national revenue is £125,115,218 and the streets in which the working classes live are mean and often ill-lighted and ill-cleaned. The drink bill is £174,445,271 and there are children who cannot be educated because they are insufficiently nourished.

We are led to believe that luxury which leads people to much expenditure on private enjoyment, amusement or display without making them more useful to the community, is an actual cause of poverty. It diverts wealth from the uses which give the most profitable employment to labour and tends to prevent improvements being made in the conditions under which the majority of the people live. Money spent in luxury employs labour, and has for its result pleasures, which within reasonable limits may be justifiable, but money spent on developing the productive powers of individuals or the land, employs as much or more labour, increases capital, and has for its result a healthier and wealthier population whose increased demand for the necessaries of life makes the broadest basis of trade and industry.

We will not attempt to elaborate the economic argument, but we would, from our own experience, try to show how the example of luxury permeating the whole body of society makes for poverty.

1. It seems to set up "having" rather than "being" as the chief object of life, and under its influence the individual's powers of admiration, hope, and love are neglected. Education comes to be regarded as a means of livelihood only, not of life, and charity tends to treat men and women as animals with no wants beyond food and shelter. But these neglected powers of "being" are those by which men live. They are the roots of the resourcefulness, the intelligence, the daring, and the sympathy which increase wealth. Luxury, therefore, which draws all classes in the nation to seek satisfaction in "having"—be it drink, pleasure, or the excitement of ostentation, so materialises the nature of the people that they gradually become indifferent to the intelligent action and the spiritual aspirations which are necessary to progress. Luxury prepares the way to poverty.

2. It induces the selfishness which makes us, as a nation, indifferent to the ugliness of our towns. When private possession of wealth is regarded as necessary to happiness, the sky is defiled with smoke, grass and trees are destroyed, and slum quarters are permitted in order that successful people may surround themselves with the comforts and beauty which art and skill provide. But the mass of people who have to do their work amid depressing ugliness and dirt miss the reaction which their wearied minds and bodies might find in an environment of natural beauty. They become less fit for work, a readier prey to drink, and more dependent on exciting pleasures. They start on the road which ends in poverty.

3. ~~It~~ leads to cruelty in our industrial relations. When among rich and poor no good seems comparable to the good which money can procure, profits are put before health, gambling before work and force before right; child labour is used, conditions of trade and housing which cripple strength are permitted, and wars, industrial as well as foreign, are justified; landlords take their rent, and holders of shares in companies take their dividends and forget the earners' sufferings. Human

beings injured and weakened are thrown on the scrap-heap, they become unemployed and unemployable, and poverty follows.

The dominant ideals make or unmake a nation, and luxury exalts an ideal which seems to us to be anti-social.

We would submit that the example of luxury is thus responsible for much of the ignorance, the depression and the weakness which result in poverty, and we plead for examples of simple living to counteract the example of luxury. We do not ask for extremes of asceticism or of voluntary poverty. We do not ask for the repression of powers of being, but for their greater use. We ask for the example of full lives spent in refined homes, lives which find their interest in clear thinking and deep feeling, so that people may realise that the greatest happiness is within their reach if they will seek "to be" rather than "to have." We do not presume to put any narrow definition on luxury, but we are convinced that simplicity is consistent with beauty, that the most satisfying joys are those "in widest commonalty spread," and that the happiest hospitality is that where hosts and guests understand each other's interests, and have common sympathies.

We believe that the example of a simpler life—more effectively than legislation, more effectively than great money gifts—would contribute to national stability. It is an example to whose power all high religious ideals bear witness, and to those who call themselves Christians, not only the teaching, but the very spirit of Christ must surely in this respect make peculiar appeal. We leave to the individual and national conscience the interpretation of what is meant by simple living.

James G. Adderley, Oxford House, Bethnal Green, E.
Percy Alden, Mansfield House, Canning Town, E.
Samuel A. Barnett, Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, E.
J. Bruce Wallace, Mansfield House, E.
Rebecca H. Cheetham, Women's Settlement, Canning Town, E.
W. J. Conybeare, Cambridge House, Camberwell.
W. Falkner Baily, Cambridge House.
George E. Gladstone, Passmore Edwards Settlement, W.C.
Beatrice Cecilia Harington, St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green.
H. Hensley Henson, Oxford House.
T. Edmund Harvey, Chalfont House, W.C.
W. E. Jackson, Oxford House.
J. Scott Lidgett, Bermondsey Settlement, S.E.
H. S. Woollcombe, Oxford House.

December 1904.

On another occasion a few of the same stalwart champions of the poor, including my husband, the Rev. A. F. W.

Ingram—now Bishop of London, then Warden of Oxford House—Mr. Percy Alden, Mansfield House, the Rev. Scott Lidgett, Bermondsey Settlement, and Mr. F. Herbert Stead of "Browning" Hall, challenged Lord Salisbury, who had recently become Prime Minister, to support one of his speeches by action.

> *August* 13*th*, 1895.—We hail with delight the expression of your Lordship's conviction that it is a problem which forms a heavy charge upon the conscience of politicians and statesmen, and which demands for its solution their utmost endeavours. Now that your Lordship has been called to the position of her Majesty's chief adviser, we welcome with sincere joy the prospect of legislative effect being given to those words.
>
> Though belonging to different parties in the State, we beg unitedly to convey to your Lordship our earnest hope and desire that no exigency of party conflict or ordinary government work will prevent your Lordship's giving prominence to this problem in the action of your Government on the earliest possible occasion.

How resultless was the appeal we all know, but the unresting endeavour to bring the iniquitous conditions under which the poor lived before the public conscience perhaps did some good.

In an article in *The Nineteenth Century* of November 1886, Mr. Barnett asserted that—

> The death-rate among the children of the poor is double that among the children of the rich. . . The occupants of the prisons are mostly of one class—the poor. . . It is because they have not the means to hide their vices under respectable forms that the poor go to prison and not the rich. . .
>
> The lives of the people are joyless. The slaves toil, worn by anxiety lest the slavery should end, they have neither leisure nor calm for thought. . . When work ceases, the one resource is excitement. Anxiety thus consumes their powers in pleasure as in work.

To reform these ills, he advocated methods which tend to make more common among the many the good things which wealth has gained for the few:

> The nationalisation of luxury must be the object of social reformers. . . On one side there is disease from the want of food and doctors; on the other side there is disease because of too much food and doctors. In one part of the town the women cease to charm for the want of finery; in the other they cease to please from excess of finery. It is for want of money that the streets in which the poor live are close, ill-swept and ill-lighted—that the "East end" of towns have no grand meeting-rooms

> and no beauty. It is through superfluity of money that the entertainments of the rich are made tiresome with noisy musiic and their picture galleries made ugly with uninteresting protraits.
>
> Generally it is assumed that the chief change is that to be effected in the habits of the poor. All sorts of missions and schemes exist for the working of this change. Perhaps it is more to the purpose that a change should be effected in the habits of the rich. Society has settled itself on a system which it never questions, and it is assumed to be absolutely within a man's right to live where he chooses and to get the most for his money.[1]

He called on the Church to obtain reform and, backed by a small body of sympathetic clergy, drafted and issued the following letter to the incumbents of rich parishes:

> We are fellow-workers for the same end, we believe in the same theory of life and we work that Christ may be in man and man in Christ. You work among the rich, we work among the poor. We alike agree that God's Will is not done on earth when many of the rich waste their lives and their wealth, while many of the poor earn wages which cannot supply food and clothing. You, out of your experience, might teach us lessons which would help us to preach to the poor; may we, out of our experience, suggest something which might be preached to the rich?
>
> The rich, as a class, offer an example of living which is contrary to the Christian profession, though the lives of some of their numbers are striking protests against such an example. They neither give to the poor, nor deny themselves, nor follow Christ. They do not first seek the Kingdom of Heaven, but quote the laws of political economy, or the decisions of the doctor, or the demands of society, to show why they cannot obey God. Nevertheless, the rich, as a class, go to Church and are typical Christians. As long as this is so, it is vain for us to expect that the poor will seek in Christianity help or solace.
>
> We would ask you, therefore, to make those who commit any of the following offences and attend your Church understand that they cannot call themselves in any full sense followers of Christ.
>
> (1) Possessors of knowledge, beauty or luxuries who do not share them with the poor. Owners of houses and parks; givers of dinners who never invite to their best those who cannot ask again.
>
> (2) Women who carelessly wear fine clothes, not having inquired the cost in a sister's shame or death at which they have been made. Some "cheap" things are too dear for "human" use.

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[1] *The Nineteenth Century*, November 1886.

(3) Employers who take their profit and do not concern themselves to know how the employed live; those who think that 5 per cent. is a law of God, and that the body He created to be the temple of His Spirit can be fed, clothed, and recreated on a few shillings a week.

(4) All who, having earned or inherited a livelihood, say they have no time to make friends among the poor or to perform public duties.

The contrast between the lives of those who are equally God's children becomes striking in the light of modern days. Many are driven to think that only by force will the poor obtain from the rich the means to develop their capacities for knowing, feeling, and doing, the means, that is to say, by which they may live their life as God's children.

Our belief is, that by the use of force, the poor would grow in greed and selfishness; gaining with the wealth some of the vices which have gone with riches. Our hope is therefore that the rich, moved to live the Christ life, may so give of themselves and of their substance that there shall be no longer sorrow which love could comfort, and no longer weakness which patient teaching could strengthen.

Canon Barnett did not hide from himself that to follow he course indicated would be neither easy nor popular.

The ministers who would change the habits of the rich will have to preach the prophet's message about the duty of giving and the sin of luxury, and to denounce ways of business now pronounced to be respectable and Christian. Old teaching will have to be put in new language, giving shown to consist in sharing, and earning to be a form of sacrifice. For some time it may be the glory of a preacher to empty rather than to fill his church as he reasons about the Judgment to come, when "twopence a gross to the matchmakers will be laid alongside of the 22 per cent. to the shareholders," and penny dinners for the poor compared with the sixteen courses of the rich.

The Christian World wrote:

> 1887.—Long experience gives weight to Mr. Barnett's words. No man has looked more closely into the very face of East-end destitution; no man has more resolutely borne up against disappointment and difficulty in attempting its relief; no man has more earnestly pressed upon the rich the duty of considering the case of the poor. He candidly informs the idlers of the West End that they are, in his opinion, morally on a level with the idlers of the East End. "The unemployed in East London are simply the reverse side of the unemployed who crowd West London clubs and drawing-rooms."

My husband differed from many of those who attacked the rich in his belief in a humanity which survives even the suffocating weight of wealth, and to their best natures he constantly made appeal. In an article entitled "If I were a millionaire"[1] he propounds level-headed projects, and his two papers criticising "Inspired millionaires" are full of restorative faith in their faint goodwill.

It was not only to the rich individuals that my husband appealed, but also to the societies who had either the ear of the public or the control of large funds entrusted to them by the dead. His relation with the C.O.S. will be told fully, for it deeply impressed him. My husband and I had always worked closely with the Charity Organisation Society; indeed, we had a hand in the founding of most of the East London branches. He never left the Whitechapel Committee, and for many years I acted jointly with Mr. Peters as the Honorary Secretary of the Stepney Branch. In 1880 Mr. Barnett read a paper at a conference summoned by the C.O.S. "Speaking from the standpoint of a clergyman," he urged it to commend itself to the charitable, "lest the kind-hearted—aye, more—the true-hearted break away, and, in the name of charity, disown a society which would substitute a relief-giving machine for the helping hand." He also warned the Committees against the danger of becoming official, and pleaded that, be the decision ever so stern, it be applied "with love and friendliness by the hand of those best known and best trusted" by the applicant.

The rigid classification of cases into "deserving" and "undeserving," which then prevailed, was in itself a bad training for workers, and did much to limit the work undertaken as well as alienate the young and generous-hearted. This I had not realised until, on a certain hot summer's day, while waiting for a train at Palmer's Green station, I went to sleep, for we were both living to the utmost of our strength. My husband said that I was not asleep more than five minutes, but during that time I received what I counted to be a revelation. I dreamt I had "come down in the world," and was in one of the small blue beds in the long, monotonous ward of the Whitechapel Infirmary. I did not dream what was the nature of my wrong-doing, but I knew that every one had turned from me, even my husband. This was troubling me, but my chief emotion was a passionate determination to repent and do well. In my sleep my brain was busy with many plans, all impossible because I required someone's help, when I saw the door open and a lady come in. My heart leapt with hope, and then came the paralysing fear:

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[1] *Vision and Service*, issued from the Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb.

"Oh, she may be a C.O.S. lady, and I am not 'a deserving case.'"

With that I awoke, realising in all humility that I had been taught of God—to seek even in the lowest their longing for goodness.

While we were sending children for holidays in cottagers' families and before the Children's Country Holiday Fund was founded—chapter xv—Mr. Barnett thought it would be wise for the C.O.S. to adopt the plan and do the work through its existing offices. It was not only that he held it desirable to save the multiplication of machinery, and to utilise the large local knowledge possessed by the C.O.S., but he felt that to do some work of a constructive nature, and one that would be deservedly popular, would at the same time attract youthful and enthusiastic workers and do much to break down the crippling disfavour under which the C.O.S. was suffering. In 1884 I was asked to read a paper to the C.O.S. members, and to them I sketched an extended area of work, the germ of the thought now seen in the chronicles of the splendid service of the Councils of Social Welfare.

February 28th, 1884.—One day the committee room would be occupied by a Relief Society, which would make its grants; another day would find ladies gathered to consult on some Befriending Society. Each day the office would have its charitable use, and while organising charities would spread charity. People of all sorts would meet—thinkers and workers; the clergy and the laymen; the man with the new scheme and the well-worn worker in the old paths; the practical reformer and the enthusiast. A kind of registry might be kept by which those wanting to help might be introduced into empty posts of helpfulness. It would no longer happen that a man should be kept years at case-writing, when he had within him a divine gift for managing boys. . .

The C.O.S. can be the "Helpful Society," helping the man stifled with too much; helping the man starving with too little; helping the idler whose true nature is literally "dying for something to do"; helping the worker who seeks the grave gladly from fatigue; helping the lonely man to find his place in the crowd, and the crowd-tired man to opportunities of solitude; helping the owner of knowledge to outpour his treasures and the ignorant to receive the same; helping the merry-maker to make merry, and the sorrowful to teach the lessons of pain; helping those who have found the true meaning of life to ring out their news to those of us who are still groping and restless for assurance; helping, in short, all who will give effort to wise uses. Practically the 39 District Offices might each be the centre of all those forces which, under any name, are directed against the evils and hardships of life.

Of this paper Mr. Barnett wrote to his brother :

March 1*st*, 1884.—My wife's paper on Thursday has been the other event of our week. There was a good audience, and she looked very simple and nice as she read her earnest soul into chaff of the clumsy methods of the C.O.S. I think her words will do good into rousing the Society to a fuller appreciation of its possible work. It is useless to go on to-day with the methods of fifteen years ago, and the C.O.S. must lead if it would organise the charity which doeth all. . .

In another place Mr. Barnett had written :

In awakening and guiding charity, a great work awaits the C.O.S. It is little use enunciating principles, it is less use having a few officials to carry out these principles in small areas, and with limited success. Others who are at present working, and at present giving, must be won to wiser actions. . . Real charity alone will attract other charity, and around the worker who gives himself liberally, according to the best thought-out principles, will soon be grouped all those who in any district are working for the good of the people.

As the years went on and my husband was surrounded with able men from both Universities who were eager to expend their brains, time, and energies in enthusiastic social duty, and as he saw the growing body of people whose consciences were awakened to helpfulness, he became increasingly disappointed with the attitude of the C.O.S. Of it he was so staunch a supporter, in its principles he had so persistent a faith, that its refusal to take any lead in reform or to accept any position but that of a critic gave him genuine pain. On their attitude he wrote angrily to his brother :

1888.—Wednesday I went to meet a lot of C.O.S. folk *re* a proposed Training Farm. They were just impossible—refusing to do anything except to clothe themselves in the dirty rags of their own righteousness. *They* were based on the true principles, the public could subscribe or not, *they* did not care, they would not hold meetings, etc.

Of one of my husband's articles written in 1894 *The Daily News* said :

> *April* 20*th*, 1894.—Canon Barnett, that good friend of the poor, utters in "Christianity and the Charity Organisation Society" some needful warning against the sacrifice of the spirit of the letter in the relief of distress. As we all know, the Society tries to discriminate between the "deserving" and the "non-deserving"; to make its charities the means of fostering "independence, trust, and truth." "Charities," writes the Canon, "are often the measure of a city's demoralisation." But those who are devoted to the Charity Organisation Society will confess that its practice is sometimes below its principles. The thoroughness with which they inquire into causes has not always been undertaken in Christ's spirit of tenderness. Human beings are too often regarded as "cases," and memories are touched with so rough a hand that the relief fails to heal the wound.

A good deal of notice was taken of this and kindred articles, and in July 1895 my husband was invited by the C.O.S. Council to read a paper to their members. Its opening paragraphs are as follows :

> *July*, 1895.—I am here, at your invitation, to show what seem to me the shortcomings of our Society. I thank you for the opportunity. However hard and unpleasant be the task, it is a duty to be severe to the dear—most severe to the most dear.
>
> The Society is dear to me. It gave form to my young enthusiasm when, in 1868, I came to London, and to it I owe some of my most valued friendships. The task of appearing as its critic is not pleasant, but I thank you for calling on me to perform a duty and to say the thing I feel.

His paper stated that "charity was as disorganised and poverty as prevalent as in the year of the founding of our society." After giving examples in proof of this assertion, he proceeded to point out why the C.O.S., with its forty district Committees and bodies of workers of whose devotion "no praise can be too high," had had no appreciable influence on the social problems of the times. In his opinion it was because "idolatry was never out of season" and "the Council had set value on the form of words, the mechanism, and the dogmas in which honoured leaders in past years stated the principles for which they strove, rather than in the spirit underlying the principles. In a word, the C.O.S. had become idolators, and as other idolators were less able to see a new fact or accept a new idea."

For examples of his point he instanced as the idols of the society, "Independence of State Relief" and "Saving," and deprecated the epithet as well as the assertion that to be "State supported" was equivalent to being "pauperised creatures." The consequences of "the Council having set up certain dogmas in the place of living principles, of narrowing the teaching which inspired its founders into a set of rules, and substituting a gospel fit for all times into laws which never grow," was, my husband contended, that the C.O.S. "did not lead public opinion, and is not in sympathy with the forces which are shaping the times." The conclusion of the paper was an earnest appeal to the society, "the centre of so much devoted work, to catch and guide the goodwill and enthusiasm now so prevalent." "Never was a time of greater goodwill, money is freely given, personal service is offered, rights are surrendered, the poor are considered. . . All around people are asking what they can do." But, he said, the C.O.S. "stands by till people learn their mistakes by common suffering."

The discussion which followed was animated, and for the most part conducted with good temper, but Mr. C. S. Loch[1] was exceedingly angry, and left the high ground of public policy for that of personal attack. In reporting the meeting *The Westminster Gazette* said:

> *September 20th*, 1895.—Mr. Loch led off with a somewhat vehement personal assault upon Canon Barnett himself, and said:
>
> "With Mr. Barnett progress is a series of reactions. He must be in harmony with the current philanthropic opinion of the moment or perhaps just a few seconds ahead of it. Then having laid great stress on a new point, he would 'turn his back on himself' and lay equal stress on the point that he had before insisted on. Thus, he was at one time in favour of suppressing outdoor relief and promoting thrift, now he favours outdoor relief in a new guise" (this is Mr. Loch's phrase for old-age pensions) "and depreciates thrift. Before he praised the virtues of personal charity. No sooner did personal charity organise itself to fulfil a new function in the community, than he slighted it, and chided those who did not wish to extend State provision in the very department of work where personal charity could be made most effective. . . He is dependent on current philanthropic opinion . . . and sails close to the philanthropic winds. It is quite in keeping with this, that Mr. Barnett, having changed once or more than once, may yet change once again. . . But however that may be, in considering criticism it is worth while to consider also the character of the critic. It accounts for much."
>
> We have quoted this passage because it will give the reader a good idea of Mr. Loch's line. The assumption, it will be seen, is that the Society

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[1] Now Sir Charles Loch.

does not change, but that Canon Barnett does change. The Society's rigidity was, as the reader will have seen, one of Canon Barnett's points. The bulk of Mr. Loch's rejoinder, therefore, resolves itself into a general argument against old-age pensions, against the municipalisation of hospitals, and against State measures for the unemployed—subjects upon which there is an infinite deal to say, and upon all of which Mr. Loch speaks with ability—but the total result of it is to pledge the Society still deeper to the critical and non-possumus attitude of which Canon Barnett complains. . .

When the same attitude was adopted in relation to those who, with my husband, wished to see the confusion among the hospitals straightened by municipal control, *The Hospital* wrote:

December 7th, 1895.—Mr. Loch's attitude in regard to Canon Barnett, and now in regard to Mr. Burdett[1] and the Inter-denominational Committee of Friendly Workers, has caused great pain to some of the most able and powerful supporters of the C.O.S. His proceedings in both instances cannot fail to do an immensity of mischief to the Society of which he is the secretary, and call for the strongest protest on the part of impartial people who value truth and fair dealing for their own sake. We hope our readers will take the trouble to procure copies of *The Charity Organisation Review* for November, that they may realise the dangers likely to be caused to any society by such unwarrantable behaviour as Mr. Loch has exhibited on these two occasions. Mr. Loch has done good service in the past; but if he continues his present attitude, the influence of the C.O.S. must suffer considerably.

To be asked to a meeting to discuss a policy for public action, and then be individually impugned by the Secretary as by character unfitted for the task, surprised and pained my husband, but I was not altogether sorry at the severance which Mr. Loch's attitude necessitated. To lose an old friend and to part company with many fellow workers was a cause of sadness, but on the other hand it had become almost impossible for Canon Barnett, with his large following of eager spirits and generous minds, to keep step with a society which, to quote his own words, "inclines as a consequence of its policy to be thin and narrow."

A mind must be thin and narrow, timid and hard, which lives under the law and not under the spirit. The mind of the Council, constantly concerned for its dogmas and its forms, tends thus to become thin, *i.e.* unable to hold the enthusiasm of the day, narrow, *i.e.* unwilling to leave the ruts which it has made. . . It has a sort of panic at the suggestion of socialism, and in fear of its presence ruthlessly destroys some of its own good work. . . It does not lead public opinion, it sets its mechanism above its ideal.

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[1] Now Sir Henry Burdett.

Years afterwards Mr. Loch made the *amende honorable*, but "Humpty Dumpty" is a nursery rhyme containing profound truth, and there was a gradual withdrawing from the C.O.S. central organisation, though of the local Committee Canon Barnett always remained a member.

This readiness to pursue what seemed to him fresh light was more than once misunderstood and caused difficulty. On the source of this characteristic a writer in the Toynbee Report said:

> 1913.—The intensity of Canon Barnett's sense of what was right and just never made him intolerant or self-assertive, and when criticism exposed weakness in his plans or methods, or when he felt that old plans and old methods had served their purpose, he was always ready, as he said, "to lead a revolution" against himself. If he was ready to do this, we cannot be surprised when he took the same line with regard to the causes or the institutions to which he belonged and which he loved. To the merely conventional, to the mechanical and the unintelligent, he was always opposed. Hence he was constantly urging men on to fresh enterprises, and bidding them try new roads, for "revolution" with Canon Barnett meant not destruction, but reform. He discovered new possibilities in old institutions, and poured in the new wine sometimes to the danger of the old bottles.

Not only to the rich, not only to organised societies did my husband appeal on behalf of the disinherited, but to the thoughtful and leisured of all classes, and from 1878 until the end of his life he wrote with irregular frequency. Many of his articles appeared in the leading magazines, at other times in series in the daily press. He often sent letters to *The Times*, most of which were reprinted by the provincial or weekly papers, and evoked comment. Repeatedly was he interviewed; sometimes what we had thought was only an interesting talk appeared as an interview, and at other times, when he had carefully stated his carefully thought-out views, the decoration of the drawing-room, or that he sat on the floor and hugged his knees, was disappointingly reproduced as the main interest of the occasion. To Canon Barnett's work, therefore, of initiating schemes, guiding and inspiring workers, was added the duty of informing the public, and often the conducting of a newspaper correspondence of correction or elucidation. But the last usually fell to my share, though as a rule he alone signed the letters.

Besides signed letters and articles, we both did a great deal of anonymous work, for to teach facts to the thoughtful, so that King Demos should demand reform, seemed often the next duty.

Sometimes when the people got restive and mildly rioted, the newspaper men would make our parlourmaid's life no sinecure, but instead of deprecating these incidents and advising more police control or severity of punishment, Canon Barnett welcomed them as fresh opportunities for compelling the comfortable to realise the disgrace of the conditions in which the mass of the nation's servants lived.

In an article entitled " Cleansing Storms," written when an East London crowd had marched to West London to express their discontent, Canon Barnett wrote :

> 1886.—At present, in something like a panic, thousands of pounds have been subscribed ; by and by it will perhaps be seen that what neighbours need is not the crumbs which fall from the table, but a seat at the board. In those days the rich will not give money which they are too busy to spend ; they will remember that men cannot live without knowledge, without friendship, without the influences of beauty. They will give as to equals, recognising in the poorest higher capacities than those employed in eating, and they will establish in East London those passionless reformers which, more effectively than Colonel Henderson's police, make for peace.
>
> There has been much discussion whether the distress in East London is " normal " or " abnormal," whether things are worse than usual, or only much the same. But all that is a very idle question beside the much more urgent necessity of recognising how very bad things are at their best. " What is human life in the great majority of instances," said Mr. Gladstone, in a famous budget speech thirty years ago, " but a mere struggle for existence ? " What is human life in the great majority of instances, we may ask to-day, but an empty void, destitute of all the interests and pleasures and aspirations that alone make it worth living ?

In the last of the parish reports, written when Mr. Barnett's acceptance of the Canonry of Bristol broke his connection with St. Jude's, he wrote a short summary of social conditions and made an almost passionate appeal to the happy to make friends with the sad. Though it is twenty-five years ago since the words were penned, they are needed still :

> 1892.—With regard to the social schemes, they seem to have made no appreciable difference. Sad and ragged figures crouch nightly in the doorways ; thousands of men and women still haunt the common lodging-houses, greedy as beasts of prey for food ; and crowds of weak men who might have been strong still

hang about street corners and wait for a job. The fact may cause us pain, but not anxiety. The most dangerous symptoms of the disease of society is not the ragged sleeper on the doorstep, but the ill-paid and unemployed worker. The ragged sleeper has had in one sense too much advertisement. His power of self-helpfulness has been destroyed by gifts and shelters and homes. If he is not one of "the knaves and dastards" whom it is the duty of society "to arrest," he is backboneless and feeble; his needs are not hard to discover, and would not be hard to meet.

The symptoms which point to a disease of much greater seriousness are of another character. Among such symptoms are three easily discernible: (1) many women working from morning till night for 15*s*. a week, or even less, are looking out with tired eyes on children made to be strong, but doomed to weakness, made to love mankind and understand mankind's Maker, but doomed to ignorance; (2) many labourers able to clean and carry, wander through streets encumbered with dirt they might remove, and seek in vain for work; they have good references, sometimes for twenty years' service, but they are no more wanted; a change in trade, an employer's temper has thrown them out, and there is nothing before them but the enforced uselessness of the workhouse; (3) many busy workmen, with powers to enjoy the best, find a few hours of leisure a weight on their hands, time to be killed in excitement, and turn again to work as if they were part of their own machines.

Symptoms such as these, in a society where so many brother men have more houses than they can occupy, more wealth than they can use, point to something wrong. Already, indeed, there are visible signs, the symptoms of fever and inflammation. Angry voices ask why these things should be so, and there is a restlessness among the young and impatient, whose eyes education has opened to see the good things of life. The underpaid and the unemployed and the overworked, in the midst of a society where wealth is wasted and work wants doing, points to a disease not to be remedied by training farms, not even by reformed Poor Law. Here are men and women trained to work, and they have not the means to support their manhood. It is a dangerous symptom, and it is little wonder that, things being so, radical remedies are suggested. Many may be convinced that remedies which threaten individuality and develop greed are worse than the disease; but, at the same time, they who do nothing are most of all to blame. The inventive genius of England, as Carlyle has said, has devoted itself to make cloth cheaper than it can be made by any nation; let it rather devote itself to put the cloth on the naked backs of its own people.

Changes in the laws will, doubtless, be necessary. The question is, what party, what class, what individuals are qualified to propose such changes? Who have the requisite knowledge? Men of goodwill have done, and will again do irreparable mischief through ignorance. Working-class leaders are often of all the most ignorant of the needs of their own class.

Changes in law are dangerous experiments; and after all it is the spirit which is in the people and not the law which is most important. If, as has been said, everyone were Christian, there would be no need of socialism; and till everyone is Christian, socialism will be impossible. The practical thing, therefore, is for everyone to cultivate personal friendship with his neighbours. He will thus increase the goodwill, which is greater than law, and he will acquire the knowledge which will enable him to make good laws. No employer, for instance, who was in the habit of visiting his workman, who had seen him in his home and was familiar with his plans for his boys and girls, who, in a word, was his friend, could endure to take profit at the cost of that friend's well-being. At present he often says "impossible" when it is a question of the 3 or 4 per cent.; he would then say "impossible" when it was a question between the recovery or death of his friend's wife, between the neglect or education of his friend's child. Selfish as trade seems to have made men, humanity is still strong, and there are few men who could endure to prosper at a friend's expense.

Let those "who have" make friends with those "who have not," not by reading about them in sensational stories, not by hearing about them from missionaries, not by one or two visits, but by a much longer process. Let them by visiting and receiving visits, by talking and listening, by giving and receiving, build up friendship with those to whom they are brought into contact by trade or duty. They will realise as never before the meaning of life, the responsibility of cheap buying, the cost at which they prosper. They will change their own actions, and some of their luxuries will become hateful to them; their fruits out of season, their horses kept for show, their wines and their jewels will seem like the price of blood; they will give them up that others may have food and knowledge. They will also understand what change of law is desirable, and certainly will suspect changes which will destroy the individuality for which they have learnt respect.

This method of poor relief is old and slow, but it is as yet the only one which has succeeded without leaving evils even worse. It is the method by which God has saved men, Who sent His Son, through the gift of friendship, to draw them to Himself.

After we left East London, 1906, and lived among the leisured classes in Westminster, his vision seemed to become even clearer than when the pain of daily life sometimes almost paralysed hope, and for advice men and women of every class of thought and social position came to him. To them all he gave new counsel based on the old principles which he had formulated out of the message he felt he had received from his God about his brothers. Mr. Alfred Spender has written :

> 1913.—"I'll go and talk it out with Barnett." Of no man in recent years have I heard this phrase used so often. The speaker might be a minister of the Crown, a brother-clergyman, a trade-union leader, a young man from Toynbee Hall, a Charity Organisation secretary, a friend in trouble seeking a friend in need. And the things to be talked out were anything in the wide world, the policy of the Government, the coming Education Bill, the young man's career, what to do with the destitute widow in Flower-and-Dean Street, or how to tide over the winter for the out-of-work docker. Always he gave you his best, and after nearly thirty years I gratefully remember the hours that he bestowed on the little anxieties and perplexities of a quite obscure young man, and the lively sympathy with which he put himself into the young man's position and weighed all the alternatives in front of him, as though they were big with fate for himself.

He often advised people of goodwill to use their talents in local government. Into the hands of the Town Councils he wanted to give more power—power to provide libraries, play-grounds, and public baths ; power to recreate, educate, develop, and comfort, and advised that—

> to obtain the advantages of an increase of humanity and to avoid the loss of an increase of impatience, a sacrifice of originality, and a narrowness of outlook, the national organisations be supported rather than party ones, for it is wiser to throw the leaves which are for the healing of the waters into the stream from which all drink, rather than use them in sweetening cups of water, however generously given.

I feel that this chapter is full of what my husband called "deadly doing," and for fear that his ideals should be even temporarily left out of sight, I add some of his words, feeling that in these days, when again relief and its problems are assuming portentous proportions, it might help some, who administer either State or private funds, to be reminded of principles behind which lay the conviction of the magnificence of human character.

> If we loved God we should never dare to throw a coin to one of his children and hurry on our way to more important business ; we should never insult with gifts of coal and groceries those whose hearts are breaking for want of sympathy ; we should not degrade with excuses and gifts those who were longing to be honoured by anger and by punishment.

CHAPTER XLVII

"*The moral sense of the community has developed since the Poor Law was made. It has received new draughts from God's spirit of love, and sees higher duties of love.*"

In Mr. Barnett's opinion it was vitally important that State charity should be closely allied with voluntary effort. After he had been a Guardian for nearly twenty years he wrote :

1892.—It is almost impossible for a London clergyman to confine his work to his parish limits. He must take his part in the management of societies from which the parishioners receive benefits, and he must set an example by doing his duty as a citizen. Among all the duties which London calls on its citizens to perform, none is above that of caring for the poor. It is a sign of better times that so many rise to the duty, and that the care is so much wiser and more tender than it was. Mrs. Barnett, as one of the managers of Forest Gate schools, and I, as a member of the Whitechapel Board of Guardians, have tried to be of use, and we have had the pleasure of seeing the treatment of the poor become more human. . . We are constantly impressed by the greatness of the power placed in the hands of these bodies.

Among the means of obtaining more voluntary help he advocated the abolition of the property qualification for Guardians, and that the meetings be held in the evenings so as to allow members of the industrial classes to serve.

1890.—At present the administration, limited to a comparatively rich class of the ratepayers, has not the confidence of the majority to whom the government of the country is committed. Working-men themselves get no experience in the administration of relief, and are suspicious of others' methods. It seems, therefore, as if it would be wise to abolish the rating qualification and make it possible to elect as guardians any people of humanity and intelligence.

He frequently advised those who were anxious to do good to join official bodies :

> 1878.—The Poor Law may assist or hinder the poor. There are Unions where firmness has been shown to be identical with kindness, as there are Unions where kindness has worked havoc with self-respect.
>
> Guardians can abolish out-relief, or make it large enough to meet every need ; they may turn their Workhouses into Industrial Schools ; they may emigrate every poor person whose subsistence in the Colonies may be assured ; they can supply the best medical treatment ; and they can see that every official is imbued with the spirit which honours all men. . .
>
> I would commend this work to all who desire to serve the poor. In the Workhouses they will meet many whom discreet help will re-establish ; they will find a great machinery which they may use to instil principles of independence, habits of control, and knowledge of remunerative work. In the schools they will find children who want only wise care to enable them to find life good and useful, and they have ready to their hands all the machinery for giving this care.
>
> The thought of governing a school which is the home of 600 children, of acting to those children in the place of parents, of having to stimulate their inventiveness, to foster their lovingness, and to lead them by the side of temptations, and lastly the responsibility involved in starting them in a career ; all this constitutes a call worthy of strong characters. . .
>
> I appeal, therefore, to all who care for the poor that they take more interest in Poor Law work. As Guardians, as cooperators with the Guardians, they will learn as by no other means what is wanted, and they will direct the public opinion, which will direct reform. . .[1]

My husband gave unstinted work to the Whitechapel Infirmary and to the South Grove Workhouse for the able-bodied, and the long and frequent talks with Mr. Vallance, the able and high-minded Clerk of the Union, resulted in many reforms. As time went on, the Infirmary was equipped and staffed to the standard of a medical school, and efforts were made in co-operation with Mr. Ernest Hart and Sir Stephen Mackenzie to get it treated as a branch of the London Hospital. This hope was never achieved, but had it been, it would have taught the students about chronic complaints, and secured for the patients the most up-to-date treatment. Reform also touched the able-bodied

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[1] *Worship and Work*, published by the Letchworth Garden City Press, Ltd.

House, where the inmates were taught carpentering, shoemaking, and "to work, not perform tasks."

"Gentlemen," said staid Mr. Vallance, for once carried away by a vision of hundreds of paupers organised into an almost self-supporting community, "why should not the Guardians make their own coffins ?"

For the able-bodied also was provided what was called "a mental instructor," who taught clumsy fingers to write, and clumsier brains to read and cypher. Of these Mr. Polyblank, who for years did the work, wrote :

> Following out his principle of educating to higher aims, Mr. Barnett proposed and carried out a scheme for occupying the time of the able-bodied paupers in the Whitechapel Workhouse between their tea and bed-time, by readings and talks on popular subjects of the day pertaining to labour, by persons other than the House Officials, thus putting a disciplining restraint on idleness, swearing and quarrelling, whilst at the same time treating the paupers as free, reasonable members of society. Thereby was brought about a change. The "Ins and Outs" and the younger able-bodied disappeared, and improvement in conduct and a more friendly relationship between officers and inmates appeared among those that were permanent.

Although Mr. Barnett was, by thought and feeling, antagonistic to both sacerdotalism and ritualism, he held that the indirect influence of a place set apart for worship was of incalculable value. He therefore persisted until the Infirmary had its little chapel—1896—in which he spent fruitful minutes with repentant sinners, or tried and tired nurses.

On April 9th, 1892, he received a letter signed by every member of the Board asking him to become the Chairman. He wrote to his brother :

> 1892.—I have this year been elected chairman of the Whitechapel board. It is an honour which I did not seek, and which I would gladly lay down. While I hold that parsons should do their duty as citizens, I do not think they should occupy posts of honour. In a short time my brother guardians will, I trust, allow someone else to succeed me.

The honour and responsibility were soon both passed into the capable hands of our valued friend Mr. James Brown, and when, nearly twelve years after Canon Barnett's resignation of the chairmanship, he severed his connection with the Board, the Clerk wrote:

UNION OFFICES, VALLANCE ROAD, WHITECHAPEL,
April 28th, 1904.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 18th inst. was read at the meeting of the Board on the 19th inst., and I was directed to convey to you an expression of the deep regret with which the Guardians learn of your decision to withdraw from the Board after a membership lasting some thirty years.

The Guardians desire me to say that they look back upon your long association with them with warm appreciation. They have the grateful recollection that you have ever identified yourself with great earnestness with the work of the Board and with the policy of its administration. They remember your powerful advocacy and support of methods in the best interests of the poor and of the ratepayers, and at the same time stimulating to voluntary work on behalf of the suffering and needy, whilst there is record of the many social questions in the consideration of which you have taken so prominent a part.

The Guardians will much miss your presence and help, and whilst sympathising with the reasons that have prompted you to sever your connection with the Board, they are proud to know that you will sometimes favour them with your presence at their meetings, and that they may count upon your experience and advice whenever any Poor Law or social problem may present itself for solution.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
F. TOOTELL (*Clerk*).

The casual ward system had long been suspected, but facts were wanted to give point to any indictment, and so in the winter of 1894–5, Mr. W. H. Pyddoke undertook a thorough inquiry into the conditions of the casuals who entered the ward of the Whitechapel Union.

No less than 614 men were with all courtesy examined, of whom 64 refused to answer any questions. Of the 550 who gave information, it was found that out of 200 men admitted in one day, 36 came in for the first time, 37 for the second time, 43 had been in and out for more than a year, and 84, or 42 per cent., for over five years. Their ages surprised the inquirers, who found that 61 per cent. were under 40 and over 83 per cent. under 50.

It had been commonly believed that the physical decadence of a life spent in London conditions had contributed to much of the incompetency which found itself in the casual wards, but Mr. Pyddoke's inquiry showed that only 22·3 per cent. were born in London, 73·5 in the country, and 4·2 came from abroad.

The columns in which occupations were set out showed 62 per cent. to be unskilled, and there was also a large proportion of old soldiers.

The questions relating to savings elicited the fact that "less than 22 per cent. had voluntarily contributed to a sick club or benefit society."

Of the moral causes of these men's economic failure, drink stands for the largest number; dishonesty, unpunctuality, quarrelling, "extravagance," and minor faults coming far below the prime cause of personal as well as national slackness. Constitutional ill-health, temporary weakness, death of employers, strikes, seasonal causes, change of the demands of fashions, or displacement by machinery, all take their places as contributory causes for the men's failure, and proved, in the way figures so unanswerably demonstrate, that the whole 550 had something lacking, either morally, mentally, or physically. Poor souls!

In the effort to restore some of these men to their own self-respect and a place in the industrial world, it was decided specially to investigate the cases of those men under thirty. Many, very many, visits did Mr. Pyddoke make to those men, but only with sad results.

He wrote in *The Toynbee Record*, 1895:

> Canon Barnett thought that some of the younger lads who had never had any real chance in life might perhaps be got away from the Ward, and saved from the contamination of the older and more hardened hands. I was instructed, therefore, to make the following offer to the more promising lads and men under 30 years of age. If they would go into the Whitechapel Workhouse for a fortnight while their references were being verified, we would do our best to find them work. Twenty accepted the offer, and promised to go into the workhouse. Of these 20, 14 never got to the workhouse at all; one told me he remembered he would have to join the militia, and therefore he must take back his acceptance of our offer; and of the 5 who really did go in, only one stopped long enough for the C.O.S. to complete its inquiries into his character.

Charitable shelters, and the effect on men of being able to beg a night's lodging, were also considered, and Canon Barnett's extensive knowledge of the same class in the common lodging-houses made him advocate as a reform the abolition of the casual wards, and the substitution of "schools of restraint" and "schools of freedom."

1903.—The man who enters an "improved" casual ward—which is the latest product of the deterrent theory—is locked up in a cell with a heap of stones which he is left to break up small enough to pass through a grating at the end of the cell. He is treated as a felon, and he is forced to do work under the conditions of distrust and loneliness most abhorrent to human nature. Is the theory right? Is a prison-like garb, a prison-like sort of work, a prison-like system of control, a vexatious system of rules, a stigma attached to the name of pauper, solitary confinement—is mere disagreeableness a means of reform worthy a civilised community?

No! argued Canon Barnett, the theory that deterrence is the most efficient agent in forcing men and women to work is wrong.

1903.—It is not deterrence, it is education or training which will make people work; and education, be it remembered, includes discipline. The first thing necessary, is to replace the workhouses and casual wards with what may be called "labour schools"—a "school of restraint" for men and women, and a "school of freedom" for men only, at which, under certain conditions, there would be freedom to come and go. Both schools should be established in the country, so that there would be ample provision for space, air and exercise; but both should have facilities for variety of work indoors as well as on the land. . .

The "school of restraint" would be for men and women, who, broadly speaking, being homeless, apply for relief. . The inmates of the school would be well fed, enjoy outdoor exercise, have the means of education, receive medical attention, and be freed from all vexatious or humiliating treatment. They would, above all things, be trained in such work as would enlist their interest; infinite care both by officials and voluntary visitors would have to be given to individuals to discover and awaken such interest. . .

The "school of freedom" would be for men who, broadly speaking, have established homes of their own, having by their industry made enough money to buy furniture and keep their families. It would be set up, either in barracks or in huts, on a broad acreage of unreclaimed or derelict land, of which we are told there is in England an undue proportion.

The advantages of the plan are summed up under three heads:

(1) The scheme opening to everyone a door of hope, there would no longer be reasons for shelters, free meals, and casual relief.

(2) The scheme would relieve the labour market of a body of people who constantly interfere with the rate of wages.

(3) The scheme opens a new avenue for personal service. . . The mass of the unemployable would be so broken up that each one might be reached as an individual by an individual, and each one brought within reach of the personal force of that friendship which is stronger than teaching or discipline to renew weak wills and make the unemployable useful members of society.

While he was Chairman of the Guardians my husband proposed that the relieving officer should be abolished as the intermediary between the sick and the parish doctor—a proposal born of the knowledge of many an anxious wife having to leave her ill husband and wait about for hours to "get the order," or the long day spent by a poor woman too poorly to get up, and yet without medical assistance, because her husband dared not leave his work and "go round to see the boss."

1893.—Let it be everyone's right to get advice from the parish doctor, medicine from the parish dispensary, treatment in the parish infirmary, fever hospital, or lunatic asylum. A parson and a church are provided for the spiritual needs of the people, and everyone has a right to the parson's ministrations and the Church's service; a doctor and an infirmary might be as freely provided.

For many years the Whitechapel children were supported in conjunction with Poplar in the large "Barrack" schools at Forest Gate, but when the Guardians recognised the inherent evils of the system, they built small homes at Grays in Essex, where in groups of ten or twelve everything was done to give the homeless wards of the State a semblance of a home. In the planning, erection, and staffing of these "Scattered Homes," as they were called, in contradistinction to the grouped houses of children's villages, Canon Barnett took the deepest interest, and many a delightful hour have we spent in picturing the artificial family life, and planning the house so as to have it small enough to be home-y, and large enough to be hygienic.

Among the duties often undertaken by Canon Barnett was the sifting of applicants for official posts. The pains he used to take, an extract from a letter to me will show:

January 8*th*, 1883.—Vallance is sad about the matrons. I have seen a great many, of whom ten are coming up to-morrow, and at two o'clock I ought to be at the Workhouse for the final selection. I wish you were here to suggest some questions which would show character, administrative and commanding power.

During all the thirty years that Mr. Barnett served as a Guardian he never vacillated as to the wisdom of abolishing out-relief—see chapter xvii—and often referred with satisfaction to the figures of reduced pauperism, saved rates, and the absence of applicants. But the latter fact did not necessarily mean the absence of suffering, and as time went on he counselled schemes of general alleviation, believing that the degradation to character came in applying, and laying bare before strangers the sacred places of virtue, sin, or suffering, which should be seen only by kindly eyes:

1892.—While, therefore, I look to the Poor Law to provide comfort for old age, relief in sickness and training for the unskilled, I am nevertheless anxious lest inexperienced reformers may forget that the chief care of law should be the character and not the bodies of the people. I am fearful lest they set up judges, relieving officers, or guardians to decide what no man can decide about his brother; lest they make some to bully and others to cringe. I am fearful also lest in the desire to be kind they give relief which experience has shown to be in the long run unkind. I am fearful lest they shrink from being severe to those who refuse to learn or to work.

Influenced by these fears, Canon Barnett advocated automatic relief, and among the schemes he supported were free breakfasts to all children at the elementary schools, free medical relief, national registry offices free alike to employers and employed, free picture galleries, libraries, and swimming-baths, free fresh air, free water, cheap if not free transit, and universal pensions.

To the pension problem my husband had given much thought. In 1875 he provided regular weekly assistance for worthy old people in St. Jude's parish; and later, when the abolition of out-relief brought hardships to those who had always paid rates in the expectation of receiving regular help from the Guardians, he established the Tower Hamlets Pension Committee. It was founded in 1877, and Mr. Barnett was the first Chairman, but he was soon succeeded by Mr. Albert Pell, who gave to it long years of devoted service. Its objects are well stated in its Report:

1881.—Prince Leopold, at the last meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, observed, in reference to those of our aged poor who deserve in their last years a better lot than the workhouse: "Charity can 'discriminate' where law must treat 'all alike,' and there can hardly be a more legitimate way of doing good than the bestowal of small pensions on old men and women who have led a diligent and provident life, and are destitute in their old age through no fault of their own—often through the fraud or bankruptcy of some other person. One would surely wish to see these blameless paupers—'the aristocracy of the poor,' as they have been called—relieved from the need of asking for out-relief and maintained in decent comfort by a charity which is honourable to the recipient, because it is a proof of the donor's respect as well as of his compassion.

In *The Cornhill* Miss Thackeray—now Lady Ritchie—wrote of a visit she paid, guided by Miss Montgomerie, one of the earliest and most loyal of the St. Jude's workers:

We reached a sort of Jacob's ladder of a staircase, at the top of which lived a little old woman of eighty-three in an airy room with cheerful cross-lights, with birdcages and flowerpots in the windows, in which trained ivy plants were growing. Everything was beautifully tidy, the plants were all doing well, the birds were singing, the old lady was sitting down to a white cloth and a dinner of bread and dripping, with a beaming, friendly face. She had "just had the sweeps," and she had been cleaning up afterwards. Everything was fresh, pleasant, and orderly—"Christian" himself might have been glad to rest in this chamber of "peace." Though the old lady was rather shy at first of speaking about herself, she became more talkative little by little. She had been a widow for twenty years. She never would marry again—not she—she had "had enough of it." It was a pleasure to see the old woman's thriftiness and cleverness; everything she touched seemed to go right, nor was she too old to attend upon the cobbler's sick wife upstairs who began to knock for her while we were there.

"Mrs. Brown heared the voices, and thought as how you was here, miss, and Mr. Brown he wants to know if you could please to get him the book of *Thoughts*."

Mr. Brown had sent a waxy number of the shoemaker's journal for us to see, turned down at a page containing a description of a cobbler who had gone out to buy some Christmas dinner, and who, on his return, to his wife's somewhat justifiable disappointment, had produced a copy of Young's *Night Thoughts* instead. This, he said, would stand them in place of many dinners, and accordingly the worthy couple had read the poem together with delight instead of dining. No wonder Mr. Brown's expectations had been raised!

"I will certainly borrow the book for Mr. Brown, but I *hope* he won't be disappointed!" said Miss Montgomerie.

As we came down the ladder the hostess gave us many warnings as to our footsteps, waved many cheerful good-byes, and ran upstairs again nimbly to her sick neighbour.

"Wouldn't it be a pity to send that woman to the workhouse?"

After many years' experience Canon Barnett arrived at the conclusion that non-contributory universal pensions was the only satisfactory and workable plan. Holding as he did that the development of character was the one thing needful, he foresaw the dangers that would gather round a contributory scheme, or one that depended on the judgment of one person on another. He wrote:

> 1883.—Pensions of 8*s*. or 10*s*. a week might be given to every citizen who had kept himself until the age of sixty without workhouse aid. If such pensions were the right of all, none would be tempted to lie to get them, nor would any be tempted to spy and bully in order to show the undesert of applicants. So long as relief is a matter of desert, and so long as the most conscientious relieving officers are liable to err, there must be mistakes both on the side of indulgence and of neglect.[1]

Twenty-five years after that article was written he referred to it:

> 1908.—In 1883 I wrote in *The Nineteenth Century* to advocate universal pensions. . . It was care for morality which produced this advocacy. Attempts to discriminate had weakened the sense of truth and justice; the only way seemed to be a proposal which would do away with all need for investigation and open to every citizen an equal right to a pension. Universal pensions could provoke no deceit and establish no privileged class. They would be within the reach of every citizen and would be provided by their common contributions. They would secure to everyone freedom from anxiety as to old age, and they would meet the claim for deferred wages which out-relief had recognised without imperilling the moral sense of the community.[2]

Towards this scheme my husband did much work. Conferences were arranged, meetings held, debates organised, and innumerable articles and leaflets issued. In 1898 Lord Rothschild's Committee on old-age pensions issued its adverse report, followed in 1899 by Mr. Charles Booth's book, wherein he published for the first time his scheme of old-age pensions. Mr. H. Chaplin's "Select Committee for Inquiry on the Aged and Deserving Poor" was formed the same year, and also the "National Committee of Organised Labour" came into existence. Its object was to obtain a national system of old-age pensions, and our faithful adherent, Mr. Frederick Rogers, became its Secretary. To him Canon

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[1] *Nineteenth Century*, 1883.

[2] *Practicable Socialism*.

Barnett gave abundantly of his thoughts, sympathy, and suggestions, for it was to us a source of great gratification that a man, the son of a dock labourer, whom we had first known as a working bookbinder, eager to borrow standard works and use every chance for self-cultivation, should have risen to a position of such importance, demanding intellectual qualities of no mean order.

For Canon Barnett, Mr. Rogers had a deep affection, writing of him in his Reminiscences thus:

> 1914.—My love and reverence for him deepened with time. . . He was strong, though not indeed in the way the multitude counts strength. His strength was in the humbleness of his mind and the sincerity of his soul. He broadened the scope of religious activities, not by talking about being broadminded, but by affirming principles which men had forgotten. "Greatness," he said once, "consists not only in doing great things, but in doing little things in a great spirit."
>
> His work was great and far-reaching in its character, but it was not for what he did that men sought his counsel, but for what he was. . . Quiet-natured, but full of a soul-supporting faith, he refused to let himself be daunted by failure. He did not believe that many men consciously and intentionally did wrong, and he had faith in the appeal of goodness to the worst soul. . . Work done in this spirit assuredly finds its place in the values of the world, though it may never be seen amid its fogs, or heard of amid its turmoil. Here is no worship of success or failure, here is an insight that looks beyond them both, and appeals to the heroic in man.[1]

When in 1908 the Pensions Act was passed, Canon Barnett welcomed it, but only as a step towards the more desirable end of an automatically granted universal pension on the attainment of sixty-five years of age. His wells of patience and faith were very deep, and in spite of he himself being very rapid, he had a curious natural sympathy with the slow and cautious way by which the English people proceed.

So we must still "wait and see."

Although Canon Barnett held that the Poor Law boldly administered could meet far more of the needs of the suffering and indigent than was usually recognised, his interest in legal charity was not limited to administrative matters, and his alert mind frequently wove schemes involving radical changes. Thus in an article on "Unemployed Goodwill"—1905—my husband advocates that the County Council should become the central authority for the poor law, and suggests a comprehensive scheme of delegation of its duties. He claimed:

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[1] *Labour, Life and Literature*, by Frederick Rogers. Published by Smith, Elder & Co.

> 1905.—Among the advantages would be that of using the unemployed people of goodwill . . . who are longing for action. . .
> Some of them now work with charities, and are fretted by their restrictions or extravagances. Others are standing aside, waiting a call from authority, ready to serve the State, but not an irresponsible "charity." All have knowledge and interest. . .
> Strong bodies could easily be gathered from people of all classes of society—men of business and men of thought, working-men and working-men's wives. Such a body could be entrusted with the management of children, of the sick and infirm, of the feeble-minded, and of the various classes of the able-bodied.[1]

The accession of the volunteer spirit, he contended, would prevent systems from becoming mechanical "while the officials would be kept human."

> The administration of poor relief must be scientific and it must be human. The end can hardly be reached unless the people of goodwill are used. To refuse their service is to miss the greatest force at the government's disposal. To let it flow uncontrolled is to invite waste and mischief.

When the Poor Law Commission was formed in 1905 he was pressed to become a member, but, as is told in a later chapter, his mind was set on spending his remaining years in the direct teaching of his faith. His refusal did not imply a cessation of interest, and he not only followed the Commission's colossal work with the keenest intelligence, but in many conversations with members, made what they held to be valuable suggestions, and, as usual, pregnant with hope.

On the issue of the Reports he was much troubled, having so earnestly hoped that the members would be unanimous and thus invincible, but with his irrepressible instinct for uniting he seized on the points which both the Majority and Minority signatories agreed on, and pressed for the reforms they both advocated. Of both Reports he made the most careful study, filling pages in his neat handwriting with their agreements and divergencies. He also wrote many articles on the subject—some signed, some using the editorial "we"—and saw what would have been a small crowd of interviewers had they not been taken "one by one." In an article in *The Daily News*—February 22nd, 1909—called "A Charter for the Poor," he wrote:

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[1] *Towards Social Reform.*

The Commissioners are unanimous in condemning the present system. It is enormously expensive, and has so failed in its object to relieve distress. It has developed a system of out-relief which is not only generally inadequate, but is sometimes an encouragement to vicious living; and a system of indoor relief which is attractive to the idle and a centre of demoralising influence. . .

The tone of the whole report is an answer to disbelievers in progress. It shows how since 1834, the spirit of humanity has developed, and how the spirit of science is gradually bringing order into the confusion of freedom. Recommendations are urged on the faith that society will want to do the best for the worst of its members, and that the worst will respond. . . .

The points of the agreement in the Majority and Minority Reports are much more striking than the points of disagreement, Both agree in disestablishing Boards of Guardians and transferring their authority to County Councils; and both unite in their demands that the relief for the sick, the children, the infirm, and the old be made adequate. Both affirm that the able-bodied, the unemployed, and the vagrant are, under the present system, neglected or provoked. . .

The means for meeting their needs recommended by both reports are preventive and remedial. There must be labour registries so that stagnant pools of labour may be drained and helped to flow where work is wanted. Their use must be made compulsory on large employers of casual labour so that such labour may be "dovetailed" to obtain some of the advantages of regular labour. There must be facilities provided to enable people to move so as to take up work which may be waiting either in the country or the Empire. There must be contributions from the State to encourage insurance against unemployment, and probably the same for invalidity insurance. There must be greater regularity in the work given out by the State and local departments, whether it be work such as is normally demanded, or special work such as afforestation, which may be undertaken at times when the normal demand is least. . . There must be regularisation of public employment. There must be training establishments, to which men and women may be sent either near their own doors or in the country, where, without loss of self-respect, they may learn the ways of industry while they receive sufficient maintenance. There must, lastly, be detentive colonies in which able-bodied people may be detained for considerable periods while they have opportunities for fitting themselves for industrial life.

It is only his intimates who are able to appreciate the deep gratification with which Canon Barnett welcomed the support of some of the ablest brains in the Kingdom for views he had long held.

The practical person looking out for the first thing to do will ask that the recommendations which concern the able-bodied shall at once be carried out by a National authority. . . There is no reason for delay. The Government has declared its intention during this Session to establish a system of labour registries. This will entail the creation of a special department of the Board of Trade. That department might be given the further duties as to insurance, inspection, regularising industry, etc., which the Commissioners with one mind agree can only be performed by a national authority. The same department, in addition, might undertake the provision and management of training establishments and detention colonies. The organisation of labour, of all people bodily and mentally fit for work, would then be brought together. The official or the Minister at the head, assisted, it may be, by workmen and employers as assessors, would have under his view the working population of the country. . . . Local officers would take over the duties of the Distress Committees, and instead of the relief works, which meet unanimous condemnation, would pass on all labourers for whom no work could be found, to training establishments, where they would be employed during the whole day, returning home to sleep, or they would be sent to country farms where they would be boarded. A National authority might, in course of time, become " a kind of trade meteorologist."

The first thing to do, therefore, is to establish a national authority. . . The Casual Wards and Distress Committees would then come under this authority to be transformed, and the Guardians would have nothing to do with the physical and mental able-bodied. . .

If at the same time the Voluntary Aid Councils and Committees could be created, as is proposed by the Report, there would be great resources both of money and goodwill at the disposal of the officials, who, in touch with the whole machinery for organising and training industry, would be called to deal with individuals in distress not by such wholesale methods as relief works, but personally, one by one, after careful consideration of each case by the treatment best calculated to enable him to resume productive employment.

That was written nine years ago. Since then the Fabian Society has worked, the organisation for the breaking up of the Poor Law has poured forth speech and pamphlets, but municipal confusion still exists and the ne'er-do-weels are still defrauded of their right to the opportunity of reform.

CHAPTER XLVIII

"*The schools provide for the children everything which thought can suggest; holidays, playthings, technical teaching. They, however, cannot provide the difficulties which give resourcefulness to character, or that individual care which fosters love. . . Education without love must fail.*"

This chapter tells more about my work than my husband's, but close as was our co-operation in work it was perhaps especially so in matters relating to Poor Law. In the Infirmary I helped him with the girls and the women. In the schools he helped me in the ever-moving ideals of all who strive to educate.

In 1875 I was nominated by the Local Government Board to a seat on the Board of Managers of the district schools at Forest Gate, a post I held for twenty-two years. At the earlier date there existed in them many of the evils which Mrs. Nassau Senior, as an Inspector, forcibly denounced. In a paper written in 1894 they are described:

> When I joined the Board of Management, the school at Forest Gate was not in a good condition. It had been built for some ten years as a district or joint school to accommodate the children chargeable to the Whitechapel, Poplar, and Hackney Unions, but Hackney had recently parted company with the other two, after rows and scandals which are perhaps best forgotten.
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> At that time there were 216 children belonging to Whitechapel and 344 chargeable to Poplar in the school. The buildings in which they were housed were well built and commodious, the dining-hall handsome and airy, and the block included an infirmary for the sick, a receiving ward for the newcomers, a laundry, and an infant department, all entirely separate from the main building, which consisted chiefly of the schoolrooms and the dormitories. These were all lofty, and, of course, hideously clean apartments. The children were dressed in a uniform, and no one had his or her own clothes. They wore any that happened to fit, as they were handed out on the day of the weekly change. The soiled garments were sent to the wash, and whether torn or unduly dirty, the delinquent escaped the rebuke or punishment which might have been a training to carefulness. Silence reigned at meal times. The regulation weight of food was handed out to each child according to its age, but regardless

of its size, appetite, taste, or physical condition. Dull food dully eaten does not conduce to robust health.

The hours out of school were not play hours. The girls scrubbed the vast areas, I had almost said acres, of boarded rooms, but they were not allowed even to do it together. Each child was placed a few yards off the other. The boys quarrelled or shivered in the yards, unless they enjoyed bullying a smaller "chap" or paralysing the poor brains of the half-witted by having "games" with him.

The children were not called by their names. Each was commonly addressed as "child." They had no toys, no library, no Sunday school, no places in which to keep personal possessions, no playing-fields, no night garments, no prizes, no flowers, no pets, no pictures on the walls, no pleasures in music, no opportunities for seeing the world outside the school walls. Life for them was surrounded with limitations, not the limitations which necessarily bound the horizons of us all, the conquest and the use of which are the means by which characters grow, but the limitations which are imposed by an unnatural life and the ruthless requirement of discipline—a discipline which far exceeded what was desirable for the ordering of ten or twelve children, but which had become necessary because some 600 children had to be considered.

Ten years later many and important changes had been brought about. The children romped in playing-fields, dug and delved in little gardens, talked busily at meals, wore night garments, owned three sets of day apparel; possessed toys, large ones, such as rocking-horses, swings, bats, dolls'-houses, to be played with in common; small treasures, such as dolls, puzzle books and boxes, which now lived in personally owned "lockers," and taught even the veriest thief by inheritance to respect "meum" and "tuum." The children swam and were drilled, walked out or gambolled in the yards, all with a mien that spoke volumes of the needs so silently borne, and of the enjoyment of the new life so gladly accepted. Prizes were offered and won, and a library was voluntarily worked by ladies, "out of doors," to use the pauper child's expression.

Bare rooms had been decorated with pictures, and high hope was to be read through many a motto on colour-washed walls. Flowers grew in the windows, cats kittened in the laundry, canaries sang amid the whirr of the patent centrifugal wringer. Concerts and entertainments were given almost weekly by the staff, or ladies, or gentlemen, with power to cause pleasure. Each girl was called by her Christian prefix. Each boy by his sire's name. On Sunday afternoon the great hall was turned into a busy Sunday school, when the children came into contact with good hearts and gentle influences; and as enough teachers volunteered to allow of the classes being small, each child, anyhow for that one afternoon, got the individual notice that every little one craves for. A savings' bank was started, and pennies were both saved and spent when the managers thought well to have a treat and the happy hundreds spent a long day by the sea. Kindergarten and its "gifts" brought interest and variety into the infants' school.

At meal-times a happy buzz arose from amid the long tables, and such interest as the conversation provided did something to make the coarse food more appetising. Individual tastes were consulted, at least as far as quantity was concerned, for the children were given less to begin with, and encouraged to ask for more.

Recreation rooms were provided for both boys and girls, and the long winter evenings were anything but dreary, for when school was done and

> work over, the children gathered in the brilliantly lit, hot-pipe-heated rooms, and played draughts, bagatelle, lotto, or tiddly-winks.
>
> In order to prepare the elder girls for the life of service, two small homes had been started, in which five or six girls were received for a few months before their entrance was made into the world. One of these little training-homes I had and have under my own care at Hampstead. The other was carried on in rooms set apart for the purpose in a wing of the great building.[1]

It was great fun making the children gayer, and we had a delightful group of ladies who did the work with happiness and regularity. The Board gave into my hands the preliminary selection of the women officers, whom, by advertisement, I invited to come to sacrifice themselves instead of to obtain comfortable posts. Thus some noble characters joined the staff. I visited the schools at all hours, and I recall with amusement the amazement of the officers when Mr. Barnett and I appeared one morning at six o'clock, as the children's getting-up bell was clanging.

The girls, as they reached fourteen or fifteen, were transferred to our little Home—chapter xi—where by close knowledge the effects of the system of education could be judged. Slowly, very slowly, the conviction grew that, though the school as a school was excellent, the system was wrong. The keynote of character-development is love, and that was missing. No one can love 600 children, each one of whom needs the comfort and the stimulation of personally rendered affection.

When my husband and I went round the world we made it our duty to see schools in every country, those in Japan specially impressing us by their care for the development of each child's individuality. With the experience of other nations' educational standards, the evils of herding children together, divorced from the influences which train resource, and deprived by discipline of the power of choice, took their true place in the list of our national wrong-doing.

We both realised that the system must be reformed, but how to attack an organisation so firmly supported by usage and unthinking goodwill, was difficult to see. At the prize days of the many "Barrack" schools the Guardians simply radiated with satisfaction, and brought "all their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts" to see the hundreds of children. In proportion as they were painfully clean, depressingly tidy, petrified by discipline, approval was tendered.

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[1] *The Contemporary Review.*

"How beautiful!" said one comfortable mother of her own comfortable family. "They all look alike. They might be one child."

But she did not recognise the pathos below her bald statement of fact.

How could the evils of the system which robbed children of freedom, joy, and individuality be brought home to an indifferent public, who cared only for physical suffering?

Suddenly the way tragically opened. A certain Ella Gillespie was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for ill-using the infants in the Hackney Pauper schools. She had beaten their little bodies with stinging nettles, made them kneel with bare legs on the hot water-pipes, banged their heads against the wall until blood came from their ears, and terrorised them into semi-imbecility. Her actions had been known for a long time by her fellow officers, who had held their peace. Properly shocked were the Guardians, the Press, and the public; but it was said the management was slack, and "accidents occur," etc., etc. And then in the school of which I was a manager—acknowledged by the Inspector to be exceedingly well-managed—occurred two dreadful disasters. The first was fire.

> 1890.—It was New Year's Eve. Good folk had been seeing the dawn of a new year with bowed heads and bent knees, and, full of aspiration, were walking home after the close of the service, when glare and smoke around a barrack school told of the children's need of help. Many brave men offered succour; but twenty-two smothered or charred corpses, laid out in a long bare room, told the tale of that night's work. The coroner sat, the jurymen asked questions, keys were shown, plans produced, systems explained, good intentions commended, sufferers condoled with, verdict given, children buried, monument put up. What more would you want? Only to put the saddle on the right horse, and to declare that the *system* was to blame; that the tragedy was caused by the massing of so many children together; that they, by their number, became unwieldy when individual action alone could save them.[1]

The grief of the mothers is unforgettable, but it would have been far less sad if it had been mixed with indignation. It is the apathy of the disinherited which hurts one most.

The second disaster was from poison.

> 1894.—It was a scorching day, one of those days when life is a real joy if spent in a garden, a real pain if spent in proximity to a kitchen fire, or in the near neighbourhood of a crowd of hot, greasy, fretful children. Dinner hour was noon. About that time a trusted servant of the estab-

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[1] *Home or the Barrack*, by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

lishment, passing through the dining-hall, saw fly-blown meat on the trays that had been set for the children. It was none of her business, but a woman's heart grows bold where bairns are concerned, and she complained. The officials took no notice.

Presently child after child felt sick; little heads drooped, hot stomachs had pains, noisy throats retched, till at last the doctor was busy with 141 patients. But from his skilled hands death took two poisoned lives.

Once more the formula of an inquest was gone through. The coroner, as usual, was sure nothing was wrong, and not only exonerated from blame all concerned, but began an encomium on the management of the school, when he was interrupted by a man who had "something to say." His "something" adjourned the inquest, and finally led to an inquiry by the Local Government Board; and then what the newspapers called "startling disclosures" were made. It was stated that the children were frequently fed on the officers' waste instead of fresh meat, and that the dietary table was often broken. These statements were not only made, but proved. And in adjudicating on the case the Local Government Board wrote:

> "With regard to the explanation of the school superintendent, forwarded with your letter, the Board consider it extremely unsatisfactory that 52 lbs. of meat should have been charged as taken out of the store on the 22nd of June last, to make soup for the children, when, in fact, the greater portion of the meat used for the soup was meat remaining from officers' joints taken out of the store on previous days. The Board consider it equally unsatisfactory that the superintendent should have to admit that instead of soup being entered as being given to certain of the children on the same day, bread pudding, not entered in his accounts, was given them."

Beyond this mild rebuke no more official notice was taken except to dismiss Henry Elliott,[1] the man who was brave enough to tell the truth. But not so the Press; they freely commented on the incident, and condemned the management, *The British Medical Journal* saying:

May 26th, 1894.—No one can believe for a moment that the matters brought to light by the Local Government Board Inquiry were accidental and unprecedented abuses. What was accidental was the discovery of the evil.

Led by my brother-in-law, Mr. Ernest Hart, a vigorous demand from child-lovers arose for inquiry into all the pauper schools where ophthalmia raged, intellects were dulled, and epidemics found prepared victims. A deputation waited on Mr. Shaw Lefevre, a deputation so big that it thronged the small chamber arranged for its reception, crammed the large room hastily offered, and overflowed into passages and down the stairs. Admirable was Sir John Gorst's speech, clear, incisive, from the standpoint of a Parliamentary veteran, and a tender father. Splendid, if furious, was that of Mr. Hart, who poured out facts and figures and conclusively proved that the State was injuring the children it was supporting. Of my own utterance I cannot report. I only know that I was in a terrible fright, and worn down with the labour of arranging the monster deputation. But it was worth while, for it resulted in the creation of a Departmental Committee "to inquire into the condition of Poor Law Schools," on which I was offered a seat—the first woman, I believe, to receive that belated privilege. The other members were the Right Hon. J. A. Mundella, M.P., Chairman; the Right Hon. Sir John Gorst, M.P.; the Hon. Lyulph Stanley; Sir Joshua Fitch; Rev. Brooke Lambert; and Dr. Edward Nettleship. Mr. Henry Aveling was appointed secretary, and for nearly two years we worked. During that time we sat fifty times, saw seventy-three witnesses, and asked 17,566 questions. Each member inspected schools, when and where he deemed well. Usually, when I went to see Institutions outside London, Canon Barnett came too, and very interesting times we had at provincial towns, and in boarding-out centres, but to the Schools, Workhouses, or Village Communities, either in town or close by, one of the other members of the Committee and I went together. To hear Sir Joshua Fitch examine a school was in itself an education; but in all other matters—and they are the majority in Boarding schools—the men only saw what they were shown, driving home the necessity of having women Inspectors whose minds are agile, and eyes clear. As the weeks went by, the work seemed harder. Sir John Gorst came to stay in Toynbee Hall every Monday. On Tuesdays the Committee sat at Westminster, usually for five hours. On Wednesdays Sir John and I inspected all day. On Thursdays it was the meeting of the Board at Forest Gate, and on Fridays the Committee again put in five or six hours' work.

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[1] The perplexity of the simple man, because doing his duty to the children had resulted in his downfall, was pathetic; but we took him into St. Jude's Cottage (chapter xxxix), which had been nicknamed "St. Jude's Hold-all," and kept him there useful, contented, and devoted to our Dorothy. One day, feeling ill, he went off, leaving a little note in which he said:

"I think it will be sad for little Missy if I die with you, so I am off."

How easily a lonely man can be lost in a great city! But we found him at last, and the Canon tended him through his dying days.

In all this work my husband did his share by counsel and comfort, the latter of which was often wanted, for I am one of the women who are not fit for public work, and dislike and distrust all forms of conflict. Every week in his letters to his brother he showed his care for the children and his faith in the aims we had in view. A few of these sentences may be of interest; though his appreciation of my efforts was, I think, exaggerated.

December 7th, 1895.—My wife has had a very trying week on the Commission. Mr. —— is so ignorant and such a bully. Gorst is so able and so hasty that the elements soon make a blaze. They parted hotly on Wednesday, but I hope they may still so far come together as to get out a good report. It puzzles me why people so fear to attack a Government Department. *The Chronicle* goes for the Asylum Board, and passes by the L.G.B., whose delay is at the root of all the trouble.

February 29th, 1896.—The report is signed, the "all together" by all together. It really is a great triumph for my wife, and one she deserves. She has done most of the work, thought out the recommendations, executed the form, and then, more than all, by a mixture of tact and temper, has made the men sign. If one thinks of the opinions with which some started, the change is wonderful. We are very happy, but now the work will be to get legislation. The L.G.B. won't like the report, and may balk it.

April 4th, 1896.—The Report came out on Thursday. It had been sent beforehand privately to the editor of ————. He wired to us, and for love held it over so that all the papers might have the notice on the same day. We went up to see him at 11 o'clock on Wednesday night. Once more the wife's thoroughness told, and as a reward she got the first-rate article in *The Times*. Did you read it? The thing is really good. All yesterday she was in ecstasies.

The Report dealt with the lives of all the State-supported children, whether they were reared in great Barrack schools, or in smaller households grouped together in Village Communities, or in "Scattered" Homes of twelve inmates situated among the normal population, or boarded out in the families of the villagers. It laid bare the devastation brought by ophthalmia, always chronic and often epidemic in Barrack schools, and exposed the ignorance and apathy of the young trained *en bloc*. It showed up the criminal self-satisfaction of the Guardians, and the still more wicked indifference of the Local Government Board, to evils of which it knew. It brought out the injustice of the Department acting as judge, jury, and accused when scandals arose, which were often due to the negligence of their own officers and inspectors.

The Report made a press sensation, and let loose avalanches of angry remonstrance from Guardians, officers, and what Sir John Gorst called the "army of traders" whose interest was in the maintenance of huge Institutions. Many who wrote were specially angry with me, and I was accused of falsehood, exaggerations, and using the knowledge gained by my position to be disloyal to my Board. To not one of these personal attacks was a reply sent. My husband felt very strongly that it was right to keep silence, and so judgment was allowed to go by default. I wonder if he was right. I did not think so then. But though I was silent, Mr. Ernest Hart's pen and Sir John Gorst's speech never rested, and so great an interest was aroused in the nation's children, that in November 1896 the State Children's Association was founded, its aim being "to obtain individual treatment for children under the Guardianship of the State." Lord Peel was its first chairman, Lord Herschell its second, followed by Lord Grey, Lord Crewe, Lord Burghclere, and Lord Lytton, who still leads and serves the Committee.

From its commencement the Association was characterised by fearlessness, and supported by its vice-chairman, Sir Albert Spicer, and a very strong Parliamentary Committee, it has annually engineered debates in the "House," when the Local Government Board estimates are taken. In its first report it stated that seventeen pamphlets and leaflets had been prepared, twenty-one public meetings held, a Bill to obtain further powers of control drafted, and that by constant pressure no less than thirteen of the recommendations of the Departmental Committee had been adopted by the Local Government Board.

Since the Misses Philp joined the Association as secretaries, its work has been commended to many enlightened Guardians who have become members, and a survey of the nineteen years' work in which these ladies have taken so momentous a part would include the passing or amending of various Acts of Parliament, many hundreds of meetings, and the distributions of thousands of leaflets.

The founding of the Association, and the friends who joined it to work for the children, are often mentioned in Canon Barnett's letters :

F. G. B.—OXFORD, *December* 1896.—We came here yesterday for my wife to read a paper to Oxford ladies. It went well, and more care for the Poor Law children is aroused. Her Association grows, she has Archbishops, Bishops, Nonconformists, and M.P.s. I hope the demonstration of strength may influence the Government, who, you see, has appointed a Committee to reorganise the Local Government Board. A good deal more may be done by such a demonstration than by agitation, which provokes counter agitation.

F. G. B.—January 30*th*, 1897.—My wife has been very busy with Poor Law work. She has seen Lord Peel, and her new State Children's Association Committee[1] is to meet for the first time on Wednesday. The Committee is very good with Costelloe, Sidney Webb, Ernest Flower, and others. The fight ahead is, however, sure to be long and hard.

F. G. B.—March 11*th*, 1898.—At this moment my wife, under the leadership of Sidney Webb, is attacking the Asylum Board. Her Bill was introduced yesterday, and is down for second reading on Thursday. It looks as if it would pass.

F. G. B.—May, 1901.—On Friday Y—— introduced Lord Crewe as Chairman of the State Children's Association. She greatly liked him and his quiet, solid intention; and on Wednesday she met her Parliament men at the House of Commons. . . They hope to remove pauper schools off the face of the earth. . . It is very hard to move any reform, people are so content and so busy with their own pleasures. The consequence is "barrack" schools and all methods of getting things easily done are in favour.

May, 1903.—My wife is much concerned in getting a Vagrant Bill through the House. Gorst is bringing it in; perhaps the Government will support it. . . She had a very good meeting of eleven M.P.s in the House, who planned all sorts of attacks and measures for State children. She is very pleased. . . There is a curious readiness to help children. The human instinct, which has tired of workmen and the poor, turns to children.

With Canon Barnett's firm belief that the welfare of the nation largely depended on education, it was a constant sorrow to him that the State neglected its opportunities to the children it supported, and over whom it had complete control. When they are in their own homes, semi-nutrition, unsuitable clothing, and irregularity of attendance handicap the children; but when they are under the care of the State, all these matters can be controlled. Why, then, is their training so incomplete, their equipment for life so ill-considered? Partly, he thought, because the schools were under the Local Government Board, and not the Board of Education, and partly because the Guardians are usually of the class who do not believe in education.

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[1] The indirect effort of S.C.A. is not negligible, and a sentence overheard at the National Liberal Club during the winter of 1904 was significant. The Clerk of one Board, speaking of the difficulties of poverty pressure, said, "We could of course crowd the children, but one can't put two in a bed without Mrs. Barnett and her Society coming down on us with a question in the House, or a note to the Local Government Board."

"Look at me," said one of my brother Guardians, when I was urging more teaching for children in their teens—"look at me, and I've never been to school since I was eleven, and never now reads a book, and yet! Here I am!"

What could one say to that mountain of flesh and mole-hill of mind?—and yet he was following a divine command and giving to others what he wished others to give to him.

One of the leaflets issued by S.C.A., and written by my husband, puts clearly his opinion on the relative value of two systems of education, and in view of the fact that the number of war orphans has now brought the question prominently before earnest minds, it may be useful to reprint what he thought.

> Children, like young animals, suffer from aggregation, which renders them a fertile soil for the spread of any disease that is once introduced. They require such changes of the surrounding atmosphere as are almost impossible when they are massed together. . .
>
> This fact is now widely recognised, and Guardians have exerted themselves to substitute some other system for that of Barrack schools, in which throat, skin, and eye diseases can hardly be kept in check, even when money is freely spent on isolation hospitals. . .
>
> A system which has received some favour is that of Village Communities. In separate cottages or blocks within a ring fence children live together in groups, the cottages accommodating from 12 to 30 children each, the blocks from 40 to 60, the number of buildings varying in different communities from 6 to 40. . . In these artificial villages the evils of aggregation, so far as they affect health, may be escaped; the children are usually healthy, and disease does not spread. But there are other evils which are as great in the eyes of those who are concerned that childhood should be rich in the variety which will make it happy, and fruitful in the experience which will make the after-life of the child profitable to the State. The children

in the Village Communities all live the same sort of life, and cannot have the changes and surprises of the home or of the streets; they are not trained to develop power to meet emergencies, or to strike out a way for themselves. Such Communities may secure healthy bodies, but they do not secure robust minds. They tend to make children rely too much on the help of others, and do not satisfy those Guardians who look further ahead. . .

Another system has therefore been tried with what are called "Scattered Homes." The Guardians at Sheffield, who initiated this plan, set themselves the problem of how to procure for children unsuited for boarding out, the best available conditions for health and education, with such supervision as would prevent abuses. They began by renting houses—such as are generally occupied by families of the working-class—in different streets of the city, and in those they placed from fifteen to eighteen children with a motherly woman as housekeeper. . . At the same time they established an Administrative Centre, . . . designed to lodge each child during the few weeks necessary for the observation of its health and character, until it could be sent, without any workhouse memory, and with fair security of success, to one of the "Scattered Homes." . . .

If now a stranger visits Bradford, Leeds, Camberwell, or any of the places in which this system is adopted, and asks to be shown what is going on, he is taken into a house in no way distinguished from its neighbours. He finds in it a busy woman, who shows him the kitchen, with an ordinary stove and homely furniture. She takes him upstairs to the bedrooms, with their three or four beds—one room with one bed in case any child is ailing—and he finds in the backyard the usual outhouse fit for washing and brushing. She will tell him that the children are at the neighbouring elementary school, and he will see for himself in the books, the playthings, and even by the inevitable marks of damage, that the children keep their own individuality. He will learn in conversation that the superintendent pays frequent visits, that the house-mother obtains the supplies of food as any ordinary housekeeper does, . . . and that she is thus enabled to give the variety to the feeding which stimulates children's appetites. The "mother" herself is full of interest in each of the children; she has evidently a busy life, but, unlike that in an institution, it is free. She can go out, talk to neighbours, and receive friends. She has, too, the sense of responsibility, and the great delight of winning the children's trust.

And if now the stranger meets the children as they troop out of school, he will find them vigorous and healthy; . . . and he will see that they are mixing freely with other children, some hurrying off together on one of those important visits to inspect a neighbouring novelty in which children teach one another so much; others going to the playground to learn by contact how to fit themselves into society. If he gets into conversation with a boy, he will be met, not perhaps with that appearance of deference with which a Guardian is received at the Poor Law school, but with the thoughtful manliness of one who has to hold his own in class and play, and, if he does not —as is usual in Barrack schools—have his hand cuddled by the little ones, it is because they, with their own " house-mother," their own playthings, their own friends, and their own interests, have other outlets for their fondness.

The stranger will find that for everyone the days are full; that the share taken by each in house cleaning and keeping is enjoyed; that Saturday holidays have pleasures not ready-made, but invented by each individual; that Sunday, the most difficult of days in institutions, is spent in Sunday school, in services fitted to childish understanding, in walks with friends, or in reading at home, and that each child is absorbing the knowledge of men and things which is the best education. They read on the broad-sheets of what is going on in the world; they see in the shops things which arouse their curiosity; they hear from their schoolfellows how hardships are met and overcome; they find out how to adapt means to ends; they get familiar with buying and selling as they go to the shops for their " house-mother,." or to spend any pocket money of their own; they learn to take care of themselves as they cross the roads or wrestle their way through school life; and they learn to care for others as they are brought into contact with the sick or weak, and feel the pleasure of helping.

Visitors who have been struck by the order of the Village Community—its paths, its flowers beds, its pretty cottages, its efficient officials, its much-drilled children, and its appliances— . . . will be disappointed at what will seem to be the ordinary plainness of the Scattered Homes. But when they ask themselves how English children of the respectable artisan class are brought up, how it is our boys are lovers of adventure and resourceful colonists, and our girls patient housewives and devoted mothers, they will judge by another standard.

They will not complain because the furniture and appointments are simple, or because the " house-mother " is not as orderly in her ways as the head of a prison, or because the children sometimes tear their clothes and dirty their faces. Mending and washing are educational.

The chief things necessary are enough space for health, and enough liberty for the growth of character. The "Scattered Homes" afford both, and the danger of the abuse of liberty is checked by the superintendent, the visiting committee, and the public. The superintendent brings to bear that official knowledge which is valuable in the administration of public money; the visiting committee bring the kindly sympathy which encourage the "mothers" and open to the children chances of other pleasures and experiences; the public eye, that most efficient inspector, prevents the scandals which may occur when children are at one person's mercy. Under such supervision an unfit "mother" is soon discovered and replaced by one out of the many hundreds of good women who, without the ability to administer an institution, or the will to be one of a staff, have both the heart and the power to mother eight or twelve children.

As Hon. Secretary of the State Children's Association I have done what I could to shape its policy, spread its principles, and enlarge the scope of its influence. At Church congresses, at conferences of the National Union of Women Workers, at political meetings, at a hundred places have I spoken, the audiences ranging from 3,000 to 30, and before all has been placed the unalienable right of very pauper child to be treated as an individual, a child of God with potentialities waiting to be developed. Anger I have often roused, but generally sympathy, and evidence that the public mind is awake to the subject is given by the place it now takes in the newspapers. As I handle the weekly bundle of press cuttings, I recall Mr. Ernest Hart's ingenious resources to make "copy" out of out-of-sight, uninteresting paupers. All who knew him could but echo the words of *The British Medical Journal*, which, after his death in 1897, wrote:

> 1897.—In Mr. Ernest Hart the children have lost a friend; one never so persuasive as when pleading for the helpless, never so eloquent as when stirred by injustice to the weak. His interest in the State Children's Association and its aims was practical and persistent, and it should not be forgotten that to Mr. Ernest Hart's fearless energy is owed the earliest arousing of public attention to the evils connected with Barrack schools, and the demand for radical reform.

There also rises the figure of an old window cleaner, alone, out of work, deserted by his family, dying before his time of a broken heart, because he dared to tell the truth. From his sacrifice has much good arisen, and "e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me" has a new interpretation—his cross raised pauper children.

CHAPTER XLIX

"*It is only the passion of patience which effectually reforms abuses.*"

June 12th, 1897.—On Thursday I went up to London from Chilworth for a meeting. The change was striking, from the quiet open beauty of Surrey to the gloomy streets. It was an ugly day and I confess the sight of the people beat me. What is possible when houses are so close, the air so thick, and when people love to have it so! It seemed as if Watts were right and Mammon were God. The people in the streets with their worn bodies and their self-indulgent faces are his worshippers.

WHITECHAPEL, *October 2nd*, 1897.—Here we are once more under the dark skies of London, and gradually feeling under our feet the turn of the treadmill. What a change it is to get in at Bristol and get out at Whitechapel! The people at this end look so hurried and tired, so thin and anxious. They are all—as the old writers used to be so fond of saying—in an Inn, guests for a night, and not children in their Father's house.

How feeble are all our efforts, but, as Clough's poem reminds us, if hopes are dupes, fears may be liars.

These are mournful sentences, but they but ill convey the condition of Whitechapel. In Mr. Charles Booth's great book of *Life and Labour* occurred the following description of the inhabitants of the areas coloured black in his map:

> They are casual labourers of low character . . . and those in a similar way of life who pick up a living without labour of any kind. Their life is the life of savages, with vicissitudes of extreme hardships and occasional success. Their food is of the coarsest description, and their only luxury is drink. . . It is not easy to say how they live—the living is picked up, and what is got is frequently shared. When they cannot find threepence for a night's lodging they are turned out at night into the street. . . From these come the battered figures who slouch through the streets, play the beggar or the bully, or help to foul the record of the unemployed—these are the worst class of corner men, who hang about the doors of public-houses, the young men who spring forward on any chance to earn a copper, the ready materials for disorder when occasion serves. . . They render no useful service, they degrade whatever they touch. . . While

the children left in charge of this class is proportionately small, the number of young persons belonging to it is not so. Young men who take naturally to loafing, girls who take almost as naturally to the streets, some drift back from the pauper and industrial schools, others drift down from the classes of casual and regular labour.

"In this moderate language," wrote Mr. Barnett, "Mr. Booth describes the class of people who occupy Flower-and-Dean Street, an area not in our parish but just beyond the boundary."

In like manner it is possible to describe these people's habitations. They are "common lodgings" and "furnished lodgings." The "common lodgings" are under police supervision, and certain rules as to cleansing, the number of inmates, and the immediate removal of the sick, secure health. They accommodate men at threepence or fourpence a night; the "doubles," as they are called, having rooms for men and women as well as for single men. The inmates occupy a common kitchen, and in turn cook their food at the big fire. In this kitchen some bully often dominates, and the prevailing opinion is that which favours the escape of a thief and laughs over the corruption of the young. The "deputy," who is left in charge by the owner, is simply concerned to get in the payments and to prevent such fights as might necessitate the calling-in of the police. The "furnished lodgings" are much worse in character. They are rooms in tenement houses, fitted with the most meagre of sleeping accommodation, cleansed at rare intervals, overcrowded, it may be, at once by any number of people, and occupied, it may be, during the night by many couples in succession. For each occupation eightpence or tenpence is charged.

But it was to an indifferent world that such scandals were described. The respectable and the happy preferred not to think of these matters. In reply to a remonstrance from Mr. Barnett, the Commissioner of Police wrote to the Secretary of State:

December 27*th*, 1879.—The police do all they can to keep violence and vice within bounds, but their duties are confined to the streets and their efforts there can do nothing to strike at the root of the evil, which is not to be found in the streets, but in the dens to which the abandoned criminal classes resort. . . An improvement in the moral surroundings of Whitechapel will be heartily welcomed by the police.

"The main thoroughfares are kept decent, and I have not heard that persons going to your Church have been interfered with," said a lesser functionary, thereby showing an inability to believe that the Vicar could care for anything else. And then, into deaf ears was loudly shouted the tale of the crimes of "Jack the Ripper." Week after week came the news of fresh victims murdered, silently, cruelly, scientifically, the butcher leaving no clue of his ghastly personality. The women were all of one profession, living their iniquitous lives openly. But friendless and unbefriended as they were, horror at their fate awoke public interest, and people paused to ask what were the social conditions in Whitechapel which permitted such wickedness to take place. In *The Times* of September 19th, 1888, appeared the following letter from my husband:

> Sir,—Whitechapel horrors will not be in vain if "at last" the public conscience awakes to consider the life which these horrors reveal. The murders were, it may almost be said, bound to come; generation could not follow generation in lawless intercourse, children could not be familiarised with scenes of degradation, community in crime could not be the bond of society, and the end of all be peace.
>
> Some of us who, during many years, have known the life of our neighbours, do not think the murders to be the worst fact in our experience, and published evidence now gives material for forming a picture of daily or nightly life such as no one has imagined.
>
> It is for those who, like ourselves, have for years known these things to be ready with practical suggestions, and I would now put some forward as the best outcome of the thought of my wife and myself. Before doing so, it is necessary to remind the public that these criminal haunts are of limited extent. The greater part of Whitechapel is as orderly as any part of London, and the life of most of its inhabitants is more moral than that of many whose vices are hidden by greater wealth. Within the area of a quarter of a mile most of the evil may be found concentrated, and it ought not to be impossible to deal with it strongly and adequately. We would submit four practical suggestions:
>
> 1. Efficient police supervision. In criminal haunts a licence has been allowed which would not be endured in other quarters. Rows, fights, and thefts have been permitted, while the police have only been able to keep the main thoroughfares quiet for the passage of respectable people. The Home Office has never authorised the payment of a sufficient force to keep decent order inside the criminal quarters.
>
> 2. Adequate lighting and cleaning. It is no blame to our local authority that the back streets are gloomy and ill-cleaned. A penny rate here produces but a small sum, and the ratepayers are often poor. Without doubt, though, dark passages lend themselves to evil deeds. It would not be unwise, and it certainly would be a humane outlay, if some of the unproductive expenditure of the rich were used to make the streets of the poor as light and as clean as the streets of the City.
>
> 3. The removal of the slaughter-houses. At present animals are daily slaughtered in the midst of Whitechapel, the butchers

with their blood-stains are familiar among the street passengers, and sights are common which tend to brutalise ignorant natures. For the sake of both health and morals, the slaughtering should be done outside the town.

4. The control of tenement houses by responsible landlords. At present there is lease under lease, and the acting landlord is probably one who encourages vice to pay his rent. Vice can afford to pay more than honesty, but its profits at last go to landlords. If rich men would come forward and buy up this bad property, they might not secure great interest, but they would clear away evil not again to be suffered to accumulate. Such properties have been bought with results morally most satisfactory and economically not unsatisfactory. Some of that which remains might now be bought, some of the worst is at present in the market, and I should be glad, indeed, to hear of purchasers.

Far be it for anyone to say that even such radical changes as these would do away with evil. When, however, such changes have been effected, it will be more possible to develop character, and one by one lead the people to face their highest. Only personal service, the care of individual by individual, can be powerful to keep down evil, and only the knowledge of God is sufficient to give the individual faith to work and see little result of his work. For men and women who will give such service there is a crying demand.

I am, truly yours, Samuel A. Barnett.

It reads as a calm and level-headed utterance now, and still more so when it was written, for public opinion was much excited and wild things said and impetuous proposals made for the maintenance or protection in their trade of that class of woman. Verily it was the crucifixion of these poor lost souls which saved the district. They saved others, themselves they could not save. Is this blasphemy? No! It is written reverently and with a humble sense of the entanglement of human and divine influences. And, though I say with knowledge that the large majority of abandoned women are intentionally wicked, mean, lazy, and destructive, yet I add with equal certainty that only those who know them personally and intimately, as I did by the hundred, can know the readiness to help, the capacity for sacrifice, the generosity of heart, and the disregard of self that survives all the horrors of their lives, in the characters of the small minority. Oh! the pity of it that virtues so often conspicuous by their absence among respectable women cannot be secured for the service of the nation. It is the recognition of these qualities that makes men who are acquainted with prostitutes, so often unwilling to brand them as all bad, or to recognise that a course of life which can preserve such virtues can be wholly degraded.

Steps had been taken to ascertain facts and to support the authorities, and for both purposes the Toynbee men had formed themselves into a "Streets Patrol Committee"—in 1885. Of its work Mr. Barnett's words can be quoted:

> As a means of showing by the evidence of eye-witnesses how such people live in such places, the following extracts from the reports of some of the Toynbee Hall men and others who patrolled the streets may be useful. The extracts are taken almost wholly from the record of one month.
>
> *September* 16*th*.—Row between two men at 12.20 a.m. Five minutes afterwards, in same place, found man bleeding from stab in neck inflicted by a woman. Great noise from crowd. Man refused to charge woman.
>
> *October* 6*th*.—Disturbance in Fashion Street. Three women had been knocking about a drunken man, who had a nasty gash on the left eye and was bleeding profusely. 1.15 a.m., a woman created a disturbance in Wentworth Street—lots of people about.
>
> *October* 9*th*.—Woman's head badly cut by a man. Charge brought next day by Mr. ——, but not being supported by woman was dismissed.
>
> *October* 20*th*.—Saw four men and as many women enter one house in Flower-and-Dean Street. Two couples seen to leave the same house after being there ten or fifteen minutes. In every case saw men stopped by women in the street.
>
> *October* 22*nd*.—Two women fighting in Thrawl Street. Man and woman fighting on second floor of house.
>
> *October* 29*th*.—Saw a woman dead drunk dragged along the length of the street.
>
> The record, from which these extracts are sufficient, extends through many folios, and bears witness to the disgrace and brutality to which men and women have fallen. The incidents related are of various kinds. Of some it would be a shame to speak. Some are of rows between the drunken, some of the escape of thieves protected by the whole community and welcomed at almost every door, some of assaults on strangers, some of dissoluteness shared in by boys and girls, some of open vice. One of the last records is of a fight between women stripped to the waist, which, in the early hours of the morning, was enjoyed by many children. On August 1st an American lady who visited the district, "its notorious character being known through the States," gave the following account of her visit:
>
> "I saw two men attack a woman, one struck her and she bled profusely. Almost immediately after, the two men fought. I

stepped into a coalshed, and then a policeman came and stopped the fight. I said,

"'Sir, you should have arrived earlier.'

"He answered, 'Madam, these things are of daily occurrence here.'"

It was not only the iniquitous acts that degraded the people. They affected only the few who took part in them, but the talk about such sins corrupted those who spoke and those who listened. Its influence was disastrous. Little children played games of murders and "Jack the Ripper" was in everyone's mouth. To help the women to feel ashamed of such talk, to exercise self-control in their gossip, and to range them on the side of order, I proposed that the following petition should be signed by our neighbours and sent to Queen Victoria.

To Her Majesty the Queen.

MADAM,—We, the women of East London, feel horror at the dreadful sins that have been lately committed in our midst, and grief because of the shame that has fallen on our neighbourhood. By the facts which have come out at the inquests, we have learnt much of the lives of our sisters who have lost a firm hold on goodness and who are living sad and degraded lives.

While each woman of us will do all she can to make men feel with horror the sins of impurity which cause such wicked lives to be led, we would also, your Majesty, beg that you will call on your servants in authority and bid them put the law which already exists in motion to close bad houses, within whose walls such wickedness is done and men and women ruined in body and soul.

We are, Madam, your loyal and humble servants.

A suitable reply was received from the Home Office and also this little note from our friend Mr. Ritchie:

LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, WHITEHALL, *November 7th*, 1888.

DEAR MR. BARNETT,—The answer that Mrs. Barnett will receive is an official one, and from the Home Office, not from the Queen, hence its dryness. Because of this, the Queen spoke to me and seemed desirous that those interested should know how much she sympathised with them.

Yours very truly, C. T. RITCHIE.

Throughout this period of sensational excitement Mr. Barnett kept clear eyes, writing to his brother as follows:

To F. G. B., October 6th, 1888.—Kate Courtney lunched with us yesterday. My wife has been gathering signatures to her petition from East London women to the Queen asking her to help in improving East London streets, and Kate is going to get it sent to the Queen. . . .

On Tuesday evening I lectured at Lewisham on the Dwellings of the People, and told how the blame was at everyone's door and not at that of the State or of a class. The meeting was good and seemed interested, though I can't speak. .

To our fellow-workers he said :

The fate of our generation is to look evil in the face, and our care must be that our hearts are not thereby turned to stone. In a way none expected we see that life can be degraded by passion, that men can be turned into demons of cruelty, that boys may revel in talk unfitting for beasts, and girls become forgetful of the glory of their womanhood. In the presence of such evil it is possible to lose head or to lose heart, to take to wild action, or to lie down in despair.

I would plead for the passion of calm. The evil must and can be undone, but not by public meetings nor by laws nor by societies. They in whom the fire of indignation burns most fiercely must be content to deal with others " one by one," to use indirect means, and always hasting never to hurry.

The customs and habits which have their issues in national death lie very near to everyone. The dress, or the want of dress, in high circles ; the talk about marriage as a speculation or a joke ; the acceptance of a low morality as the rule among men ; these are the things which end in soul starvation, in spiritual death, and in national degradation. The things which every woman can control involve greater changes than those to be controlled by laws or by meetings. Until those who are married show by word and deed that they regard matrimony as an Holy Estate, and wait on the Holy Spirit for the annunciation of parentage, we can look for little true reform.

Slowly the excitement died down. We started Guilds to cultivate purity and pity, and the Toynbee men continued to patrol the streets, with the result that four years after the Vigilance Society was initiated the Council reported :

1889.—The Streets Committee has continued to work, two members patrolling the neighbouring district on some nights in every week. Their influence has strengthened the police action, and there is doubtless a diminution of the disgraceful scenes the report of which shocked public opinion last year. All the conditions of evil exist though in the same force. The houses are still occupied by those who make a profit of vice ; fights are still common, and the whole atmosphere of the neighbourhood is corrupting. The Streets Committee has kept a record of what its members have seen on patrol. The record is very black, and puts it in the power of those who possess it to bring an indictment against both individuals and authorities. If the knowledge of its existence stirs the careless into activity, the patrol of the streets and the endurance of their pain will not have been in vain.

On the same subject Mr. T. Hancock Nunn had written:

> The Rev. G. H. Aitken is preparing a report on the frequent disturbances occurring at night in our back streets. Not a night passes but some additional facts are brought to light. The report will necessarily embrace a variety of subjects, and will explain some things which have perplexed the public a good deal. The scientific study of the disturbance as a social fact, hitherto much neglected, is now, therefore, receiving the attention its importance demands; and it is to be hoped that a more thorough knowledge of its causes, conditions, and consequences may lead to better dealing with those concerned. We, for our part, shall be satisfied if this increase of knowledge of the worse side of human nature leads to more careful culture of its better part.

When the evils are so great there seems little that individuals can do, so I will tell a tale, a dynamic one. One hot June morning during breakfast—and we were always tired at breakfast time—a thundering knock was heard, and an eager voice in altercation with the parlour-maid was followed by the unceremonious entrance of a young American man.

"Your name Barnett, sir?"

"Yes."

"You are a guardian of the poor?"

"Yes."

"Then I've struck oil. I don't know England, arrived yesterday, off to-morrow, but I thought there must be someone in this old country on this job, so looked in the Directory—found guardian of the poor. That's the ticket. B. comes early in the alphabet, so here I am."

Then with equal rapidity he told us, while the coffee cooled, that he had been accosted by a female of the abandoned class at a music-hall the night before and wanted her "restored." He could not wait, had to make his fortune that day, but here was the woman's name and address and money, and "see you look slippy" were his eager words.

We looked "slippy" and the girl was restored.

One touch of subtle sympathy stands out amid his business communication.

"I'm running her round St. Paul's and the Abbey to-day," he said. "Must show her some sign of respect."

I wonder if he will read this. If so, I should like to hear from him, but I hope he has not made his fortune. Fortunes and souls rarely grow equally.

The attention that the Whitechapel murders had awakened was used by my husband to try to obtain better houses for the people. One of the first steps was to bring home to the landlords the disgraceful condition of a certain class of property from which they took high rents. It was very difficult to trace the real owners, and when found they were perhaps respectable parsons or harmless old ladies who had sublet, until both knowledge of the facts and responsibility for the consequences had long ceased to affect them. But much compassion and indignation had been aroused, and many replies to Mr. Barnett's letter in the Press asking for people to become purchasers had been received. Most of these persons of good-will, however, shrank from personal ownership and its attendant difficulties, and so it seemed best to create another company. To this the following letters refer :

To F. G. B., October 20th, 1888.—I have had people to see and the big building scheme to think of. At present we must keep quiet, but I think we may try and re-build the whole bad quarter. The capital needed is £200,000, and the negotiations will be intricate. When the Company is started my wife will be a Director, and if she can turn a den of thieves into a Temple of God, she may die happy. Oliver is my business man in the matter . . . and I have had to meet other business men about building operations, leases, etc. They have been strangers, but have all gone out of their way to help, have taken pains to give up rights for the good of others, and have made me wonder if even working men could be trusted to make as many concessions to help those beneath them.

To F. G. B., October 13th, 1889.—On Wednesday we saw people all day long and made a step towards forming the Company. The Freeholder and Montagu met in the study, and there is just a hope that all the four acres may be cleared out and good houses built. This reform is vast, and when it is done we shall be able to sing Nunc Dimittis.

The reform did come, though not by the formation of a new Company, but by the bad property being bought by the " Four per cent. Industrial Dwellings Company," which erected huge blocks of buildings both in Whitechapel and Spitalfields. The Company is managed by Jewish directors, worked by Jewish gold, and the tenements are occupied by

Jewish people: on the whole a good plan, until Zionism is recognised to be the ideal for those ancient people, for Gentiles refuse to live in close juxtaposition to Jews if they can afford to avoid it.

It was with great reluctance that my husband came to see that municipal housing was necessary. He so firmly believed that human relations would beget human understanding, that he clung to the hope that greater knowledge of the poor and their homes would awaken impulse in the rich to meet their needs, and as landlords to come into touch with their tenants. He often both lectured and wrote on housing, and as fresh recrudescences of crime and violence occurred in 1894, 1899, and 1901, used every occasion to compel the comfortable to realise the iniquitous conditions under which thousands of people lived.

Among his reasons for deprecating the covering of large areas with town houses by the Municipality was his fear of creating a privileged class whose vote would be influenced by private needs, and when massed in one district, unduly influential. He foresaw the evils of huge blocks of buildings without freedom for development of individuality, and asserted that the number of people who desired to live in the heart of the city would decrease. He believed that the tendency of the population was to seek the suburbs, and had confidence that industries would be removed into the country. He anticipated that Government action would check private enterprise, and providing only for one section of the community would erect another barrier between classes.

Instead of the State becoming itself the landlord, he suggested methods "less direct but more likely to enlist existing energies," and to encourage the experiments on which progress must depend. With prevision he advocated cheap and frequent transit, arguing that four miles for one penny should be the standard of fares, which would result in land in "outlying circles being utilised." He opposed the granting of compensation for insanitary houses because "just as a butcher who sold bad meat, and was convicted, got no compensation, so the owner of an insanitary house should have no compensation for its destruction except the mere value of the land." He dwelt on the necessity of enforcing existing laws, removing petty building restrictions, and laid great stress on a registration of owners' names being carefully kept and made public. But more important than any of these remedies he counted the awakening of human responsibility. He wrote :

> 1899.—Municipal building is too easy and too cheap a remedy. The evil is too great to be met by a vote of millions of money. The neglect of individuals, the apathy of public opinion through many years, can only be made up by the activity of individuals and the living interest of public opinion.
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> There are some definite things to be done, some changes in the law to be made ; but the chief thing wanted is the individual consciousness of duty. A restless anxiety to be doing something, or pity for the sorrows of others, is not enough. A thought, an idea, a belief in order—in, to use the old phrase, the Kingdom of Heaven—is the only inspiration which makes action continuous and helpful. . .
>
> The housing problem cannot be solved by itself ; it is bound up with the industrial problem, with the education problem, with the social problem, and with the religious problem. When each individual or more individuals take pains to get knowledge, to know their neighbours, to know their condition—then something may be done, but not till then. . .
>
> There must be an interest whose patience is full of passion. . . The solution of the housing problem lies, as indeed lies the solution of every social problem, in the sense of fellowship founded, as I believe, on the sense of a divine relation. If English people deeply felt for their neighbours, they would have the will, and, having the will, they would find the way to prevent the evils which are destroying and degrading human beings.

It was not only in London that Canon Barnett concerned himself about housing. At Bristol, for which he had so great an affection, he was persistent in his advocacy of the abolition of the disgrace of its many slums. After using every effort to make the authorities ashamed, he wrote a charming pamphlet which he called " The Ideal City," hoping by it to awaken the pride which is both " humble and inspired." It is too long to reprint,[1] but its concluding words sum up its purpose :

> Our duty is clear. We have to preach the coming of the Ideal City ; to open the eyes of citizens to see what is possible ; to show them, lying here, amid the hills and by the river, a city where there shall be nothing to offend, everything to help. We have to preach " Bristol as it might be," and to arouse every elector, every citizen, to do his part in preparing the way. It is not money that is lacking to turn " Bristol as it is " into " Bristol as it might be," it is ideas.

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[1] It can be sent to those who care to apply for it to me

CHAPTER L

"*No social reform will be adequate which does not touch social relations, bind classes by friendship, and pass, through the medium of friendship, the spirit which inspires righteousness and devotion.*"

Among the things told to us by the American we met on the ship when we went to Russia—1896—was that the system of underground travelling he anticipated would cause the erection of a station on the western edge of Hampstead Heath.

If this were to be so, it would result in the ruin of the sylvan restfulness of that portion of the most beautiful open space near London. The trains would also bring the builder, and it required no imagination to see the rows of ugly villas such as disfigure Willesden and most of the suburbs of London, in the foreground of that far-reaching and far-famed view. Therefore there was nothing else to do but enlarge the Heath.

With the help of Sir Robert Hunter and Mr. Lawrence Chubb, a large Committee was got together, of which Lord Eversley acted as Chairman, and I as Hon. Secretary. The plan was to buy eighty acres which were to be added to the Heath, and then handed over to the London County Council to be kept as open space for all time. The work was very onerous, and, owing to many circumstances too complicated to relate, proved to be, as Sir Robert Hunter asserted, "more difficult, long-drawn-out, and discouraging than any other scheme of a similar nature" of which he had had experience. But Sir Robert and I did not feel inclined to be conquered by difficulties, though the money was hard to get, and the deputations to the Local Authorities and City Companies, headed by Mr. Edward Bond and Mr. Basil Holmes, were offered but lukewarm sympathy. The Press also was not as helpful as it might have been.

The achievement of our object took five years—1903 to

1908—five years of very hard work. In the final page of the final Report the Council stated:

> The Extension Council feel that they cannot close their Report without recording their appreciation of the indefatigable labours of their Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Barnett, whom they cordially thank. To Mrs. Barnett is due the suggestion that the Heath should be enlarged to counteract the effect of the Tube Railway; the details of the scheme were elaborated by Mrs. Barnett; and her infectious enthusiasm and faith resulted in the collection of the very large sum of more than £22,000 from private donors.[1]

As Hon. Secretary the draft of this Report came before me, and so I was able to add a postscript to say:

> As I am frequently mentioned in this Report, I would ask those whom it reaches to see, when they read my name, not me but the many who worked with me; those who did the seemingly interminable work of addressing envelopes, folding circulars, stamping letters—13,000 of which Miss Paterson and I signed; those who did the uninteresting work of keeping lists of subscriptions, organised and carried out street and shop collections, house-to-house visitations, and personal reminders to negligent persons of their public duties; those who did the accounts, furnished lists, made copies, and got up drawing-room meetings; those who headed Deputations, faced not always courteous municipal bodies, and addressed public meetings; those who accomplished all the dull out-of-sight work; right up to Sir Robert Hunter, who guided the whole movement; and lastly, those but for whose generosity all this labour would have been spent in vain—the public-spirited guarantors. All these men and women of all classes and degrees have to be remembered when the words "Mrs. Barnett" are used; for it is to them that the public owe this gift of open sky and fresh air and free space, and so to them I would pass on the thanks bestowed on me, who did but use my many friends and act as Hon. Secretary to an ever-appreciative Council.

A great deal of the work was really very dull, arduous, and continuous, but in the middle, and partly created by it, an idea was vouchsafed to me which has borne fruit in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. It was not an original idea; Mr. Cadbury and Lord Leverhulme had already erected Garden Villages around their factories, and the proposal for a Garden City at Letchworth was attracting thoughtful attention.

It was from another standpoint that I aimed for the creation of the Garden Suburb: the hope that all classes would live together under right conditions of beauty and space. No one knew except Canon Barnett and I how Toynbee Hall, acting as the meeting-place of rich and poor, old and young, learned and ignorant, had created transfiguring friendships. So how much more would be possible when the artificial machinery to effect introductions could be saved, and relationships be naturally born of neighbourliness.

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[1] Report of Hampstead Heath Extension Council, printed by Messrs. Headley Bros., London and Ashford.

Canon Barnett had at first very mixed feelings towards the scheme. Sympathy with it because it was my project, grave doubts as to its success, scepticism as to whether, at fifty-two, I could accomplish the labour inseparable from so large a scheme, and add it to my many other duties ; and a firm determination not to share either the work or the responsibility, because he meant to use the years of life that were left to him to teach spiritual truths. For a time therefore I did nothing, for it had always been the practice of both of us, if we did not agree, to abstain from action until we saw eye to eye. But as my hopes developed and crystallised, and he realised that I felt it laid on me to carry out the scheme, he withdrew all opposition and, as was ever his wont, helped me with his sympathy and counsel when I sought it ; but, mindful of his desire to conserve his mind for less mundane matters, worrying details were not laid before him.

In one of the Trust's preliminary papers the four main objects for establishing the Garden Suburb are set out :

> *First.*—We desire to do something to meet the Housing Problem by putting within the reach of working people the opportunity of taking a cottage with a garden within a 2*d.* fare of Central London and at a moderate rent. We have already evidence that the opportunity would be eagerly seized, and we believe that in cleaner air, with open space near to their doors, with gardens where the family labour would produce vegetables, fruit, and flowers, the people would develop a sense of home life and an interest in nature which form the best security against temptations.
>
> *Secondly.*—Our aim is that the new Suburb may be laid out as a whole on an orderly plan. When various plots are disposed of to different builders, and each builder considers only his own interest, the result is what may be seen in the unsightly modern streets. Our hope is that every road may have its own characteristic, that small open spaces may be within the reach of every child and old person, that no house may darken or offend a neighbour's house, that the whole may be grouped round central features and central buildings, that from every part there shall be good views or glimpses of distant country. We believe that the successful example of such a plan of town development might take away some of the anxiety now caused by town extension.
>
> *Thirdly.*—We desire to promote a better understanding between the members of the classes who form our nation. Our object, therefore, is not merely to provide houses for the industrial classes. We propose that some of the beautiful sites round the Heath should be let to wealthy persons who can afford to pay a large sum for their land and to have extensive gardens.

In other parts there will be houses with the rents from £30 to £150 a year, so that every resident—the cottager paying from 6*s.* 6*d.* a week, and the richer people paying from £30 to £400 a year—may share in the Church, the Chapel, the Institute, the Public Library, and the open spaces, not by forced, artificial methods, but as inhabitants of the Garden Suburb.

Fourthly.—We aim at preserving natural beauty. Hampstead Heath, by reason of the spacious views it offers, is a resource for Londoners which is yearly more appreciated. If the Eton College estate, occupying as it does the foreground of the wide western view, were covered with the usual long narrow streets, or built over by block dwellings, much of this attraction would be lost. Our object is so to lay out the ground that every tree may be kept, hedgerows duly considered, and the foreground of the distant view preserved, if not as open fields, yet as a gardened district, the buildings kept in harmony with the surroundings.

The first step towards the realisation of the plan was to obtain an option for the purchase of the two hundred and forty acres which were still left in the hands of the Eton College Trustees after the eighty acres had been paid for——£43,241 16*s.* 4*d.* I accordingly approached Mr. Sanday, of the firm that managed the property of the Eton College Trustees, to ask that I might have an option to purchase the land and hold it for a given period, to see if the idea of a Garden Suburb to include all classes would be taken up. Mr. Sanday was a tall, grave man, and after I had told him all my hopes, and we had studied maps and discussed prices, he looked down on me and said:

"Well, Mrs. Barnett, I know you, and I believe in you, but you *are only a woman*, and I doubt if the Eton College Trustees would grant the option of so large and valuable an estate to a woman! Now, if you would get *a few men* behind you it would be *all* right."

So I cast about for a few men with vision, and asked Lord Crewe to join me, and to this hour he has taken a living and helpful part in the creation and development of both the Garden Suburb and the Institute. That was fifteen years ago, and still clear in my memory is a day when, after he had lunched with us at St. Jude's Cottage, Lord Crewe and I walked across the fields, climbed the hedges, and toiled through stubbly grass until we reached what is now the Central Square.

"This is the highest place, and here, as is fitting, we will have the houses for worship and for learning," I said, and there they now stand.

The other men who had faith in a vision that was often declared "impracticable and Utopian" were Earl Grey, Sir John Gorst, Sir Robert Hunter, Mr. Herbert Marnham, Mr. Walter Hazell, and the Bishop of London—two earls, two lawyers, two Free Churchmen, a bishop, and a woman; a veritable showman's "happy family." Together we held the option until such time as the public decided if they cared enough for the idea to back it with invested money.

In February 1905 I set out the scheme in an article in *The Contemporary*. And then began the labour, the difficulties, and the interest of raising the money. To obtain it I often lectured, and aided by Mr. Cadbury's lantern slides, and those of Mr. Raymond Unwin, who had put his brilliant imagination and technical knowledge into the planning of the estate, succeeded in arousing much interest. And with the interest came the opposition, some of which in the local papers gave evidence of a keen determination and bitterness which it was difficult to understand. The chief objections made were—(1) the scheme would not pay; (2) the various classes would not live together; (3) it would not be possible to maintain a high standard of common gardens without walls, and it was no good beginning what could not be carried out. But the result of many talks, frequent lectures, much display of imaginary plans and "castles in the air," was that £180,000 was invested. Most of it was put in by people poor in purse, rich in generosity, some by those who were ready to try a social experiment, some who, loving beauty, grieved over the hideous methods usually pursued as London stretched out its arms into the suburbs.

In March 1906 the Company was formed and the two hundred and forty acres purchased. It is an interesting and significant coincidence that the last time this land changed hands it was under the signature of Henricus Octavus—Henry VIII—a king who bought it with royal gold for his pleasure. The next time it changed hands the deeds were signed by Henrietta Octavia, a woman who bought it on behalf of a public company, with the people's money to provide the people's homes.

To add to the list of many birthday joys—1907—it was my privilege to cut the first sod, and six months afterwards, October 9th of that year, to plant a tree by the first road. On October 28th, 1909, I was invited to turn the first spadeful of earth for St. Jude's Church; and on March 16th, 1911, to lay one of the foundation-stones of the Free Church. Since then fêtes, functions, anniversaries, have been too many to chronicle. In most cases they have been initiated, organised, and carried through by the sympathy and energy of Mr. Litchfield. One day, I think, I must write about them, if only to tell some of the lovely tales of generosity, public spirit, and faithful enthusiasm which lie buried in the foundations of the Garden Suburb and are intertwined amid its roses.

The first Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Trust Company was Lord Crewe, but on his taking office his place was supplied by another old friend, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, whose interest in the Garden Suburb was so deep and living that the last letter he wrote before his removal to the nursing-home was to me on an estate matter. Since death called him in July 1913, our President has been Lord Lytton, who has given uncalculated time and thought to the service of the Garden Suburb, and to me a sustaining friendship without which I should have succumbed during these last lonely five years.

In the article in *The Contemporary*—1905—I had set out some of my hopes for public buildings, communal households, and special homesteads, and though it seemed an ambitious and portentous list, it is a source of continual gratitude that most of these hopes have been realised; but since then still more have been conceived.

In the Central Square stand three worship-houses: St. Jude's, called after the beloved Whitechapel Church, for which the Vicar has already raised £19,000; the Free Church, distinguished by the fact that all sects combine to worship within its walls, and that the elders are selected from no less than seven denominations—indeed, its keynote may be found in the words I was permitted to have carved on the stone I laid, "God is larger than the creeds"; the Friends' Meeting-house, an exact copy of Penn's house of prayer. There also is the Institute, where are carried on a high school and a kindergarten for the residents' children; an art school; a music school; and adult classes and societies, attended by rather over a thousand students and members.

In other parts of the estate, owned and managed by various companies or organisations, may be found a residential club-house for working ladies with opportunities for associated meals; an eventide-home for those who are near the end of their pilgrimage; a rest-home for tired work-girls; an invalid children's school; a hospital for wounded soldiers; two family households for workhouse children; a convalescent cottage; a nursery-training school; a Council school for a thousand children; a haven for old folk over sixty; a group of "staff" cottages; and lastly, a cluster of tenements which are occupied by twelve women and seventeen children left by the men who have given their lives for England's protection.

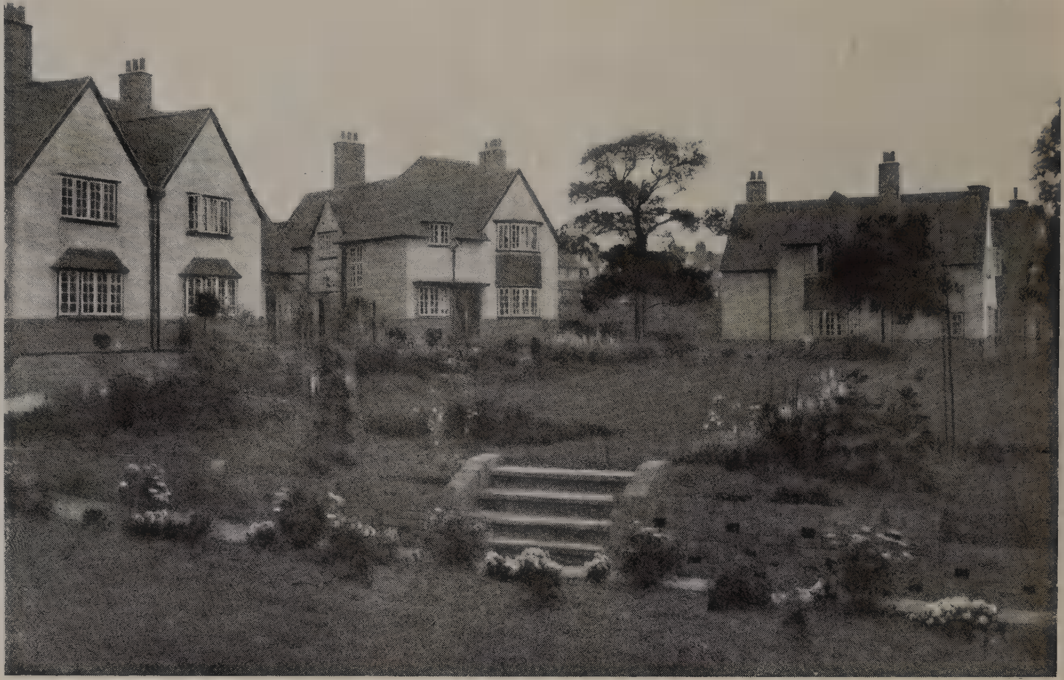
Not that the Garden Suburb is a collection of philanthropic agencies—far from it; but we who are living there, each house surrounded by its own charming garden, in peace and comfort, are in danger of forgetting the sad and poor and the bereft, and so special efforts have been made to settle some of those who are handicapped of all classes and ages in our very midst. That does not mean that we are busily engaged in doing good to other people. I think, after vast experience, that "doing good" is a pernicious practice, though it is usually an early infirmity of all noble minds. But the young, the weak, the ill, the ignorant, need the influence of a wide sky, a clear air, of flowers and beauty; they require the education of good things "in widest commonalty spread"—or unwalled roses in the streets—and so pains have been taken to establish them on the estate.

How deeply Canon Barnett cared for the Suburb is shown by the following extracts; though again my readers will recognise that his love affected his judgment.

To F. G. B., May 9th, 1903.—My wife has added to her cares by trying to save the neighbouring fields from the builders. She wants a millionaire. The only one we saw yesterday was D——, and he has not a heart as big as his pocket, but she is encouraged in her desire to enlarge the Heath. She has terms from the Eton Trustees, and many promises of support. The job, however, is big, and involves raising £80,000. If only she can get a good lead!

To F. G. B.—HAMPSTEAD, *February 18th*, 1905.—Here we are for our week-end and quite well, though my wife has had a hard week. Last night, with Lord Mansfield in the chair, she lectured on the future Garden Suburb, and showed by the aid of lantern slides how dreadfully people live in the towns,—on Lady S——'s land at —— Bristol,—and how beautifully in the Cadbury Suburb. It was an ordeal, as many of the Hampstead people were suspicious and on the watch. Old Nurse was there, and is proud of her child's triumph, her voice, her feeling, and of everyone's praise.

To F. G. B.—HAMPSTEAD, *June 17th*, 1905.—My "Missus" has been busy all the week, and is at present in full confab downstairs with her two supporters, Grey and Crewe, about the Garden Suburb, which promises well so far as applications, etc., go. If



Some of the small houses grouped round a public unwalled garden in the Hampstead Garden Suburb

only she keeps well. She takes all possible care, but it is a very big thing, and the business with King Capital, Lords and Commons, is vast, and time presses, for options run out.

To F. G. B.—HAMPSTEAD, *November* 25*th*, 1905.—The Garden Suburb advances onwards and, as my wife told me to-day, more and more on the lines first laid down. . . I do hope the Company may soon be formed, and take from her the responsibility of every decision. All seems to promise well, but of course corners have to be turned. . . She has entirely re-written the Prospectus, and will, I hope, soon hook it on to a Company.

To F. G. B., February 10*th*, 1906.—Crewe has had to give up the Directorship of the Garden Suburb, so the issue of the Prospectus is delayed. All goes well, though I shall not feel at peace until the Company is formed.

To F. G. B.—HAMPSTEAD, *March* 17*th*, 1906.—It has been a hard week for my wife. She got out the 5,000 prospectuses of the Company, and on Thursday we went to a dinner at the Criterion which was given to Ralph Neville, the Chairman of the Garden City. Fletcher Moulton was in the chair. She spoke, and I thought made *the* speech of the evening as she lightly touched the great meaning of the movement, which is enlarging people's imagination. She won applause and admiration as she told them how once nurses had said to children, "Wait and see"; Neville had said to people, "See and wait." It was fine and I am proud.

Yesterday she had another field-day. There was a big conference with Bryce and Lord Carrington. She read a paper which is to be published. It was very good to hear her tell what was behind and before the Garden Suburb. To-day she is tired, but the day is lovely and she is able to rest.

To F. G. B.—HAMPSTEAD, *April* 7*th*, 1906.—The Garden Suburb is still a great anxiety. The Board wants to go to allotment on Tuesday, but £10,000 is still wanting. People shrink from a sort of business philanthropy. Their ideal is the giver of money who receives thanks and an approving conscience. The ideal of a business man all of whose investments increase the well-being of his fellows is not in their minds. But my wife will not be beaten!

To F. G. B., April 27*th*, 1907.—Y——'s Garden Suburb goes well, and on May 2nd she is to cut the first sod. I trust the day will be fine. . . It grows apace but has its necessary growing pains. . .

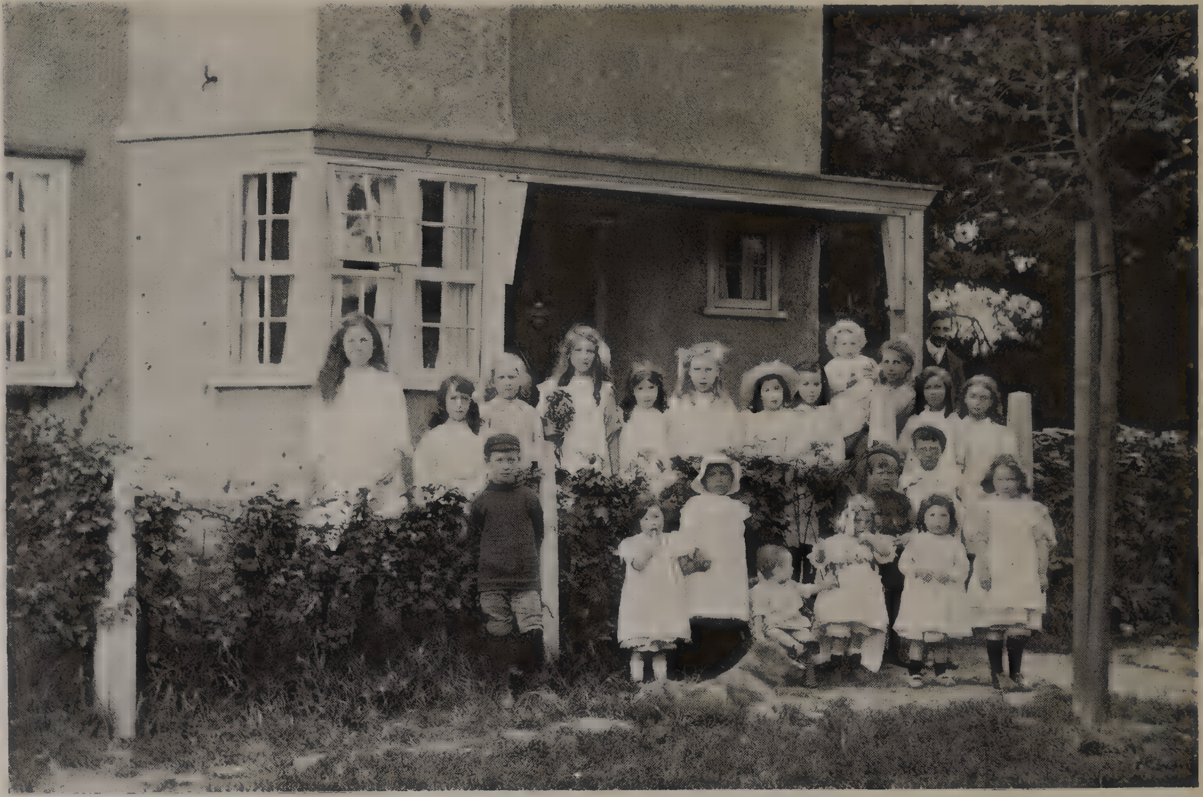
To Mrs. F. G. B., October 25*th*, 1909.—On Thursday the sod of the new St. Jude's Church in the Garden Suburb is to be cut by my wife. It ought to be a pleasant function. . . The other day she met the Director and Manager of the Hampstead Tube, and has so interested him that he will cover, in conjunction with the Trust, the ugly station at Golder's Green with trees and creepers.

To Mrs. F. G. B.—Hove, *May* 10*th*, 1911.—Here we are getting real rest in Mr. Debenham's flat. The joy and strain of Sunday took much out of me, and I am very glad to have my wife quiet in these surroundings. Your boy will tell you of the dedication of St. Jude's on Sunday, of the really splendid church, of the high but stately service, of the lunch, the spectators, the Princess and the Bishop. These three great buildings on the highest of the hills crown the suburb and give it a wonderful beauty. Whenever I go there I burst with pride that Y—— should have created such a place. Her friends really rushed to give her the Tower and Spire as a birthday present, and she was able to tell at the luncheon that the necessary money which Lutyens says it will cost was in hand or promised. I shall like to show it all to you when you come up.

To Mrs. F. G. B., *June* 17*th*, 1912.—The Suburb is a perpetual joy. The houses increase, and the Central Square, with its fine buildings, its promenade in the wind and sky, and its flowers, refreshes our hearts. . . Yesterday a party of children were acting a history play for a roomful of colonial visitors. The estate looked surpassingly fair. The children are coming here on Thursday to act for a party of Erskine old convalescents.

In 1909 the first room of the Institute was finished and Canon Barnett was asked to open it. The local newspaper reported :

> After opening the doors with a silver key, presented to him by the architect, Mr. Lutyens, Canon Barnett said a good part of his work in life had been to open doors—the doors between the classes, the doors between the Universities and the democracy, the doors between culture and industry, the doors between nations. They all disliked, he thought, some sort of closed door. It was wrong of Bluebeard to keep a closed door, and, personally, he thought Fatima was quite right to open it. She, at any rate, was the mother of all suffragettes. He had much pleasure in opening that door, because the Institute was the first expression of the common life of the Garden Suburb, and he hoped that it might be the open door to a fuller and wider life. Everyone wanted life, and the want of life was the secret of much of the unrest of which they heard. Life, he believed, was to be found first of all in the knowledge of facts, then in the knowledge of thoughts, and then in the knowledge of persons. Eternal life was the knowledge of God.
>
> Many people were very proud of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, but no one, he thought, was quite so proud of it as he was, and no one's pride was quite so healthy as his pride, because there was nothing of his in the Suburb. There was nothing in which he had taken any large part, except



A SNAPSHOT OF A GROUP OF HAPPY CHILDREN WHO, ATTRACTED BY THE MOTOR HORN, WERE HOPING FOR A SCAMPER.

Taken by Mrs. Barnett outside a Co-partnership cottage in Asmun's Place.

that of one who watches. When he walked through the Suburb and felt the interest which was to be found in the variety of the houses—there was not, as some one said the other day, even the monotony of prettiness—saw the growth of the gardens and streets, and felt the spirit of Unity which was growing up, he was very proud when he thought that it was the work of a woman, and that woman his wife.

Eager as he ever was that the Church should take not only a place, but a leading place in progressive schemes for reform, he often urged it to consider the housing of the people, and in an article called "The Church and Town Planning" he advised the Church to "agitate and protest."

> The Church, familiar with the lives of inhabitants of mean streets, can speak with authority. It can tell how minds and souls are dwarfed for want of outlook, how pathetic is the longing for beauty shown in the coloured prints on the wall of the little dark tenement, how hard it is to make a home of a dwelling exactly like a hundred other dwellings, how often it is the dullness of the street which encourages carelessness of dirt and resort to excitement ;—how, in fact, it is the mean house and mean street which prepare the way for poverty and vice. The voice of joy and health is not heard even in the dwellings of the righteous. The Church might help town-planning as it might help every other social reform, by charging the atmosphere of life with unselfish and sympathetic thought. But the question I would raise is whether the Church is not called to take more direct action in the matter of town-building.[1]

He then argued that the policy of building a cheap church for every four or five thousand people is not conducive to beauty, dignity, nor reverence, and pleaded for larger parishes.

> The Church might help much in town-planning if it would change its policy, and instead of dropping trifling buildings at frequent intervals over a new suburb, build one grand and dominant building on some carefully chosen site. The Directors of the Hampstead Garden Suburb have shown what is possible. They have crowned the hill, at the base of which 25,000 people will soon be gathered, with the Church, the Chapel, and the public Institute. This hill dominates the landscape for miles round and is the obvious centre of a great community of people. . .
>
> The Church is as unwise as it is unfaithful when it puts up cheap and mean structures . . . which are not dignified enough to increase habits of reverence, and often pretend to an importance which provokes impertinence. . . It is not by making excuses—whether for its members who keep the best for their own dwellings, or for itself when it takes an insignificant place

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[1] *Practicable Socialism.*

in the streets—that the Church will command the respect of the people. It must prove its faith by the boldness of its demand.

The attention which the Suburb aroused brought into our lives much that was interesting. People from all parts of the world came to visit it, and I have received both remunerative and flattering invitations to tour in America to expound the real and the ideal of town extensions. But in his later years my husband was too often ill to take the journey, though the refusals included Lord Grey's proposal that we should spend the summer in Canada with him.

" I will take care of the Canon, while you teach them how to do it," was his generously characteristic plan, and it was with real regret that we felt bound to put it aside.

How much the Americans are caring for the effort is shown by a letter from Mr. Raymond Unwin, who wrote, after one of his visits to the U.S.A. :

R.M.S. *Lusitania, June 3rd,* 1911.

My dear Mrs. Barnett,—By the time this reaches you we shall be at home again from our tour. It has been a most eventful trip. The zeal of the Americans for " city-planning," as they call it, and especially for the Garden Suburb side of it, has converted our journey into something like a triumphal procession !

I think you would be pleased to see the renown of the Hampstead Garden Suburb on the other side, and especially how it is regarded as the most poetical side of city-planning. I shall have much to tell you which would take too long to write : how we met President Elliot and of his eulogium of the Garden Suburb movement ; and how we made a leap from Montreal to Chicago and spent a week-end with your friend Jane Addams at Hull House, and preached the Garden City Gospel to the Chicago City Club !

I hope to find that you have taken a good rest and are much better than when we left.

I write now because I wanted just to let you know the renown of your Suburb, and how it is prized as an example by all those who are working for civic betterment on the American side.

Yours sincerely, Raymond Unwin.

The Co-partners, who became the Trust's largest tenants, have been indefatigable in spreading their principles, and it was to see what they had accomplished that first brought the King and Queen to visit the Suburb. Last February—1918—Her Majesty came again, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Mary. She gave sympathetic attention to all who were presented to her, and besides seeing the Institute, the Co-partners' double-houses and shops, the Trust's staff cottages, garages, and chauffeurs'

Miss Barnes. Mr. Henry Vivian. Mr. Herbert Marnham. Rev. J. H. Rushbrooke. Lady Bertha Dawkins. Rev. B. G. Bourchier.
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PRINCESS MARY. THE QUEEN.
Sir Alfred Yarrow, Bart. Lady Lytton. Earl of Lytton. Mrs. S. A. Barnett, C.B.E. Mrs. Maynard. Miss Paterson. Mr. J. C. S. Soutar.

A GROUP TAKEN AT THE BARNETT HOMESTEAD FEBRUARY 1918

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flats, the ladies' hostel, Meadway Court, the woods, and the houses for the wealthy, she cared to study estate plans and hear of hopes for the Institute as she drank coffee in my dining-room, and most kindly acquiesced in being photographed in front of the Canon Barnett Memorial Homestead.[1]

Other evidences of appreciation of my efforts often have surprised me—anonymously sent flowers, "the best apples from the tree you provided," a gift from "unknown friends who never forget to feel grateful as they enjoy all that your thought has provided," and a host of similar small kindnesses which cannot be recorded in words but which gladden life.

Death has laid a heavy hand on those who worked for the Suburb, calling Mr. Birkett, Mr. Debenham, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who have all left gaps which can never be filled; but its greatest loss was that of Sir Robert Hunter, who died November 1913. He combined in a rare degree a deep love of beauty, legal acumen, and unfathomed patience. To him I turned in every difficulty—and there were very many in the early days—and never did he fail to give his experienced learning to the movement, or lose perseverance in unravelling petty or wearisome details. He was not an effective speaker, and therefore the world did not know what it owed him, but those of us at whose service he placed his powers appraised truly his great gift and honoured him for his lavish disinterestedness.

Since 1909 I have added to the duties of Director those of Hon. Manager, and do not regret the labour involved, which is made easier by the efficient kindness of Mr. Soutar and Mr. Ashby. Through all the annoyance of business the principles first laid down have not been forgotten. Neither have the poor, cooped up in mean streets, been overlooked. Their needs were referred to when, in 1908, I opened, in the Albert Hall, the huge conference held by the Pan-Anglican Congress on Housing, and reminded my hearers of disgraceful facts:

> *June* 18*th*, 1908.—In London alone more than 330,000 persons have to live, to eat, to sleep, to be ill, to die, and even to be born in one little room. In Finsbury the death-rate among those one-room dwellers is 32·7 per 1,000, as contrasted with 6·6 per 1,000 among those who have four-room dwellings. . . The only remedies so far have been the erection of large block dwellings, which the poor dislike as being unhomely, or the erection of street upon street of monotonous rows of houses. Are we satisfied with the conditions under which our industrial workers live? . . .
>
> Houses should be planned so as to make family life joyous, and homes

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[1] See description on p. 391.

> surrounded by space, light, and air. Is the joy of children considered when large block buildings are run up in which there is no room for "Granny, that unpaid, uncertificated teacher of reverence, of patience, and the grace of our homes?"
>
> "We have no room for her; we are overcrowded," is again and again the response from respectable working people when asked if they could take the old people from the workhouse if a pension of 5*s*. a week is granted.
>
> To bury the old before they had died is a heathen custom, yet here in Christian England we brick up our old people behind walls, or leave them in the isolation of modern institutions.

The problem has not become easier because the war has created more classes, and fresh divisions have been made by suffering. For wounded soldiers it is now proposed to build block dwellings, or to segregate them in special communities. Why should wounded soldiers be accommodated in barrack buildings, their homes without individuality? Why should they be gardenless, their tiny children kept indoors because three flights of stairs are not easily negotiable? Would it not be better to scatter our heroes among the normal population, to teach the lessons learnt by their awful experiences and unconsciously to awaken sympathy? The division of classes is one of the deepest of social wrongs and one of the gravest of national dangers.

The Garden Suburb has at least led the way in showing how thousands of people of all classes of society, of all sorts of opinions, of all standards of income, can live in helpful neighbourliness; and that at the Institute people of every shade of thought can unite to exchange ideas, and by their care for literature, art, music, history, or nature obliterate class barriers.

The scheme is founded on an ethical basis, and has as its aim the development of human understanding, whereby spiritual forces are given freedom.

LETTERS, 1907—1913

As Mr. Frank Barnett died in the spring of 1908, Canon Barnett's voluminous weekly letters on public affairs ceased then. Most of the following are to other friends, to whom he wrote more and longer letters after that date.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD, *June* 1907.

MY DEAR FRANK,

We came here to a meeting of girl-students at Christ Church. Last night there was a capital dinner party which we enjoyed as much as we disliked one to which we went on Monday at the —— at Westminster. Oxford is rather wild about a pageant which is in preparation. A great stand of seats has been erected, half the population is to appear in fancy dresses. But the weather is threatening and many hearts are anxious. We have tickets, and if all be well we shall come down on July 1st.

We have not seen anything of young Oxford, so I don't know its mind. Expectant, I imagine, as is the mind of all nations and classes.

The talk is of the failure of the Government. Really the Opposition having by subtlety prevented any action now sets up the talk of failure. Balfour is a maker of revolution; he allows no progress till at last force is generated. I wonder if the people will back up the move against the House of Lords. If only generosity could be aroused, if only the opinion would spread that Government has been unfairly treated, it would help much. . .

I enjoyed my northern experience and the great kindness of my hosts. I sprained my ankle, and my hostess, Mrs. Boult, delighted in doctoring it and caring for me. Olive Boult has power to be a beautiful, composed, and dutiful woman. She practises the violin and drives a motor. They have a lovely house in a lovely place.

I also went to Hayfield in Derbyshire to read a paper on "Poverty" to a Summer School. "Oh, what a fool and arrant ass am I!" is what I said to myself; "Why such conceit as to use my body to bring a few words so far?" A Mrs. —— pressed me, and she is a "wonderful woman." Last night she talked, representing in her talk the modern spiritualism which in many shapes is gaining way. The unseen world, having been driven out by science, is forcing its way in by all doors. Mrs. —— is inspiring, but a little wanting in restraint. Summer Schools are queer things. They open another set of English middle-class life—so good, so kind, so unawake.

My wife has been thoroughly resting, and the Garden Suburb has gone well. Yesterday she heard that the Waterlow Company would take up land on which to build workmen's cottages and "spinster flats." This is very good, and everyone is pleased. . .

I am reading Gilbert Parker's novel *The Weavers*—a clever book by an amateur in the spirit-world. By the by, what a loss it is that a word like amateur should be made in depreciation.

With fondest love, S. A. B.

Westminster, *November* 1907.

My dear Frank,

It seems an age since you left. Come again soon.

The opening of Toynbee—our first wet opening—was made remarkable by Cherry Kearton's cinematograph show of birds. Stephen would have been delighted. We looked into gulls' nests on the face of inaccessible rocks, saw the old feed the young, and watched their first efforts to swim. We saw larks dart from heaven to their nests, thrushes, male and female, seek food and feed their young. It was just marvellous. . . The Exhibition of "Animals in Art" which Aitken has gathered is really a most interesting exhibition, showing the relation of animals to human thought in the ages.

Lord Ribblesdale, who opened it, is an aristocrat of the old school—a gentleman who compels attention because he has given up expecting it. The Courtneys called for a chat, but I learnt no news. Nevinson came to wish "goodbye" before going to India. He is a fine creature. He spoke of a visit to Morley and of his consciousness of "that most pathetic figure." Nevinson has his work to reconcile his faith in liberty with the facts of superstition. Indians are not as Europeans. They worship the activities of the flesh, and not the power which controls them. . .

Last night we had the Beechings, Duncan, and the Webbs to dinner. There was no good general talk, but I think they enjoyed themselves. Glazebrook liked meeting Milner's secretary. In the afternoon the Dean of Ripon, Lord Courtney, Lilly, and others met to discuss Church Reform. Opinion grew that Disestablishment must clear the ground before Reform is possible. I doubt if it is right to give up putting a better ideal forward, but I confess it seems hopeless, and perhaps the formal connection with the State must be broken before a spiritual connection grows. Lilly says develop the spirit of religion and don't bother about forms. He is most interesting. . .

Political news is absent, but Hull shows that Free Trade is still safe. I suppose Liberal and Labour will go farther and farther apart.

Love always, S. A. B.

In March 1907 *Mrs. Moore, my old nurse, was declared to have cancer. My husband's tender nature is shown in the extracts from letters to his brother.*

March 23*rd*, 1907.—We are all well except Nurse, and for her we have had to get a doctor. We hope it may be nothing, but at eighty-one little things are big. My wife is of course very anxious. . . We have given up the thought of going away till we see how she goes on. We have Nurse ——, our very capable friend, to look after her. She does all that humanly can be done, but no one can relieve anxiety. Nurse herself is very sweet and tries to go about her daily work. No one has told her of her condition, but as my wife says—"God whispers such news." . . . Don't talk about the illness, as we don't want any echo to reach her.

August 10*th*, 1907.—I have just run up here [Oxford] for a meeting, but it is hard to leave my wife even for a night. She is constantly called to Nurse. It is not that she can do anything, but when the old lady is in great pain she of course finds solace in Y——, who cannot bear to be absent. The illness advances, but the doctor says there is no sign that the end is near. She is very patient, she has said no word and showed no sign of resentment, her one thought is to hide her pain and to be cheerful. My wife bears up, but she often has bad nights. There is nothing more to be said except that love's burden has always its more than equal compensation.

October 12*th*, 1907.—Our dear old lady still lives, breathing quietly and gently, sleeping much and awakening to say "Yetta, dear," and show interest in what is going on. She has taken nothing during the last twenty hours. On Monday night she was so ill that my wife was up all night expecting the last hour had come, but in the morning she revived wonderfully. The nurse is very kind and quite indefatigable.

October 19*th*, 1907.—I am anxious about my wife. She is sorely tried as day by day and night by night she watches, expecting the last hour of one who has loved and is loved so much. There is great beauty in such a death-bed. Nurse on her side hides her pain lest her child should suffer, and she hides her grief lest Nurse should suffer. The old woman looks very beautiful and retains much calm dignity. She is full of her old intelligence and interest in things.

October 26th, 1907.—Another week and Nurse is still with us. She has now taken nothing but water for nine days. She sleeps a great deal, but she wakes to be intelligent and show her love and thought for her darling. It is inexpressibly sad to see her and be able to do nothing. To-day she is lying quietly dozing, but other days have been more distressful. Thursday we thought she must go, so near the end it seemed. I gave up going to Hereford so as to be with my wife. Nurse has, as it were, died ten times! But all through she has been patient and unselfish, always thinking of Y——. "Where pain ends gain ends," and pain certainly does bring out love.

On All Saints' Eve Mrs. Mary Moore gently died.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD, *November* 1907.

MY OWN DEAR WIFE,

I have thought of you so often in the sunshine and I have felt so glad. That view [Hindhead] is lovely, and we have so often enjoyed it together. Don't enjoy it too much; relax yourself and sleep.

Would that you were here to enjoy the walk I took by myself through the trees blushing with yellow, with the distant hills trying to hide, and the glorious colours of the garden. The way beauty waits for death is very touching.

I expect to be very dull without you, but that does not mean that you must hurry home. It is good to be dull, and I have my sermon and the Friday lecture to do. . .

This morning I went and spent an hour walking with the Markbys in their garden. Both are better and very beautiful. . .

It is now six. I am to have a lonely dinner at seven and then go to church. I will finish this on my return, so that you may know the latest.

Your dear card came this morning and sent a bit of you into me. Everybody I meet asks about you and the Garden Suburb. Last night was a small dinner party which went on till eleven.

Later, 9.30.—Safely back, all well, about 150 men present, church had rather a dreary feeling. Electric lights went out. I only did fairly well, for somehow I could not lose myself. But on the whole it was right.

My dear, dear wife, your pain over old Nurse has brought us very close lately and I have lived in the closeness. Why is it, that you and she and the Mother are so joined now? perhaps it is that all love is one, and so in God Who is Love we shall find all we have ever known.

Let us take care of ourselves and enjoy together God's great gifts.

Love and love and love, S. A. B.

3, Little Cloisters, Westminster, *February 2nd*, 1908.

My dear Rawson,

Thank you for your letters and papers, which let me into South African affairs through your mind. I am very glad your scheme is flourishing, but in these days of changing atmosphere every social plant needs close watching. In one sense the education of the future must, I believe, be technical, it must, *i.e.*, lead up to the work which has to be done to-day, but in another sense the education must be humane, leading up to the leisure which is necessary in work which is now so mechanical. In old days a man might have delivered his soul through carpentering; he cannot do so if his carpentering is just watching an engine shape the wood. Keep alive and never think you have found the secret. This is my word to new Directors. What is wanted is experts with a wide outlook on life, men technically trained whose eyes have been opened.

But this is only one of your problems. Dutch and British will, I am sure, come together. It is a bit dear to have spent £200,000,000 to teach English people what was before so obvious. But they seem to have learnt now. What a mercy it is —— was not executed as a rebel! He seems to be a real statesman. I hope he and Duncan may help to make South Africa. I should not be afraid of Hollanders or of any incomers. Be strong in yourselves and you need no protection. The real problem is the colour problem. Have you read Olivier's book on Jamaica? He, I hear, deals with it, and shows how it may be solved if equality is felt in the heart and differences respected. But doubtless the process is hard, and I know no other guide than the Christian spirit, which it is always hard to receive. Remember me to all old friends.

Affectionately yours, Saml. A. Barnett.

3, Little Cloisters, Westminster, *January 25th*, 1909.

My dear Courtney,

Everyone has been reading your letter for the good of their souls. The work was worth the trouble and I am glad you did it. It takes a great deal of pushing to make this generation think. They will lose their liberty because they find it so tiring to govern themselves. May Bournemouth and your wife's government make you strong to do more letters.

I am writing now in the hope of getting you to sign the enclosed. It has been written by Llewellyn Davies, and we propose to send it to the Prime Minister signed by five or six Deans and an equal number of laymen. We want you, Lord Cromer, Lord Shuttleworth, Sir E. Clarke, Sir T. Acland, to be the laymen. Will you sign and so draw people to think about this system of Church government which is growing up to destroy their liberty?

I am, affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

3, LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER, *June* 1909.

MY DEAR LOULOU,[1]

I quite agree that it is well to take up social duties and go to garden parties. It is curious how one falls out of the habit, and although each party seems to mean so little they together keep "friendships in repair." We hardly go out at all. I find it tires me, and I am glad that my "Missus" should not give anything beyond what she gives to the Garden Suburb. All goes well, and you will be pleased at your next visit. I preached there on Sunday to a congregation of 300 people gathered in the beautiful new room of the Institute. . .

Uely and I have been to hear Campbell. The experience is very wonderful, of such personal force over a mass of people. He is an orator and he is giving the world thought touched with feeling. If only he were a monk he might be a Savonarola, but Savonarola was in love with his own personality. . .

My wife's new secretary is doing very well. We call her the Cardinal as her name is Wolseley, and her chief is Henrietta Octavia, Henry VIII. . .

I have read an absurd book by Miss Cholmondeley, *The Danvers Jewels*. She must have written it for fun. *The Prisoners* stands A1 among novels. I must read it again. We are most of us in some way "Prisoners" till we find "the service which is perfect freedom." That is one of the most illuminating sentences in our Prayer Book. . .

During the week I have been visiting open-air schools with much interest. We have built prisons for ourselves in our great buildings, and yet everyone seems to do better in the open air. Mrs. Humphry Ward's vacation school is a great institution and must soon come into vogue. . .

I have finished *Fraternity*. It is a remarkable book. It suggests, I think, that human souls form a sea whose sound ever and anon breaks on men's minds. But each soul is isolated in a garment woven by individual or social selfishness, so they cry to one another and cannot touch one another. No one touches except the one who, like the old man, forgets self, and his brain weakened first so that he is not wholly right-minded. Each of the other characters is wrapped in its own selfishness, art, pride, wilfulness, jealousy, brutality, etc. Hilary comes nearest freedom, but he is a "negative" and not a positive. The book fails because it has not sense of humour, and no suggestion is given of the souls which are in touch, and make the music which can be heard.

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[1] Mrs. F. G. Barnett.

There are always 7,000 in every nation who have not bowed their knee to Baal, and every nation, as the prophets teach, is saved by its remnant. . .

As for myself my headaches are distinctly better, and I am able to do some work.

With love always, S. A. B.

Sunday Night.

My dear Wife,

I feel that I can't let the day go without writing to you. I don't know why, except that you were very dear this morning, and perhaps there is something in Sunday and Sunday worship which draws one to one's Love, God's best light to us on earth. Church was over earlier than I expected, and I might have come to you after all. The self-denial is possibly another cause of my writing.

We had the Communion Service. We must take that together before you go to the Congress. These old forms are valuable and are waiting for life. Do you remember how in the essay on Jean Paul, Carlyle says that he does best who makes old forms live? This, I think, is true, and it is a lesson I have need to learn. We must learn it together, learn to be God's children in heart, in deed, and in word, for God is good. . .

And now good night. Sermon preaching makes me feel lonely; there is always reaction, a sense of failure. It is a grand position to be able to talk to people on their highest interests, but all kinds of doubts and hopes haunt one to make one depressed. I can no more tell them what I want to tell them than I can tell you how I love you.

I wonder what you would be saying if you were here. The hour is one in which I want loving, the pores of one's being get opened and anything but love hurts. . .

Shall I cut Asquith to-morrow and come up to you? I don't like leaving you by yourself with all your sick ones. Let me know and I will obey.

Love and love, S. A. B.

3, Little Cloisters, Westminster, *March* 10*th*, 1910.

My dear Wragge,

My mind gets more and more anxious as to the Imperialism which lifts from each colony the responsibility for expressing its own life in its own way. If Australia were independent, it would take pains to induce immigrants who would justify its occupation of so much land. We have been stirred by Grey's speech; if arbitration comes, small nations will have a security which no armaments can give.

I shall be seeing Temple, who is a nice fellow. I voted against his going to Repton. It is dangerous for anyone—especially for one so young—to take a position where he must be called "master." The Workers' Education Association needs his and everyone's care. There is always a difficulty to harmonise life and order. The W.E.A. has life, but how to give it the organisation which will extend and not kill the life is a difficulty. . .

I deprecate haste, and think it far wiser to go on relieving the rich of their wealth and the poor of their poverty by slow means. This course has in a way succeeded, but it is hard to be patient. We forget how patient God is. . .

I am proud your wife is in Miss Spence's place on the State Children's Council. The S.C.A., which represents the same idea here, and of which Mrs. Barnett is Honorary Secretary, makes way. The children are more humanly treated, and more people are intelligently interested, but still future generations will wonder at us as we wonder at our slave-holding fathers.

The Garden Suburb grows apace. There are 530 houses occupied and the foundation-stone of the new St. Jude's is to be laid on St. Mark's Day. Mrs. Barnett is well and happy in her work. The people on the Suburb are very keen.

Yours affectionately, S. A. B.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, *May* 7*th*, 1910.

My dear Lady Kate,[1]

I was going to write and say how your gift of the ferment pleased me, but the news of the King's death is overwhelming. How greatly is the dangerous situation of the country complicated. How impossible it seems to see ahead. One's only hope is that the very darkness may bring light. "When the tale of the bricks is doubled, then comes Moses." It may be that the compulsory pause may give all parties time to think; it may be that the spirit of peace, which did live in the King, may incline other hearts to ways of peace. I wonder what your wise man thinks. Murray Macdonald came to talk things over, and our best hope is that Government may pass the Budget, the Insurance Bill, and perhaps one for compulsory continuation schools, and withdraw the Resolutions till next year. Would that you were here for a talk.

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[1] Lady Courtney.

I have been taking the ferment, and if I get well by your help I shall be all the more glad.

My wife has gone on duty to-day to East London.

With love, always yours, S. A. B.

ST. JUDE'S COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, *May* 19*th*, 1910.

MY DEAR STONE,

I have been ill, but at last got to my letters, and among the accumulation I find one from you written in February. Thank you for writing.

The "Canon Barnett" who promised a contribution to advocate the Union of Christendom is a Chaplain in the South of France.

Have you been reading Henson? He seems to me to speak words of wisdom, and if only he was inspired with greater feeling might do much for the cause.

Did you read Beeching's Sermons on the Revision of the Prayer Book? They seem to me to be quite reasonable. If you have not got them, I will send them to you. You must, as you look at things from your quiet watch-tower, be astonished at the energy of a few about the details of ritual, while the great mass of people are so utterly careless of both the ritual and the spirit. Perhaps I am wrong to say careless of the spirit, for the mass of people who are showing such feeling at the King's death cannot be without the feeling from which religion is made.

I am keeping away from all work and not taking part in any of these functions, because I am reserving myself to get strong and go through my residence in July and August.

Thank you much for the sonnet, which I am keeping by me.

Truly yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

ST. JUDE'S COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, *June* 14*th*, 1911.

MY DEAR LADY KATE,[1]

It is good to be called such a name by you. Would I deserved it. The soul—individual or national—needs an interpreter. I sometimes think the greatest trouble of the time is dumbness. Individuals are so much more than they call themselves, and the nation is constantly taking for itself some image, a lion—a John Bull—which is far from what it is.

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[1] Lady Courtney.

When your letter came we were wanting to hear of you. We had a very refreshing visit to Luton Hoo and talked, as you say, "theology." I must tell you what the Webbs told us when we meet. How remarkable in these years is the growth of "faith," and what a change is going to follow in politics! If only the working class could be brought into touch with thought!

That reminds me—we have paid a visit to Oxford and I lived at the Markbys' as a reasonable visitor, went to a garden party at Balliol and made a short speech to the Toynbee people. Oxford is perhaps a little more inclined to recognise its duty to industry, but it is still obsessed by its connection with the governing classes.

We go to the Cloisters one day this week, and stay till over the 23rd. I don't think I like the thought of the Coronation, and should not go if it were not my duty. You will be braced for it by Kingsgate, and I am glad you are having such a holiday. . . . When shall we meet?

With love always, S. A. B.

Little Cloisters, Westminster, *November 20th*, 1911.

My dear Stephen,[1]

The thought of you is on my heart. Your father and I, as are Uely and you, were very near to one another, and you boys are very near to me. You carry a burden of love with you, and that is a burden which will make all ways good. It is, as I told you, a great sorrow to me that you are going to New Zealand, and yet at the same time I am glad. I am sure the new country offers the best chance, and I have good hope that in it you will grow to happiness and usefulness. You have shown by your dutifulness and affection, by your reputation you won at school, that God has given you gifts worth cultivating. I don't want to bother you with advice, but just as you pass from England and by yourself face the unknown, there are some things I should like to gather from my own experience and pass on to you.

I have learnt that persistency counts for most in the battle of life. Think well before any decision, but when you have decided stick to your decision. It is better to stick to a less good choice than to change. A double mind never succeeds; when you get a place, work *through* it to a higher place.

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[1] Nephew.

A man must be self-reliant—you have learnt this in games—but the self on which a man relies must be a self carefully trained. This applies to choice of friends, and you must make your own friends. I like to think that your school friends have been good. All sorts of people will offer themselves both on the voyage and when you land. Much depends on whom you choose, and you will not choose well unless you are constantly strengthening your self by thoughts of good men. "Is he such a man as Uely would like?" "Is she a woman my mother would like?" On the voyage you will have the help of Mr. and Mrs. C——; do not be ashamed to get their opinion of people. On the voyage you may make friends who will be a blessing to you, the means by which you will get wider thoughts and a firmer grasp, or you may, as others have, get friends who will be a curse and spoil your life. Make yourself strong and then rely on yourself.

One word more. You have lived long enough to discover that strength comes into you from outside yourself. God breathes into us the power to do good and to resist evil. He shows us things worth being. My dear boy, you can only be persistent and strong by drawing upon the strength of God. Do not forget to pray regularly. You have learnt the value of regular duties, of the Holy Communion. Be faithful to those duties. Now once more goodbye. God be with you. We shall pray for you, so that when separated by all the seas we may be together in the presence of God.

God bless you. God give you the best gifts, make you good and pure, generous and public-spirited. God bless you and make you a blessing to others.

I am, with love, always yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

4, LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER, *June* 1912.

MY DEAR LOULOU,[1]

Did you read the Archbishop's speech at the Academy dinner? I am glad he urged the decoration of public meeting-rooms with things of beauty rather than of wealth. The council-chamber of a railway company where I went to a meeting surprised me by its expensive ugliness, and people don't know how they are being influenced by their surroundings. The Archbishop's speech was quite the best. . .

I have just been writing an article on the "Moral claim for a living wage," in which I urged that if workmen are called upon to take a part in government they must be fit to take that part, and that is impossible while they are brought up in poverty, which prevents either health or wisdom. I am not sure whether the great spectacle of pleasure and wealth at the Coronation has not had something to do with all the strikes—people could not help comparing and contrasting different conditions. . .

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[1] Mrs. F. G. Barnett.

The secret of government is proved again and again to be liberty, and all of us have to cultivate the liberal mind. . . What a lot of things are moving in public and how anxious all make one. People want to do right, and as usual it is pride which interferes. The world has to learn how to keep what is good in pride, while it casts it out as the cause by which the angels fell. Home Rule is not going to come easily; there are possibilities against which it is impossible to provide, and the attempt to do so will work mischief. If only we could trust to goodwill, there would be more security. . .

There is a good article in *The Times* on Syndicalism; if I can I will post it to you. The truth is that such a gospel must be popular among people who believe that only force succeeds and that everyone acts for self.

I am going to lunch to-morrow with Spender, who will help me to get alongside the fast-running tide of affairs. The Webbs, who came to see us, are much impressed by the pace at which things have moved during their year of absence.

You will have seen that our dear friend Stubbs of Truro is released, and we are thankful. His last letter was very beautiful, and *The Times* did him justice.

Things move slowly with us. All of us are better and none of us are well. My wife was pleased with your letter; she, as you say, has to bear all the difficulties herself, and we are too weakly to be encouraging.

I have given up the idea of writing the book on "Poverty," and have withdrawn my offer. It did not seem wise to do anything more. If I get through Westminster I may be stronger next year. I am just going for a drive.

Always lovingly yours, S. A. B.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, 1912.

My dear Stephen,[1]

Things everywhere are on the move and it is a bit hard to keep one's feet. I hardly know where I am or what policy to support. There is among the "masters" so much good will with a failure to understand the men's point of view, there is among the men so much right will with a failure to have patience with the masters' difficulties. I don't suppose you have yet taken stock of New Zealand politics. There is much interest in the experiments tried in the colonies, but they must be a bit irritating to watch. I expect Protection does harm more to the moral of a country than even to its wealth. It enshrines selfishness as patriotism—selfishness is the most rapid-growing of all forces. . .

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[1] Nephew.

We rejoice in the Abbey house with its view over the large garden, its baronial staircase and seventeenth-century drawing-room. Your aunt has been very unwell, but she is now better and very happy in the growth of the Suburb. There are now 6,000 residents, and two miles more land has been obtained, so there will be 25,000 people then. The Institute has 1,000 students who seek all sorts of knowledge, and the Church has to be enlarged, so great are the congregations. . .

It is strange that English newcomers find colonials so difficult, because after all they are only one remove distant. Perhaps their self-content is only our superiority writ large. At any rate they are those to whom the future belongs, and we have in some way to pass on what we have received. . .

We are spending another month here, and then if I keep well we shall go to Westminster for the winter.

Think of us always in love as we think of you.

S. A. B.

The following are extracts from letters to friends in Australia:

1908.

I have been learning something of Australia and its fear of the Oriental. My policy would be to admit all who would settle, take pains to make them Australians, and so form a body of native patriots who would develop the country on approved principles. I see the impossibility of admitting immigrants who would not be incorporated, and I see the impossibility of keeping a population off such a vast unoccupied territory.

1912.

I sometimes find myself thinking that the only cure for Australia is cutting the painter. While they are attached to England they will never feel responsible, and with their irresponsibility they will be careless and rude. If, for instance, they felt that they could not depend on our Fleet they would have to mend their manners as regards the Chinese, and they would have to face the problem of the future with more thought than they now give to the subject. My doubt in Empire increases as I get older; small States are, it seems to me, more likely to develop great characters. The little Jews and the little Greeks have made the greatest names in history. Home politics are in a very doubtful condition, and I expect we are on the eve of new developments. The great Parties are obviously breaking. . .

I think my greatest interest lies still in the development of the W.E.A. There are always anxieties in growth, and I am not without anxiety, but it does seem to me that the chief thing of all is to give the workman an education which will enable him to be interested in the best things. What folly it is that we pay so much lip regard to the National Gallery and British Museum, when the mass of the people are so absolutely indifferent to both that they would almost vote for their destruction if it meant a shilling a week more wages to themselves. In Australia you have, I gather, the same difficulty. A man who returned the other day was telling me how the chief interest of your people is in horse-races, and how few there are who find any joy in the use of their minds and their imaginations.

4, LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER, *December* 31*st*, 1912.

MY VERY DEAR LADY KATE,[1]

How many years I have written you on this day, gathering up the fragments of memory to make new hopes. We have had a long and close friendship, for which I am very grateful. The more one dwells on it, the stronger grows the light which breaks on the future. Let us therefore think of it and realise how it was love which made journeys, work, and talk, so good, and though they cannot be again, love remains.

Your letter this morning tells of the shadow which time throws on your visit, but there again you have found the star of hope, and after all it is the brightness of the past which makes the shadow. Let us then go on with hope into a new year, determined to face whatever it brings in assurance of good. May it be that we often meet to encourage one another, may you have the full enjoyment of life which comes both through the old and the young, and may you have peace.

Always yours with love, S. A. BARNETT.

ST. JUDE'S COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, *January* 18*th*, 1913.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,[2]

This address will tell you that we have had to come to Hampstead. The cottage is sold. We have long wished to be relieved of the burden imposed by such a big house, and a purchaser having come along, we are getting ready to move. My wife is doing all that has to be done, while she looks after me, and all I can do is help with sympathy, which she says is the best help. The greatest trouble is that feeling of not helping. I expect that the peace of God comes to those who feel they are working with God, in a way helping God. I imagine now there are times when you feel depressed and seem to be far from God. There must be times when the Highest say, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" At such times our only course is to be patient and wait on God, knowing that there are tides of the spirit—times of night and times of morning. The one thing not to do is to fret, but I expect we might avoid these times more often if we could feel that we were helping. Try then, I would say to you, to help in the work you know God is doing for friends or objects for which you care. Think of His purpose for him or her, for institutions, for the nation, for India. Forget yourself and help others with your thoughts and your prayers. It is in others' service—whatever the service be—that we lose our fear and find ourselves nearer God.

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[1] Lady Courtney.

[2] Sir William Markby.

I am always affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

ST. AUBYNS MANSIONS, HOVE, *February* 13*th*, 1913.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,[1]

We have come here for a few days for the sake of the quiet. My wife has been very tired after all the work and feeling of moving from St. Jude's Cottage. This place is easily reached, and we have most comfortable quarters by the kindness of Mr. Debenham. How great is friends' kindness! Browning never said anything more true than that life is given us that in it we may learn to love. As you and I look back we see how by trials, temptations, experience, we have been taught that the strongest thing on earth is love, and now we are old we are, I hope, realising that God sent His Son to teach the same lesson and to show us how to love. We have not learnt our lesson, we are every day conscious how much of self there is in what we call love, and so every day we are driven back to learn of our Lord, and to seek from Him His Spirit. It is helpful to read the Gospels with different objects in view, and sometimes if one is looking for the way of love, new light will break in from familiar words.

Yes, my dear friend, I am quite certain you will find peace as you get more and more into the way of love.

I am, affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

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[1] Sir William Markby.

The following was written when I was isolated with influenza, and was the last letter my husband wrote to me.

WESTMINSTER, *February* 1913.

MY OWN DEAR WIFE,

Wife of my young days, wife of my old days, always inspiring, always protecting, God bless you and give you a restful day. I am very well, and I will take care, judging care by *your* standard, *i.e.* not lifting a book or even lifting my eyelid too quickly!

There is a delightful hush about to-day. It is a day for peaceful thinking, a day for turning over old photos and living again old times. We have had a good life. Bless you, is the chief word of your old lover. Oh, how I miss you, how I shall miss you when the lights come and there is no one to read to. I shall rest and you must be very restful about me.

I send you two more books which I hope will send you to sleep. I shall go to church and send you another note on my return.

Later.

Come aboard! dear and mighty and wonderful commander! All well in body and happy in spirit. A man from Calgary preached, a most quiet and reasonable address which almost persuaded me to enlarge my offering. Calgary is now a big city, and Edmonton, which is only a few years old, is nearly as big. . . Everybody was nice, the music was quiet, and there was a Lenten sense about which made one feel that love has its quiet as well as its abounding times.

Oh, my dear one, as you lie still let the memories of what have been revive, comfort, and strengthen you. All we endure is just meant to teach us how to love, and the lesson is infinite.

Get well soon.

Yours and yours and yours, S. A. B.

P.S.—I have done a bit of writing on the new book, but need you to approve it before doing more. . .

4, THE LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, *March 6th*, 1913.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,[1]

Your little note was very welcome, but whether you write or not I know your thoughts come to us, and the thought of you is always helpful. We are back here from Hove refreshed by the clear, pure, and far views of sea and sky. I am enjoying the Abbey, which is very beautiful in the spring sunshine.

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[1] Sir William Markby.

I am glad you are thinking of India. We spent ten days with Lefroy and remember him as a man with the power of God in him. I hope indeed that he may be consulted, so that government may be carried on as in the presence of God.

It is interesting to recall how mankind has felt the need of this presence. Moses desired to see God, the Psalmists found in God's presence fullness of joy, and the prophets began their work with a vision of God. Our Lord came to be recognised as the Son of God because through Him, as we learn from St. Paul, men came into the presence of God. Through Christ he learnt the love of God, in Christ he felt the power of God.

You and I, at the bottom of all our needs, need the presence of God, and what we have to do is to know Christ, that, like St. Paul, we may feel the presence. How shall we know Christ? By meditating on all we have learnt of goodness and love, what we have learnt from others and what we have discovered in ourselves. When we are conscious of the goodness and love in which we live and move, we shall find ourselves in God's presence. We shall know that our sins are forgiven, that our joys are secured, and that power is on our side. May you have such a sense of the presence of God.

I am, always affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

4, LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER, *March 28th*, 1913.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,[1]

It was good to see your name at the bottom of the memorial and to feel that you are following public action with your heart. We are to be in the world when we are not of the world, and I am sure that we ought not ever to follow the Christians who withdraw themselves to think only of the concerns of their own souls.

Our Lord's spirit was different. He was always in touch with life and made a sacrament of common things. His last talk was of the struggles by which society would grow, and among his last thoughts was one for his mother and his friend.

Let us therefore think of what is going on. There is much to encourage us even in the midst of strife and covetousness. There is a strong turning to peace, a more general understanding of others' point of view, a growing faith in progress to unity. The Holy Spirit is with us, and people all over the world are showing a consciousness of a Presence which is drawing them to worship.

I came across a phrase which seems to me to express the hope, the unconscious hope of many minds. "Comprehension without compromise." People want something definite which they can hold, be it church or nature, but they want also to feel members of something greater. There must, in our Lord's words, be many folds and one flock.

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[1] Sir William Markby.

I finish my residence on the 31st, and I am encouraged to hope that I may be strong enough as the summer draws on to come and see you.

God bless you and give you peace.

With love, yours, S. A. B.

HOVE, *April 15th*, 1913.

MY DEAR STEPHEN,[1]

We are much interested in your move. At this distance it is not possible to offer a judgment, but all you say makes us think you have done wisely. The long drudgery will not be wasted. I read a striking little book, *Blessed be Drudgery*, which left on me a lasting impression. One of the dangers of modern town life, and the continual danger of communities in which there is an inferior class, is that drudgery comes to be regarded as slavery.

New Zealand is happy in not being able to despise the Maoris, and South Africa is in danger because the whites make the niggers do what they don't like doing.

You hear all our news and know what puzzling times we are passing through. I find more and more reason to believe in Liberalism, not a party, that is, which holds a certain creed, but in the principle whose aim is the development of freedom. The Labour Party may have all sorts of good objects, so may the Tories, but if they prevent the development of others' opinions they hinder progress. The one thing which Liberals can compel is education, because till people are educated they cannot be free or use freedom. Your present life meets my young dreams. I have often thought of myself as a pioneer, and now as it were I live in you. In many ways it is an ideal life. In one way the object of all life is to force nature to yield more for the common use. The ways of doing this are legion, but the pioneer does it simply and directly. Every blow makes the world richer in land that bears fruit.

Mary is now at Hove with us.

On May 8th is a grand day at the Suburb, when your aunt's tower is to be dedicated.

Love always, S. A. B.

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[1] Nephew.

CHAPTER LI

"*There are Christians who stand behind laws and defy the forces which call them to think for themselves and to trust the unknown future.*"

THE conclusion that we must leave Whitechapel was arrived at with much pain. It was the home of our young hopes, our mature work, and our achievements; the centre of our life's love and the abode of countless friends. But at sixty-two and fifty-five, we recognised that we could not do all that the place demanded, and as Mr. T. Ed. Harvey was ready to be Warden the decision was made. I do not think Canon Barnett regretted the severance as much as I did, for he felt that relief from the "serving of tables" would enable him to devote his thoughts to what all through life he counted his main work, the teaching of religion.

In the spring of 1906 influenza gripped him, and he was feeling all the humiliation attendant on its recovery, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wrote a charming letter offering him a Deanery,[1] the "first preferment which has come into my hands." But to uproot ourselves from London seemed unwise. I had only just started the Garden Suburb, and to leave Toynbee Hall without the stimulus of the ex-Warden's influence seemed hardly fair. So it was a sad man who went to see the Prime Minister and say a courteous "No" to his proposal.

"If you won't have this, what will you have?" asked Sir Henry. And then my husband was encouraged to tell him that his heart's desire was a place in Westminster Abbey, from which he could speak of his religious faith and turn men's thoughts to the condition of East London.

Sir Henry, who, though a recent friend, was a very true and understanding one to us both, found means to carry out my husband's wishes, and in June 1906 thousands of friends had the pleasure of hearing the news that he was to be Canon of Westminster Abbey. And how they wrote, those friends! literally hundreds of letters poured in, and to each Canon Barnett would reply himself. Indeed his conscience on the subject of letters was abnormally developed. On this occasion it broke him down, and he took his July residence at Bristol in very bad health.

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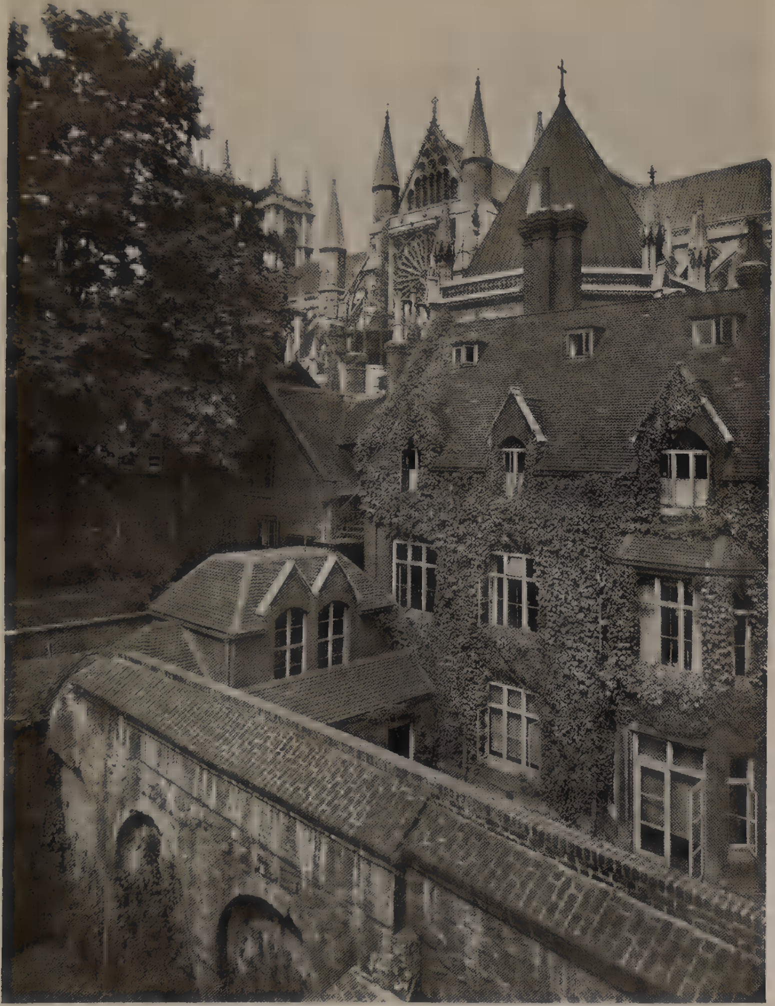
[1] When Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister, he also offered Canon Barnett a Deanery.

On August 9th, 1906, he was inducted to a stall in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster. It ought to have been an hour of whole-hearted rejoicing, surrounded by many old adherents and welcomed by new confrères in that glorious building, helped by the sound of gracious music. But my husband was too unwell to rejoice, and his voice got weaker and weaker as he read the interminable Latin document, which I suppose conveys suitable sentiments to the few in the congregation who can follow it. Then came a visit to the waters of Llangammarch, and long hours of the quietest driving behind old "Tom" amid the wide free slopes of Welsh mountains.

After that we endured the two moves from Bristol and Whitechapel, and the settling in at 3, Little Cloisters. With the house my husband was very much disappointed. We had lived for so long in three houses that he had greatly looked forward to gathering all his books and implements of work into a roomy study and to dwelling in one home only, but the cloistered house was hopelessly insufficient for our somewhat complicated household, the necessity of accommodation for a secretarial staff, and our habits of hospitality. After our beautiful and spacious abode in Whitechapel it looked impossibly mean and dark, and for a while Mr. Barnett was more disappointed than I had ever known him to be about anything personal. However, £400 spent in pulling down walls, putting in new windows, improving domestic accommodation, and making paint and paper clean and bright, did something to reconcile him, though he never really liked the house nor felt at home in it. Among the small innovations which he insisted on was to place my name with his on the front-door plate, an act which produced some amusing ecclesiastical remonstrance.

November 17th, 1906.—The house is getting on, but it is a wretched place, and the Chapter is not ready to try to make it better. We hope to get in by the 30th, but I doubt it. We have been getting to see the Canons, but as yet have not lost our hearts to any as much as the Dean—Armitage Robinson. He



No. 3 Little Cloisters, from the windows of No. 4 Little Cloisters, showing the Norman arches in its garden.

is a scholar, kindly, and under the impulse of duty. The Abbey services are wonderful. The music in the gloom, and the beauty in the mystery of darkness, lay hold of one's being.

During the time occupied by repairing the house, the Dean took my husband into the Deanery, and the daily intercourse for the first month of the new Canon's "residence" knit the two men together in a friendship which bore the strain of all the difficulties which occur in every Chapter. With Archdeacon Wilberforce he had a sympathetic, inconsequent, erratic, spiritual relationship, and Canon Duckworth was always courteous. Later years brought the genial Bishop Boyd Carpenter[1] to be our neighbour; and Sir Frederick Bridge kept his corner Tower alive with jokes both old and new, while in Mrs. Rush's Lodge abode a faithful friend. To all the Minor Canons he felt kindlily, and deeply appreciated Mr. Aikin-Sneath's reading, going to many services when he was not due, on purpose to be "led to pray by that marvellous voice and beautiful reverence."

The life of the Abbey was very different from that of Whitechapel, and my husband missed the contact with men of brilliant intellect combined with earnest purpose. The Toynbee talk was very refreshing after the trivial gossip and consideration of details which seem inseparable from the ecclesiastical mind, but he was wishful to leave the Settlement staff entirely responsible, and so we conscientiously avoided frequenting our beloved Whitechapel, though all the men came individually to see us.

October 23*rd*, 1906.—I had my first Chapter, very uneventful. I thought the Dean really ill and felt very tender towards him as a bit of fine china among rather coarse pots.

I do not remember what my husband had asked Canon Beeching to do, but in reply he wrote a poem in which he charmingly chaffed his brother Canon for having intruded into the quiet of the old-world Cloister the modern telephone. It is very amusing, but too long to reproduce here.

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[1] Twenty years before this my husband had written to his brother:
May 9*th*, 1885.—The feature of our stay at Balliol was the relations we began with the Bishop of Ripon. He understands the whole position and as a preacher will certainly help Liberalism. He is willing to admit the high class men, to require intelligence rather than dogmas, and to value rightness of life more than rightness of views. I hope we may see more of him. My wife and he got on so well that she has modified her idea of Bishops!

Canon Barnett's first Abbey duty, after his month's residence and the four sermons it involved was over, was the Advent course of addresses, which in that year were on "Charity, Law, and Living." In their preparation he took infinite pains, indeed all through the seven years of our Abbey life his chief interest was his sermons. To them he gave his best thought and much time. The congregations were of course wholly different from any of which he had had experience. In Whitechapel he knew everybody; in Bristol everybody knew him; but in the Abbey the people were strangers, attracted by the building, the music, curiosity, and other motives unconnected with religious hunger. At first my husband felt this acutely, and his sermons were almost colourless with impersonality—a voice to ears—but by extraordinary self-command he compelled himself to visualise individual characters, and preach to them. From some of his hearers he had sincere letters of thanks, from others abuse, but either were more welcome than the blank silence which implies indifference. Through all his preaching ran the undercurrent of the stunted lives of the poor, the ignorant, the disinherited, the handicapped.

"Can't you leave them out this time?" I would sometimes ask.

"No, everybody else leaves them out," he would reply, "or if they don't, they talk sentimental patronage. You and I *know* and must tell the truth."

"Thank you, Barnett; it was very interesting," was one of Canon Duckworth's comments as they walked down the Cloisters together. "I have no time except for platitudes."

This was spoken in generous humility, but my husband's sermons often annoyed his brother-clergy, who girded at him for his "socialism," his defence of trades-union action, his frequent approval of strikes, and his claims for equality for women. This was unfortunate, for had they recognised what sort of a character they had in their midst, or what vast stores of experience his mind carried, they would have welcomed his thoughts and given credence to his opinions.

As in Whitechapel, Oxford, and Bristol we had together prepared the sermons, so the habit continued in Westminster, but there the beauty of the Abbey, the immense congregations, and the contrast between the sounds of the gorgeous music and the one small voice, fanned my husband's ever-active flames of humility until the task seemed to be too great for him. At various times he wrote to me:

> I have been working away at a sermon and feel dissatisfied. It is written by myself, it is though not my own, nor God's. It is a thing made out of thoughts. I suppose to preach one must either have some personal experience to pass on, or be just so free of care, anxiety, selfishness. etc., that the Spirit will flow through one unhindered.
>
> I got an hour at the sermon, into which I tried to put your thoughts. But what can be said on the subject which is not said in the Psalms? I think the Psalmists must have lived the highest of human lives. None of our methods or discoveries lift us higher. They always had plenty of oil in their lamps.
>
> My sermon as usual disappointed me. It is so difficult to get out what is in, and I wanted to make the men realise their duties to labour. . . You hit the centre when you said I could not talk because I was not thinking of God. That is why I am dumb and why I get misunderstood. Well, I have long known the fault. Help me to cure it, make your husband spiritual. It is possible—yes, I am sure it is—possible to think of God and feel Him as a rock under one's feet. I got your word of comfort before I went into Church.

Some of Canon Barnett's remarks to his brother when he was invited to preach to other congregations reveal the thoughts he rarely talked about:

> Canterbury took me by storm, and Sunday in the Cathedral was a day with poets and painters. There was a packed congregation when I preached. My host—like most of the Bishops—was a Liberal, glad to express Liberal thought, but I expect thought to be narrow by the parties. If only Bishops would say what they think!
>
> I found 150 young men and I opened to them my theme. I did fairly well and made myself clearer than I hoped. All were astonished at the phrase "idolatry of Christ," some rejected it with scorn, but the most part were started thinking on the right lines. . . . I am sure it is God Who has to be preached. God—to give us something which Jews, Moslems, and Puritans had, and which we have lost. We need a crusader to make God known so that every spot of ground shall be holy, and duty the necessity of being.
>
> On Sunday I preached in Hackney, touching the clerical life, which is, I believe, fermenting, though the leaven is small. Fremantle threw a pebble into the pool, but, as Henson says, it will

take fifty years for people to learn the distinction between the Incarnation and the Virgin Birth.

I preached out twice on Sunday, and had the sense of the religious world which is daily advancing towards free thought, but keeping itself in church lines. The people adopt, that is, Maurice's teaching about belief, but keep up party barriers in the shape of church organisation.

At Clapham, where I preached on Sunday, I fell into a nest of clerical life. The life is one curiously concerned with externals, the representatives of a spiritual idea have been attracted by forms and seem to delight in the evidence of their senses. The clergy at Clapham seemed energetic, earnest, and self-devoting, but they might have been men of business running a successful shop.

I hated ———'s Church and did not get at his people. I still have enough fire in me to turn revolutionist if I lived in Paddington.

What others thought of his sermons can be told by three extracts :

> Amidst all the wealth of interest which was opened to Mr. and Mrs. Barnett's workers, the Vicar's sermons were the events most looked forward to, and many friends from North London went to hear one who seemed inspired to teach, even as some of the prophets had taught, and who had so great a power of putting " the deep things of God " into simple language. For some years one member of the congregation walked at least ten miles each Sunday to hear those wonderful sermons. The burning eyes, earnest face, and force of feeling of the preacher impressed his thoughts clearly upon his hearers. More than one household had the privilege of getting the outlines of the sermons and the new ideas passed on to them week by week.—A. B.

> His sermons were short and epigrammatic, packed with thought and full of fervour—the sermons, too, of a man to whom the presence of the Unseen was a constant reality, and all nature, all life, all work, all noble art, a Sacrament of God.—G. H. A.

> At Westminster Canon Barnett's preaching, though he was never an orator in the ordinary sense of the word, was wonderfully effective. He was heard by crowded congregations with genuine attention. His direct clear speech gave social subjects a reality and interest which even the high standards of the Abbey pulpit too often failed to create.—T. H. D.

From time to time Canon Barnett gathered his sermons and addresses together, and issued them in book form under the titles of *Service of God*, *Religion and Progress*, and *Religion and Politics*, writing in one which he gave me : " From author to authoress, with grateful love."

In special services he had great faith, and was anxious to use the Abbey, not only for functions, for prayer or thanksgiving on events of national importance, but as a sanctified place in which people bound together by trade interests, educational aims, or any other common pursuit could come together, and in its holy atmosphere test the standard of their intentions. With this view he often suggested that trade-unions, co-operators, teachers' associations, settlement workers, club members, should be invited to services specially arranged for them, but rarely was the suggestion welcomed. Some exceptions, however, I can recall. One, a golden summer's day when Mr. and Mrs. George Cadbury brought Bournville inhabitants for an eighteen hours' excursion to town. Also a long and dignified procession of men and women clad in their official or University robes, who, organised by the labour of Mr. Humberstone, assembled in worship and prayer for their work.

To F. G. B., April 27th, 1907.—I have just had a talk with the Dean. The University of London is coming to the Abbey on the 8th. The sweet girl graduates want to wear their academicals. This is pain and grief to the Dean—girls in Church with college caps! I have got some shots into his prejudices, and hope they may die before the day is out, or we shall have the women raging about us. Both sides seem to me a bit foolish, but right is with the women.

Great crowds of workmen gathered in the nave to listen to Canon Masterman, who, from Cranmer's pulpit on three Saturday afternoons, painted, as only he can, the scenes which the Abbey had witnessed, and the hopes, struggles, fears, failures of the populace to whom the Church belonged.

To F.G.B.—WESTMINSTER, *April 27th*, 1907.—We had a meeting of twenty workmen here on Thursday to arrange for a course of lectures in the Abbey. I did not know them sufficiently well to get at their opinions, but they were keen about the lectures, and on June 1st I expect 700 workmen in the nave.

Canon Barnett's long-cherished hope that the Church should be used "for the asking and answering of questions" was not then realised, for the nave is too big for normal voices, but Dr. Gow generously lent the Westminster School Hall, and to that the congregation retired and obtained more knowledge.

My husband's appreciation of Dean Robinson's power of arranging and conducting special services made him always anxious to use it more, and he has often been annoyed and disappointed when Chapter delay allowed St. Paul's to utilise an occasion which should have been the Abbey's privilege. But when there was time for leisurely action the appropriateness and beauty of the special services could not be surpassed, and the calls to Advent hope, Lenten repentance, Easter comfort, and Christmas joy are not easily forgotten. On the other hand, all spontaneity was banished from the funerals and weddings, which were just organised functions with appropriate musical setting.

The service when the Pan-Anglican Conference met in London was deeply impressive. He wrote:

To L. G. B., July 18th, 1908.—The Pan-Anglican has been a great success; it gave us a sense of power, and it forced us all to subject our own issues to greater issues. There has been a strange sense of humility with all the show of strength. Everyone has been impressed. Perhaps we all feel the storm in the air and are a little frightened. The sense of unrest is very curious.

His accounts written to me or to his brother of some of these occasions are interesting:

To H. O. B., October 24th, 1906.—I am off to receive the judges. I wish you were with me. You like functions and I like your likings.

Later.—Westminster was wonderful. The sunlight was on everybody and through the buildings. There was a rush of carriages with judges, barristers, and cohorts of police. Our Abbey had its stately nave exposed. I went in robed and stood in the nave and watched lawyers gather, ordinary in wigs, K.C.s in big wigs with stockings. Justices in red and ermine. Lords Justices in silk and gold lace. All stood about and chatted. Barristers came and talked to me and told me names. At 11.45 the Lord Chancellor came, preceded by his great officers and looking himself very fine. We bowed and formed procession into the choir, which was full of people. The Abbey looked its best and the sun flashed on the gold lace as the judges occupied the stalls. The service was really helpful, simply and beautifully done. My one thought and wish was that you might have been there. You would have enjoyed it. When it was over I walked about realising how Westminster is the centre of the ritual of national life. M.P.s and peers were driving to the House of Commons where there was a service for Col. Saunderson; a wedding was going on at St. Margaret's. Everybody seemed occupied by ritual. It is the opposite of East London and is very suggestive. I am back now, and all I have done is to take part in a function. We shall perhaps gradually see that this is a real part of worship.

To F. G. B., December 1906.—On Friday, C. W. Stubbs was consecrated. The service was deeply impressive. Thought and prayer have chastened his face and voice, and as, robed in the long straight white rochet, he stood on the steps of the Abbey sacrarium and answered the examination of the Bishop, he looked a perfect man for beauty and holiness. Everyone felt the music, and he was sent off to his work with many prayers. I don't wonder men have been unwilling to be Bishops.

To F. G. B., 1907.—On Maundy Thursday we had the old-world Maundy service in the Abbey, when the Dean, girded with a towel, arrayed in a gorgeous cope, and acting for the King, gave doles to sixty-six men and women. It was picturesque, but as Henson whispered, "Could people who believed in a religion make a picture of it as on a stage ?"

Canon Barnett often pleaded for more music in the Abbey, music not as part of a religious service, but by itself. The large majority of the congregation, he affirmed, came to the services for the sake of the music, and put up with, more or less irreverently, the religious utterances with which it was intertwined. He advocated that this be frankly recognised and music given without words, in organ recitals, and solo singing, the people sitting throughout.

"Is not music one of God's voices ?" he would say. "It can do its own work."

It is not hard to imagine our cathedrals rescued from the tradition which leaves them to be the hunting-ground of antiquarians and the practising-places of choirs, to offer instead the music whose greatness and beauty would make hard hearts soften, proud knees bend, and dumb lips speak.

Music acquires more and more power as the mind of man pushes beyond forms which distract the attention, and reaches out to the impalpable spirit in which it lives and moves. People are moved to thought by music, and many are they who find themselves lured by sound into unknown realms where they stay and commune with great spirits and watch the solemn progress of the world.

My husband believed profoundly in the Quaker view of the effect of the spirit of the worshippers on the worshippers. In order, therefore, to secure the co-operation of the congregation at special services, he urged that more use be made of instructions, printed for each occasion, expressed in homely words, and conveying the main idea that the service was intended to create or to deepen. Most of these innovations he advocated to meet the unconventional minds which I represented, for himself he was happily helped by the daily services as they were, for, as I have written elsewhere:

> Though he saw with a clear vision the need of Church reform, he himself found in the services as they are, both joy and food for his soul. Sometimes I have wished he did not. When most of us came "empty away" from hearkening to the imprecations of the 109th Psalm, sung with glorious but inconsistent musical tenderness, or felt hungry for spiritual sustenance when the appointed lessons had dealt mainly with the sins of the children of Israel or the misgovernment of their disreputable kings, my husband would return so strengthened by the service and ready to calm our ruffled impatience, that one was compelled to remember the words of his Master: "I have meat ye know not of."[1]

For those who did not have these sources of strength his sympathy was penetrating and patient. In the early Whitechapel days he had written to me:

> 1883.—To-day I did not enjoy Church. My spirit was out of harmony and I felt the incongruity of all things,—the upstarts confessing their sins, the parsons preaching life in conventional words. I felt, as I know you often feel, as if I should like to get up, cast off the rags of forms, and just tell the people to be good and before all things to be honest. I do hope that you and I may have some talks and get down on to a basis where we can stand together. We must get to what we do believe and let not cloudy acquiescence or cloudy denials stand in its stead. Green may help you to put into words some of your faith. Perhaps that is a need my mystical self does not recognise, but clearly it is a need. Somehow men want to see, in words at any rate, what they believe.

To all he counselled attendance at the Holy Communion, affirming that the service demanded no doctrinal assent, but was specially fitted for all to whom the comprehensive invitation is addressed, "ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and intend to lead a new life."

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[1] *The American Survey*, December 6th, 1913.

CHAPTER LII

"Wherever men are found, they have a consciousness of something higher than themselves which they worship, that is the essence of religion."

THE move into the Little Cloisters brought in its wake a large increase of social duties. When we came to live in the centre of London, country friends seemed to have frequent business in town, and our one small guest-room was rarely empty. The constant stream of callers took up much time, and we went out to many parties and receptions. "What is the good of it?" we often asked each other—a question to which there are several replies and no answer. Of some of the parties Canon Barnett wrote amusingly to his brother:

May 27*th*, 1906.—Last night I went to a great Liberal "At Home" and met our leaders. The party was in the Grafton Gallery amid beautiful pictures and might be described as brilliant. John of Hereford was there, looking beautiful and humble and strong. I had various scraps of talk, but none which illuminated me. The Liberal party has got old. Man after man whom I had looked on for the future seemed suddenly to have become worn and weary, Bryce, Asquith. When are they going in? In the afternoon I had addressed a large party of women on "Luxury and Poverty," and on the previous day we had a State Children Association meeting. This afternoon I open a Conference on the unemployed, so I shall have tasted the sweets of duty when I get to my wife, who is still very poorly, this evening.

December 8*th*, 1906.—I wish you had been with us at the Courtney dinner at the Cecil last night. The 150 people looked like the righteous lot who might have saved London. Such a good sort, and as for Courtney's speech, it was a heart-lifter. He spoke magnificently magnificent words. My wife was well enough to go, and much enjoyed it. "If," she said, "you could only preach like that in Westminster Abbey!"

June 29*th*, 1907.—We went out last night to the Foreign Office reception—such a crush. We were wedged for twenty minutes on the great staircase and driven to contemplate the superior existence of the flowers which waved in dignity and beauty over the heads of the struggling, sweating, and aimless humans. Everyone, from the Prince of Wales down to the Labour members, was there. We had no serious talk and came home wondering what place such functions have in government. They are, I suppose, rank growth which protect life somehow.

Convocation meetings also brought clerical friends to town, and both pleasant and interesting were many lunches and dinners, especially when some of the guests were other than of the black-coated class :

To F. G. B., January 19th, 1907.—On Tuesday we had our first lunch party in our new house, the Webbs, the Lockyers, and the Spenders. There was good talk. . . Mrs. Webb's chief thought was of the Poor Law Commission. She has a scheme for transferring all medical relief to the health authority, establishing in fact a medical church, but better "kept in order," she says. There is much in it. Everyone would have a doctor and doctors would not be dependent on disease. Of course "dissenters" would flourish.

To F. G. B., March 16th, 1907.—Yesterday the Prime Minister [Campbell-Bannerman] came to lunch. We had him by ourselves and were charmed anew by his simple and modest mind. He told many things, but no Cabinet secrets, and gave no notion of failures, but he said how often he was boiling when he seemed calm. He says he will come again; your wife will be glad to know he does not eat butcher's meat and does not drink any wine or spirits.

No sooner were we settled in the precincts than we began to enjoy showing the Abbey to our friends. Every society, class, and club that belonged to Toynbee, and a good many who did not, wanted to come, and Saturday after Saturday found my husband the guide of admiring groups and me the hostess of thirsty admirers. At first he used to take the parties round in, what I may term, the structural sequence, but after a little experience we decided it was better to confine the interests, and so the groups were conducted either in relation to (*a*) history, (*b*) architecture, (*c*) biography, or (*d*) evolution of thought. Sometimes if the number was beyond twenty-five we would each take half, though my talk was always limited to the beauty centres of architecture. Besides the Saturday East London parties, we had delightful Abbey walks, moonlight strolls in the silent nave, and countless half-hours with intimate friends or chance acquaintances, On the Bank holidays, when the great building was thronged with people, whose intelligence as far exceeded their knowledge as their love of the beautiful transcended its understanding, Canon Barnett would stand on the altar steps and in the easy style which many years of public talking in the Whitechapel picture show had cultivated, would begin to tell the few people nearest to him something about the history of the Abbey. Larger and larger would grow his crowd, until the voice of Mr. Weller or one of the vergers would be heard on the outskirts saying, "Pass along, please; pass along," and that brought the lectures to an end if not up to date. Usually Canon Barnett would stand about silently watchful, till a few earnest folk would ask him questions which would result in another unauthorised public talk in another unauthorised part of the Abbey.

"Why don't you get such a plan passed by the Chapter?" I would ask; but the reply was the one that had to be made to so many suggestions for improvement, that if the event had not been provided for by some ancient document, or still more antiquated usage, the Chapter would count it sacrilegious and find it their duty to forbid it.

But no one knows, until they try it, what interesting people there are to be picked up without introduction in interesting places, nor yet how wondrously the human touch vivifies the building. What our casual acquaintances much appreciated was to be shown the old arches in the passages of Nos. 3 and 4, Little Cloisters, or the stately trees of the Abbot's garden, or to be told the names of their unknown cicerones.

"Barnett, but not *the* Barnett of Whitechapel?" they would sometimes say, as if that was a far greater honour than being Barnett of Westminster.

To the children also my husband gave many illuminating ten minutes. After the Education Department had allowed excursions to be counted as time-table hours, the elementary school children came to the Abbey in crowds, mooning round vaguely, often with an equally vague teacher, gazing at the pillar-box with interest or reading the names on the front doors as momentous inscriptions. To appear suddenly round the corner of the Cloister, and first astonish the children by asking them what they would *really* like to see, and then to take them to see it, was great fun for him, and for them his interest turned the visit from a vacant stroll into a living history-lesson.

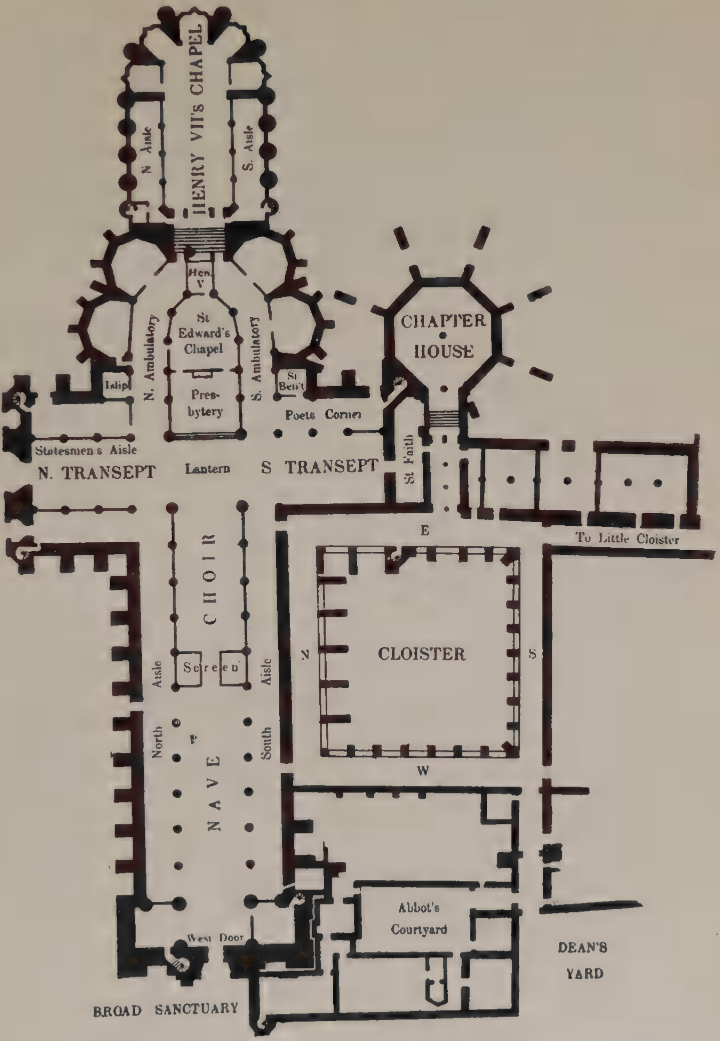
In 1908 Canon Barnett wrote a penny guide-book called *A Walk through Westminster Abbey*, and in print took the ignorant to vantage-grounds from which to look across the centuries. If the book is carefully followed with the map, it will be found to be both concise and comprehensive.

Everyone who visits the Abbey with the vergers cannot fail to be struck with the mass of information they have acquired, as well as by the patient politeness with which they dispense it, often to silent and irresponsive persons. But it is only people who are acquainted with the minds of those they take round the building who can know what is required. It was this knowledge, gained by enjoying it with our innumerable friends, that made Canon Barnett advocate a plan for giving lectures to the vergers and other guides who made it their business to conduct Americans and foreigners round the Abbey. His hope was to obtain lecturers of the stamp of those rendering services to the University Extension Society, who would infuse the facts with the spirit of history, and by showing them in a literary setting add both to their interest and importance. To these lectures he also wished to admit teachers, curates, club leaders, and in short anyone who desired to understand the stone history-book. One of his friends, Mr. T. Harvey Darton, has written :

> On the administrative side of his office, Canon Barnett was eager to make the majestic chronicle of Westminster a true part of the history of England ; he would have had the stones tell the story of Christian democracy. He saw the tale of the Christian Church in London as a piece of national life, and he wanted the ordinary casual visitor to leave the Abbey a better, more responsible, and prouder citizen, not an inquisitive person, vaguely impressed by architectural beauties and "sad stories of the deaths of kings." He had many schemes for giving greater truth and life to what is too apt to become a show.

Part of his plan was to add regular teaching to the duties of the Minor Canons, who, he argued, should be selected as much for their capacities for preaching and teaching as for intoning. But his plan remained where most reforms connected with the Church do remain, and the crowds still wander about aimlessly. Of the spiritual force embedded in the Abbey he wrote :

> The cathedrals seem to be waiting to be used by the new spiritual force which, amid the wreck of so much that is old, is surely appearing. There is a widespread consciousness of their value—an unexpressed instinct of respect which is not satisfied by the


HENRY VII's CHAPEL
N. Aisle
S. Aisle
Hen. V
St Edward's Chapel
N. Ambulatory
S. Ambulatory
Islip
St Ben't
Pres-bytery
Poets Corner
CHAPTER HOUSE
Statesmen's Aisle
N. TRANSEPT
Lantern
S TRANSEPT
St Faith
E
To Little Cloister
CHOIR
N
CLOISTER
S
Screen
North Aisle
South Aisle
NAVE
W
Abbot's Courtyard
West Door
DEAN'S YARD
BROAD SANCTUARY

The ground plan of Westminster Abbey.

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disquisitions of antiquarians or the praises of artists. People feel that cathedrals have a part to play in the coming time. What that part is none can foretell, but all agree that the cathedrals must be preserved and beautified, that the teaching and the music they offer must be of the best, offered at frequent and suitable times, and that they must be used for the service of the great secular and religious corporations of the diocese. . . Our cathedrals, being centres of activity, would more and more impress those who, themselves anxious and careful about many things, feel the impulse of the spiritual force of the time. Workmen and business-men would come to possess their souls in quiet meditation, or to join unnoticed in services of worship which express aspirations often too full for words.

The cathedrals have a peculiar position in the modern world, and if it be asked to what the position is due I am inclined to answer: to their unostentatious grandeur and to their testimony to the past. They are high and mighty, they lift their heads to heaven, and they open their doors to the humblest. They give the best away, and ask for nothing, neither praise nor notice. They are buildings through which the stream of ages has flowed, familiar to the people of old time as of the present, bearing traces of Norman strength and English aspirations, of the enthusiasm of Catholics and Puritans, of the hopes of the makers of the nation. The cathedrals are in touch with the spiritual sides of life, and make their appeal to the same powers which desire above all things to see the fair beauty of the Lord, and to commune with man's eternal mind.

Among his minor hopes was that of using part of the Chapter-clerk's office as a shop where the public could buy well-chosen literature, postcards and good pictures of the Abbey. His powers of planning were utilised, and the designs placed before the Dean showed an unobtrusive store, its window facing the street, on the west of the Abbey. He nearly got the suggestion adopted by the Chapter, but the imp of delay which brooded over its deliberations whispered fresh fears, and then it was too late. But, anyhow, the sales tables were abolished from the Abbey, and sooner or later someone will arise and remonstrate against the indignity of the postcard touts using the north door as their street stall. Then perhaps the shop plan will be adopted, and a place opened where visitors from America and all over the world can buy some worthy representation of the building, which is to many of them the most important as well as the most beautiful place in the Empire.

The moral influence of the Abbey was a subject Canon Barnett often referred to in his sermons, holding that the realisation of the great lives spent in national service, and the noble attainments of English men and women who are commemorated within its walls, would, if sufficiently apprehended, be a stimulus to the ordinary citizen to smother mean personal motives for action.

The power of the past is dormant, it is buried beneath the insistent present, but it is not dead and it is conceivable that thoughtful and devoted effort might rouse it to speak through the buildings which have witnessed the highest aspirations of successive ages. If such effort succeeded, and if the people of to-day could be helped to know and feel the England of old days, they would be conscious of a spiritual force bearing them on to great deeds. They would begin to understand how things which are not seen are stronger than things which are seen. The Cathedrals have in themselves a message which would help to spiritualise life, but without interpreters the message can hardly be heard.[1]

To H. G. R.—WESTMINSTER, *January* 25*th*, 1909.—I am finishing my residence here and feeling the infinite possibilities of the Abbey with its tendrils, unseen but real, around the past and present of the nation. People are just waking up to see that the seen is not the real, but they have not yet confessed it. Mankind everywhere is restless; the question is, will he get up or will he take narcotics.

During the year of the Coronation—1911—to Canon Barnett's great disappointment he kept no residences, for the months for which he was responsible were occupied by the preparation for the great occasion. I recall him almost angrily complaining to Dean Robinson that all that summer the opportunity to worship in their great national Church would be lost to countless visitors, and the Dean saying,

"You are wrong, Barnett, and you will know it when the day comes. You will then think that the Abbey was built chiefly for Coronations."

It was at the same luncheon that Miss Paterson and I asked him what ladies were to wear.

"Feathers," he replied.

"But what else?" I persisted, and his answer—

"Nothing else that I remember," was not exactly suitable Court guidance.

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[1] From *Practicable Socialism.*

Canon Barnett was very doubtful of the influence of the Coronation on the popular mind, and had written :

> *May* 19*th*, 1911.—The world seems set on pleasure. I am sometimes frightened because, though pleasure is good, it makes a bad atmosphere. There ought to be six days of hard work to one of pleasure. At present the public mind is too absorbed to think of politics. . . If the Coronation affects others as it affects me, there will be less optimism in England. The assertion of grandeur always rouses criticism, and all the blaze and boasting make one ask what is there behind—what is the soul ?

He was also worried by the rehearsals, and returned after hours in the Abbey amused at the confusion, interested in the celebrated people seen under such unusual circumstances, but distressed that the pageant was arranged in the name of religion and in the House of Prayer.

"It should be in Westminster Hall," he often argued—"a State ceremony, not a religious service."

But when the day came, all criticism faded and one's whole being was dominated by the sense of thanksgiving and the unity of the nation's hope. It is impossible either to analyse or describe this universal emotion, but from the King and Queen to the fireman peeping behind the wooden erections, everyone worshipped. In my own case I felt this to be all the more remarkable because the preliminaries were antagonistic. To come down to breakfast at seven o'clock in a low dress with feathers and pearls, to feel a worn-out Martha in trying to arrange a large party in a small house, and yet manage that the maids should see something of the show ; to be torn with anxiety as to whether your husband's strength would bear the strain of the ceremony itself when the rehearsals had tried him so ; all this was a bad preparation for worship. Indeed, to wait at home so as to be ready in case he fainted was my chief desire, and yet after we had parted in the Cloisters, he to go to the Jerusalem Chamber to join in the procession and carry the Orb,[1] I to stumble up wooden steps to my seat over the Muniment-room, the whole atmosphere changed and one's soul triumphed and rejoiced.

The beauty, the colour, the order, the grace of movement, the dignity of repose, the dresses, the jewels, the robes, the fantastic ceremonial, the trumpets, the shouts, all made a golden candlestick fitted to bear the flame of praise and prayer. The music expressed the feeling of every heart, but even words were not out of place, and in the hush of reverence the beautiful voice of the Dean—Bishop Ryle—led the multitude in prayer, and the Archbishop of York bade us not forget the strength of unity.

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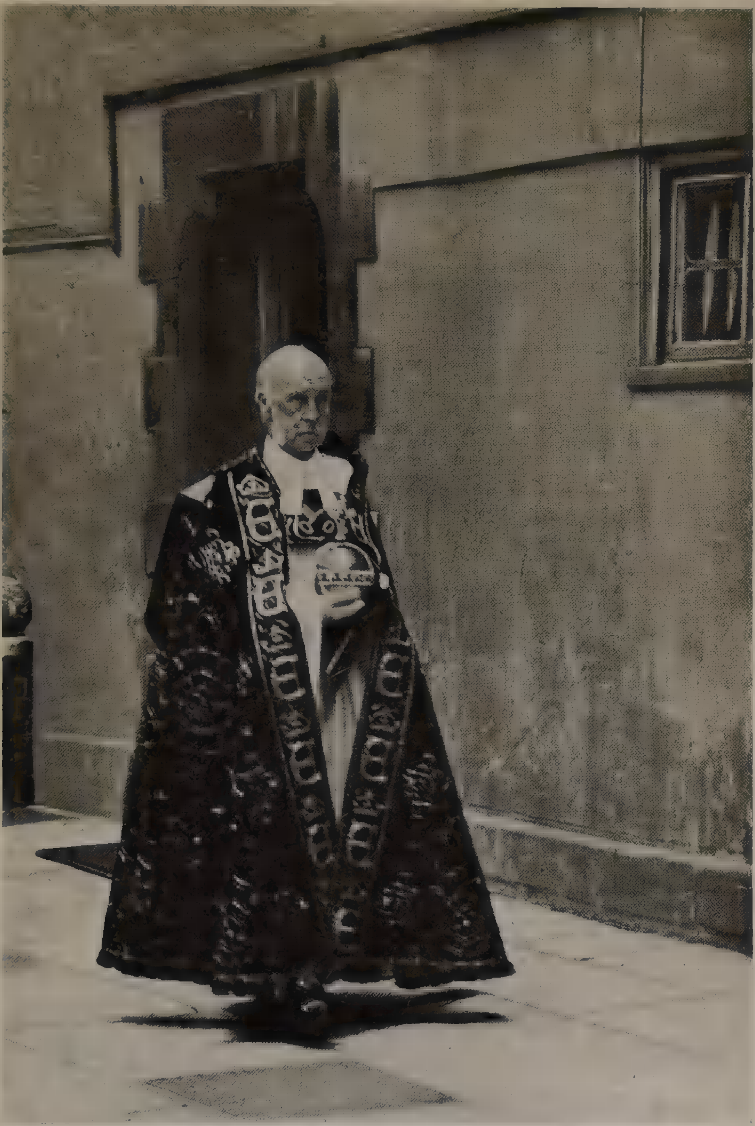
[1] It gave him a deep pleasure to carry the Orb, his mystical mind rejoicing that the Cross, the emblem of sacrifice, should be in glittering jewels, and nearly as large as the world which bore it.

Who can describe the power of the Spirit ? or explain the domination of thought ? Why did even the most frail bear the six or seven hours spent in cramped seats in hot air without injury ? So tense were some moments that no one would have been surprised to hear the rush of the wind as at Pentecost, or to see the handwriting on the wall, and there must have been many who heard the " still small Voice."

After the Coronation came the days of processions and reviews and illuminations, robbed of their usefulness by the needless precautions against the crowds, who were frightened off being present.

Then followed weeks and weeks when the Abbey was shown in its Coronation dress to thousands of over-sea and country visitors. They came in a never-ending procession, and to them no explanation was given, no plan offered which would have described the proceedings. My husband, who was keeping his legal residence, fretted at these lost opportunities, but after his long illness he was too weakly to meet the need, and though I often went in and told the few who happened to stand near me something about the holy pageant, yet the large number went away with the impression of " the day after the ball," not that they had shared in their monarch's day of dedication.

Canon Barnett's love for the Abbey was fed by closer knowledge, and he was never tired of wandering in it and discovering fresh interest or beauty. He studied many authorities and wrote long and voluminous analyses of their books. Any effort to make the Abbey better understood by simple people was to him important, and in 1912 he welcomed the John Bunyan memorial window as representing scenes in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, one of the classics of the industrial classes. He tried to get a tablet erected for Miss Nightingale, because she was one of the people's heroines, and he also drafted a leaflet which clearly set out the eleven main objects of interest, and gave briefly the history of the nine centuries of the Abbey's existence. The opening and closing sentences so well describe the union in my



CANON BARNETT CARRYING THE ORB ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION, JUNE 22ND, 1911.

husband's mind of history and worship that they can be given here :

> The Church has been built during successive centuries as the centre of national worship. Monarchs have been consecrated within its walls to serve God and their people ; great services of praise and prayer have been held at crises of joy and sorrow ; and sermons have been preached by wise and learned teachers. The memorials of the great, who in differing in opinions did their duty, are here gathered in token that as makers of England they did the Will of God. . .
>
> The building is above all things a place of worship, and visitors are reminded that they stand on hallowed ground.
>
> Worship still goes on ; will not the visitors who feel the influence of the place join in worship, and either silently or with the congregation help to link the present to the future in the worship of God, whose Will is that people shall grow in strength and wisdom so as to increase "peace and goodwill upon earth" ?

It was not only for the building that he cared. The management of the Abbey's princely income, the organisation of the large staff, and the business aspects of the structural repairing department, were subjects to which he gave serious consideration which resulted in his drawing up a "Memorandum of Financial Policy." The figures I do not feel at liberty to state, but his hopes can be given. He wrote :

> According to the policy which I advocate, the income and the accumulations of the Ornaments Fund should be used in developing the resources of the Abbey to meet the needs of the people from whose payments that income is derived.
>
> As examples of possible development I might suggest :
>
> 1. The opening of the Royal Chapel free on Saturdays, the day on which larger number of people are able to visit the Abbey and take in the thoughts it inspires.
> 2. The provision of musical services through the holiday seasons, when visitors from the colonies and country expect to join in a form of worship worthy of the Abbey.
> 3. An arrangement for lecturers on free days, by whom visitors would be helped to understand the meaning of the Abbey as a centre of worship for every subject of the King.
> 4. Additional services for special occasions—*e.g.* the meeting of national congresses, whether of workmen or men of science, etc., etc.

5. More frequent lectures on theological and other subjects, by which it would be more possible than in the regular sermons to show the presence of the Divine Spirit in modern as in past times.
6. Great musical performances at stated intervals in the afternoons and evenings, to which working people should be invited and be provided with books such as would help them to understand the music.
7. The improvement of the choir school, so that it may give the boys a good education and pass them on to other schools.

Very little has been done of late years to adapt the use of the Abbey to the changing times, and without such adaptation there is danger lest, out of touch with the forces now moving the nation, it may fail to do its part in spiritualising those forces. . .

I propose, therefore, that the financial policy of the Chapter be subordinate to the duty of using all its resources:

(1) To make the services of the Abbey as perfect as possible, and
(2) To develop its use to meet modern needs.

Canon Barnett was an active influence in getting the Pyx Chapel rescued and restored for Abbey uses; and he made persistent but fruitless protests against insulting the old and the poor by offering them doles without even a semblance of friendship.

"Would they let their mothers wait in a crowd in the draughty cloisters for a pittance, which granted in the name of religion, should be given with the courtesy of Christ?" he used to say. But—Chapters are obdurate bodies.

Closer to my husband's heart than even respectfully offered charity were boys and their education, and though he never did any work in the Westminster School, he felt for it a share of the pride we all feel, though his pride always produced the desire to improve. He wrote:

To F. G. B., May 30*th*, 1907.—I went to the school concert. The room was too full for intercourse, the music was drivel for the most part. I protested to Duckworth, who agrees that boys should give their time and thoughts to something better. Adrian Boult agrees.

To F. G. B., August 3*rd*, 1907.—On Monday I went to one of the old-world dinners at Westminster, when past boys, now judges, professors, turned up, and when the present boys came in to recite Latin and other epigrams. After dinner the Dean called "cap," and the boys brought their caps and we put in "tips." The grace cup was one given by Warren Hastings. A school with traditions is a great institution, and not to be given up even for country air.

To F. G. B., December 21*st*, 1907.—On Thursday the school had its function, everybody praised everybody, and there is obviously nothing to improve !

When my husband became Canon of Westminster the Choir School was not satisfactory, but he brought to its restoration, time, thought, and experience, and thoroughly appreciated the splendid work Mr. and Miss Dams gave to it, and the spirit they evoked among both teachers and taught. He was intensely eager to build a new school, and among the troubles of the delirium in his last illness was that he had not studied the plans enough to remember them, nor seen the elevation. Of his work for the Choir School it is written in *The Westminster Abbey Choristers' Magazine* of July 1913 :

> Canon Barnett's wide sympathy and affection for the young embraced in a devoted manner the Choristers of the Abbey. We think of him in relation to happy excursions to Hampstead Heath, but there are far deeper reasons for gratitude to him than those joyous romps afforded. Among the many visions that his large and sympathetic mind laboured to convert into realities of far-reaching beneficence was that of a Choir School, realising and developing to the full, for the wider service of the Church, all the resources that its peculiar opportunities offered. *Ceteris paribus*, the Choristers must be selected with special reference to their fitness for the work to which they might ultimately devote their lives. They must be housed in a building whose position and construction aided the development of their devotional and artistic instincts ; their education must be of a kind which facilitated the growth of their ideals ; it must lead them naturally up to the next stage of their mental training, and so far as possible efforts must be made to ensure that the whole course of their training should be watched and guided by those in authority at the Abbey. To those of us who know what progress has been made in the last five years towards the effective working out of those ideals, it is a matter of deep regret that Canon Barnett has not been spared to see the full realisation of his dream. It would have given him pleasure, the quiet, modest, unobtrusive, grateful pleasure that men of his truly Christian spirit feel when they see sparks from their enthusiasm taking fire in other men's hearts, and widening their sympathies and uplifting their actions. For these—wide sympathy and nobility of motive—were the dominating principles of Canon Barnett's life of action, never flaunted in a manner likely to impair their worth and impressiveness, but steadily and quietly wielded in absolute allegiance to a great Christian truth, the power of example. Above all things Canon Barnett taught us how simply a great man might move among his fellow-creatures doing great things for them.

CHAPTER LIII

"*The mind has a kinship with infinity, and the eternal is the most real of all realities.*"

To present them with their portraits is the manner in which the numerous admirers of Canon and Mrs. Barnett, the founders of Toynbee Hall, have chosen to honour them, and the work is entrusted to no less famous a painter than Sir Hubert von Herkomer. The inclusion of Mrs. Barnett in the portrait has made it a doubly interesting event, and indeed, no presentation to Canon Barnett could have been complete unless it included his wife, for in all his work for the poor, and in the great enterprise known as Toynbee Hall, where the working man rubs shoulder with the Oxford and Cambridge graduates at lectures, classes, and social evenings, she has been his inspiration and his partner.

We went to Bushey to be painted, interesting visits, of which my husband wrote to his brother:

January 24th, 1908.—We are fresh from Herkomer, where we spent last night. We must manage to take you and show you the house. You cannot conceive such a place. It is built of rocks and lined with gold. The rocks show they have obeyed a master in taking their place and the gold serves the will of beauty in colour and form. He is a wonderful creature, brimming with life. We talked hard while he studied us, and on the 28th he begins the picture. He interests us, but will he last over six or eight sittings? His house cost £100,000.

The presentation was made on November 20th, 1908, by Mr. Asquith, who has given us faithful friendship since we were all young together. The following account of the proceedings is mainly taken from *The Morning Post*:

Yesterday afternoon the Prime Minister unveiled, in the lecture-hall, a presentation portrait by Professor Sir Hubert von Herkomer of Canon and Mrs. Barnett, the founders of the Settlement movement.

When Mr. Asquith, at the request of the Warden of the Settlement (Mr. T. E. Harvey), drew aside the veil, it was seen that the picture represents Canon Barnett standing beside his wife, who is studying the plans of the

THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. H. H. ASQUITH, PRESENTING TO CANON AND MRS. BARNETT THEIR PORTRAITS, PAINTED BY SIR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., AND GIVEN BY MANY OF THEIR FRIENDS, 1909.

Hampstead Garden Suburb, which she has been instrumental in founding. Both portraits were pronounced excellent.

As I came here to-day—said the Premier—I was casting back my mind to the days when I first knew Canon and Mrs. Barnett—the pre-Toynbee Hall days—and I came to the conclusion that as a whole there are no two people of my acquaintance who have changed less than they. . . It is not that their eyes have not always been open to new sights and impressions, not that their minds have not always been receptive of new ideas, not that their sympathies have been in any way warped, but for all the five-and-thirty years I have known them they have maintained the same ideals and worked for them, with a strenuous simplicity of purpose which has hardly been rivalled in my experience. . .

I remember Toynbee Hall's early days of comparative struggle. From the first the inmates of the Hall have never worn the livery of any particular school, either of ecclesiastical or political thought, and they have succeeded in bringing about that peculiarly English combination of individuality and co-operation, which enabled men drawn from the most diverse surroundings, and animated very often by diametrically opposite views, to combine in social service.

If I were asked, the Prime Minister continued, what is the great contribution that Canon Barnett has made here in London to the improvement of our social ideals, I should say that he was the first man to realise how you might bring into intimate association the kind of training got at the Universities, and the kind of experience that can only be gained by daily contact with the people.

Predominant in Mrs. Barnett's life of service is an intense desire to enrich the lives of children. . . When I first knew her, she was engaged in the excellent task of befriending young servants. Then she took charge of the workhouse children, and stage by stage she has become what might fairly be called "the non-official custodian of the children of the State." Now she has established a Garden Suburb at Hampstead.

The feature of the work of Canon and Mrs. Barnett is that in the constant intercourse with those who are called the "poor" they have never dealt with them as a mass, but always as individuals. The great work which has been done in Toynbee Hall has been getting into that personal friendly contact with individual men and women which in the long run is the best means of social progress. . .

It was a happy thought that has united Mr. and Mrs. Barnett's portraits in one picture, "for united," concluded Mr. Asquith, "they always have been in their ideals, in their work for this parish, for London, and for England; happily united in their love of, and confidence in, one another, and united, as you and I may see to-day, in the affection and devotion of their friends."

The Bishop of Stepney—Archbishop-designate of York—in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Asquith, said that Canon and Mrs. Barnett were in a true sense his parents in East London, for he owed to them his birth in East London life. . . He remembered a little gathering in St. John's College in 1883 to listen to an address from Mr. Barnett of Whitechapel. That address inaugurated the University Settlement movement which had been of untold benefit to East and South London, and had extended to most provincial towns. Canon Barnett had taught the Church of England that it best justified its place, not only by the earnestness with which it followed its own separate denominational interests, but also by acting as the chiefest and the greatest of the neighbours and servants of the whole people.

The article in *The Daily News* was evidently written by a friend, though sheltered by anonymity :

> One after another the undertakings of Canon and Mrs. Barnett have displayed the quality which we can only call moral genius. Combined with patience there is a greater power still—the power that alone confers perpetual youth : we mean the resolve never to be content with institutions, or charities, or routine, or laws of any kind, but always to be ready to lead a revolution, even if it be against one's own past success. More conspicuously, perhaps, than other leaders of the present day, Canon Barnett has preserved the faculty of feeling the moment when a movement is outworn, when the formula must be changed, and the thing that was so successful has been killed by its own success. In the foundations of hope and belief there may have been little change, and the characteristic mixture of idealism with minute carefulness in detail remains the same. But it is in the freshness of outlook, and a daring buoyancy ready to shake itself free from all the comforts of established routine in thought or action—it is here, perhaps, that the secret of their personality is found.

People who have not been through the experience of having their portrait presented, think it is all honour and glory ; those who have, know it is accompanied by the pains of self-knowledge of unworthiness.

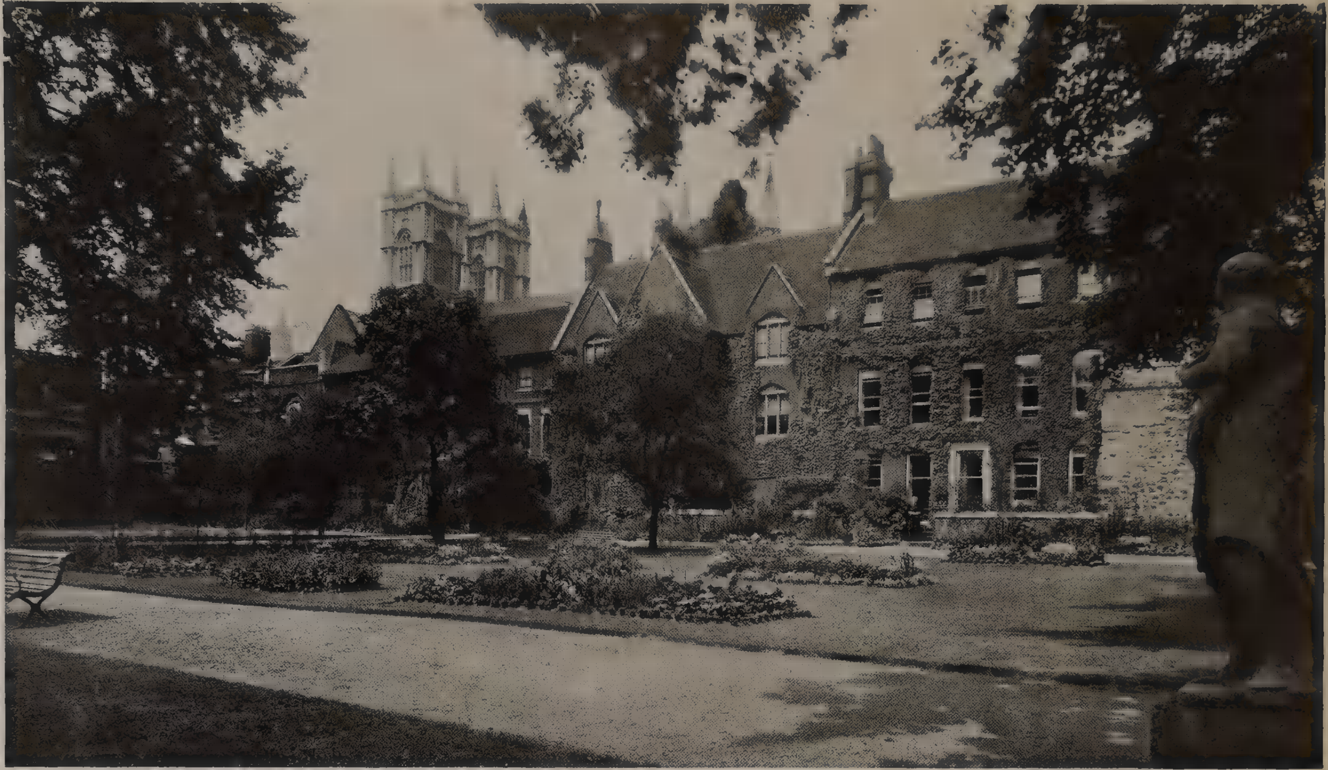
After we had been eighteen months in 3, Little Cloisters, the death of his beloved brother, Frank, brought great sorrow to my husband, and the shock of learning that he had died without a moment's warning on the golf-links laid the foundation of his own fatal illness. Many friends poured the balm of much affection on his wound, and to one letter he replied :

3, LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER, *March 24th*, 1908.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thank you. My brother filled the biggest place in our life's joy, and now there is a great void. But his memory is so good, so sweet, and so true, that it must be a stay. He was staying with us three days before in health and high spirits. I hope all is well with you.

Affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

The pain of loss was also accentuated by the increase of business and family responsibilities which he had borne, but which now had to come on to our shoulders. It was distressing and laborious work, but its compensation was that for many months Canon Barnett's nephew and namesake came to live with us in the Cloisters, and between the three of us grew a deep affection.



No. 4 Little Cloisters and the Abbey Towers, as seen from the garden.

Mrs. Barnett is standing at the gate.

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In the autumn of 1911 Canon Beeching was made Dean of Norwich, and we moved into the house he had occupied—4, Little Cloisters. This much pleased Canon Barnett, though, conscious of his failing health, he occasionally demurred at our moving. But as that was only fear of the work for me, it was not sufficient argument against his enjoying what was left of life in the beautiful and historic house. On his study mantelpiece he had painted, "And Peter stood and warmed himself"—a reminder that luxury preceded the denial of Christ.

March 3rd, 1912.—We rejoice in our new house which belongs to the past and was built in the fifteenth century. There is a lovely staircase and the rooms are panelled, but best of all the look-out is over a large garden. . . The house is full of sunshine. . . You must be enjoying these spring days. We have a sample of their beauty in this old garden where the blackbirds sing over the crocuses.

How we worked, our friend Mr. Want, Miss Paterson, and I, to make the move easy for him, and were we unpardonably proud when on January 15th, 1912, we robed him for morning service in the tidy dining-room of No. 3, and unrobed him an hour later in the tidy dining-room of No. 4? It was but fifteen months that he inhabited the house, but in spite of much suffering it was a gladness to him.

No man could be more indifferent to honours than was my husband, but two evidences of the place he occupied in the estimation of his fellows gave him genuine pleasure, though they both came too late in life to be long enjoyed. The first was the offer of a D.C.L. degree by Oxford. We went to stay with Sir William and Lady Markby for the occasion, and had an unusually delightful visit.

To S. G. B., June 6th, 1911.—We are having a good time here—Headington—with our friends, and I am in my best health. Your aunt too is rejoicing in the beauty and in the reviving old memories and friendship. Oxford has a great charm in its society of people who are cultured, human, and not rich. Yesterday we met 100 Whitechapel men who were dining in Oriel Hall, and I made them a speech. To-day we are going on the river with Adrian Boult.

Of the ceremony itself Mr. Albert Mansbridge has written:

> One of the most beautiful incidents I ever saw in my life was the occasion on which the D.C.L. degree was given to Canon Barnett by the University of Oxford. He valued that degree very highly, because of the approval of

> his Alma Mater of his work; but I feel sure the value was heightened by the fact that among those who applauded him as the Public Orator introduced him to the Vice-Chancellor were some hundreds of working-men students who were at Oxford for the summer meeting. Surely there was never greater applause heard in the Sheldonian! It was a sudden outburst regardless of etiquette. . .

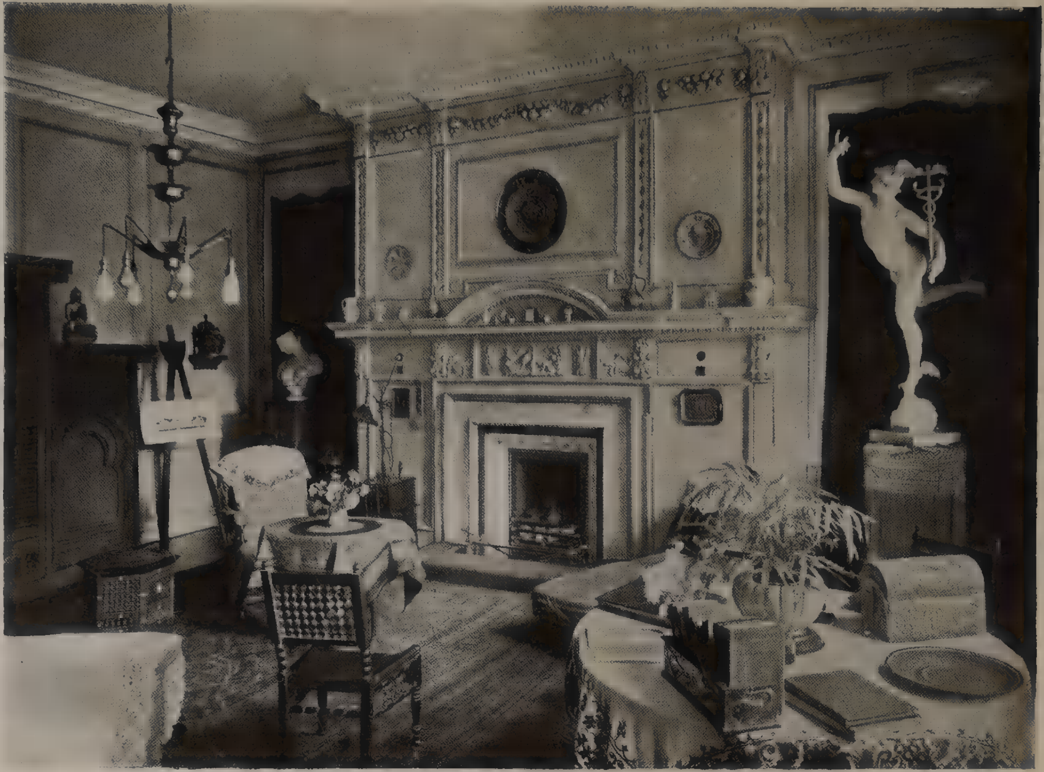
Curious as it was, Canon Barnett also greatly liked his new robes, and was guilty of wearing his scarlet so often for the wrong occasions that he had to be called to order. After that, he scrupulously studied the Abbey regulations as to robing, and would announce with almost childish pleasure, "To-day is a red day for service."

The other honour that he much appreciated was his appointment as Sub-Dean. It was conveyed in a beautiful letter from Bishop Ryle in the spring of 1913, a letter which both surprised and pleased my husband, who was over-sensitive in the belief that he was not approved by the Abbey circle, and was therefore backward in offering his services. To Bishop Ryle he was profoundly attracted, and it was the hope of seeing more of him that influenced his acceptance of the position. The pleasure was not to be his, but that each man would have gained from closer knowledge of the other can be gleaned from some words of the Dean's, who wrote of him:

> It has been a joy and privilege to me to have been allowed during these last two years to get to know his brave, true, fearless, noble spirit. And I most personally lament the loss of his friendship and counsel as Sub-Dean in the Abbey. His had been a brief tenure of office, but I rejoice to have thus recognised his devotion to Westminster Abbey.

On June 29th, 1913, the Dean, in the course of his sermon in the Abbey, said:

> We have during the last fortnight sustained the loss of an honoured friend—a brave and single-minded brother, Canon Sub-Dean Barnett. He was one who had devoted his life to the service of his fellow-men, and thrown himself heart and soul into the great movement for social reform, with which his name will ever be associated. He was no visionary, no fanatic, but from his early manhood he was moved with a genuine love for the people. He yearned to show that the Church of Christ belonged to the true heart of the nation—beating in sympathy with its sufferings and its needs, its aspirations and its hopes, with its struggle for fairer conditions and purer environment. He refused to be discouraged, and was hopeful, prudent, and fair-minded, a lover of truth, a man of intellectual humility and religious honesty. He insisted that if the Church of Christ preached religion and virtue to the toiling millions of our great cities, it must contend for the establishment of a Kingdom of God on earth, and



The drawing-room at No. 4 Little Cloisters, Westminster.

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promote the removal of those conditions by which clean and virtuous living is rendered most difficult, and which too often are the fertile seed-plots of vice. Men spoke of Canon Barnett as a "Modernist," and if the slang term be applicable to one who laboured in the Church of Christ to put an end to the mediæval tyranny of the Schoolman over the intellect and reason of the Churchman, the mediæval disregard of the working classes, the mediæval contempt of laymen's representation on the councils of the Church, then he was a "Modernist" for whose work and example let us thank God.

In the later years of Canon Barnett's life he was even more anxious over industrial and social conditions than in the days when he was actively engaged in trying to mend them. The sight of homeless men lounging on the Embankment, lying in the park, or waiting in long queues outside the Salvation Army refuge in Grosvenor Road, gave him deep pain because he knew them so well. I shall never forget the fear in a man's eyes whom we inadvertently awakened as he slept on a hard marble seat on the Lambeth Embankment. Above us towered the great palace of pain, opposite the great palace of Parliament, close by the palace of the Primate, and between them slept this human wreck with tightened belt and frightened soul. "Look what images ye have made of Me." With their antagonism to the wealthy Canon Barnett had regretful sympathy, and who among us that knew the deadening effect of poverty, the corrupting influence of wealth, and the moral sedative of subscription lists, could fail to appreciate the feelings of the men who carried on their hunger-marches banners with the words "Curse your charity"? Living amid the rich made us more indignant for the poor, and one wondered sometimes, if during all those years of life in Whitechapel, we had been quite fierce enough on behalf of the maimed.

Some extracts from his letters show his anxiety over social misunderstandings :

To L. G. B., December 13th, 1909.—We saw the Courtneys on Tuesday but got no special news. He sees in proportional representation the key to all difficulties. It reaches my reason and yet does not convince me. There is something deeper which is the matter. Why this passive resistance, this illegal assaulting of women, this defiance of order in the House? There is a want of any authority to make people put others first and self second, a sort of bacillus of disturbance floating amid the minds of men east and west. We seem to have reached one of those stages when old things pass away, and new things are hardly within sight. The period may be distressing, but at any rate it suggests birth and not death. . . The ways of God are wonderful and the only thing certain is that the power of love grows more than the power of force.

To S. H. B., January 18th, 1912.—How full of anxiety the time is! It almost seems as if a wrong spirit were in possession driving men down the steep places of passion. All are alike, men and masters, easterners and westerners are all set on using force. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit," was experience forced through the mouth of one of the old prophets. . . Some who are not young may live to see tyranny, civil war, and anarchy. We seem to have lost the sense of peril, we go on as if there were no pain, no poverty, no suffering to catch us. Men have made themselves safe by their own inventions and, as the Psalmist says, these are no defence. . . We miss our Spender in *The Westminster* when he is away, don't we? There is a curious flatness in the articles, a want of the dare he introduces so subtly. It was a good phrase of the French P.M. that progress is " order in motion."

To L. G. B., March 3rd, 1912.—The strike of course absorbs interest. It is the first sign of the change of Government. Labour, not Capital, is to be on the throne. There is much to make one anxious. The new king is so ignorant, so suspicious, so inclined to believe in force, but on the other hand he can suffer for his friends, he is simple, and he feels right. Asquith seems to be guiding wisely and to be commending to Labour the ways of sympathy. His speech must have a far-reaching effect. The strike will set everyone thinking, and it seems to me that thinking only will save the nation.

To L. G. B., March 30th, 1912.—Of course it is an immense relief to be through the strike. Don't you feel proud of the country? No other could have passed such a crisis with such dignity, such patience, without riot or abuse. Of course the strikers have been surprised at the patience of the nation and the extremists have learnt a lesson. I expect that there has been a great advance of respect all round. The men have met and better understood the position of the masters. The masters must feel respect for the attitude of the men. And now they are going back with such order and restraint. All agree in praising the Government, which is much stronger for the experience.

To L. G. B., August 3rd, 1912.—I have heard no news of authority, but the Opposition seems to be behaving badly. It almost looks as if in the desire to save property from Lloyd George it were prepared to stir up war and civil war. The one thing its followers seem frightened about is a tax. I should like to preach on a text " God loveth a cheerful taxpayer." There is such a thing as communal charity, perhaps it is the charity of the future, the humanising of justice.

For some years Canon Barnett had suffered from severe headaches, which often came on quite suddenly, and from no ascertained cause. We had tried not only remedies, but changes of air, and had paid many visits which included, in 1909, one to Mr. Harry Beeton, whose bountiful kindness made Checkenden very pleasant, and one to the Manor at Northfield when Mr. and Mrs. George Cadbury gave service with tender solicitude; but the results were very transient, and in the hope of rest proving a remedy the doctor counselled him to keep his bed. It was during one of these resting-periods that he suddenly fainted, and for hours hovered between life and death. As we were spending a few days at St. Jude's Cottage, the consequent fifteen weeks in bed were spent there in his spacious room facing the view shown in the picture. At first he was always longing to get up and do his work, and suffered distress and anxiety, for fear that the causes he had in hand would suffer, but slowly a brave patience enwrapped him. We read much together, and the winter sunrises and sunsets made seasons for approaching the " besetting God."

To L. G. B., November 21*st*, 1909.—I am still in bed and still enjoying it. I lie before the large open window in front of the sky, the pines, and the distant heath-land. It is just lovely, night and day, and I feel I am getting instead of missing the beauty of the times.

To L. G. B., February 14*th*, 1910.—I am through my attack, but I go easily and throw all the work on my wife, who does it and keeps us all alive with her life. . . She is now gone to the Garden Suburb with Birkett. She is on the very pleasant job of planting the estate. To-night she is going to Wadham House, whose birthday it is. They will make her speak and have a right to do so, because she did so much for its birth. I have not seen people this week and have settled down on a diet of Benger.

It was soon after this that the doctors warned me that experience had taught that such hearts did not usually last longer than three years. The Canon was never told, and as one bears great sorrows best in silence no one ever knew, but each day was treasured more, each pregnant suggestion remembered, every gay glad incident enfolded deep. For forty years we had doubled our joys and halved our sorrows by sharing them, and yet now the most holy of anticipated events had to be kept secret. It is hard to write of such pain and would be useless, were it not necessary to paint my husband truly. The greatest biographers of the Greatest Character spared not the details of the Agony in the Garden.

After the long weakness of 1909–10, Canon Barnett's health became better, and then early in 1911, before the Coronation, he had more violent heart attacks, and again many weeks to spend in bed.

> Here I am still under authority and feeling better. My body, however, is not fit for use and I rest on. Time lost is gone, and friends' indulgence don't make up for what is done. Time lost is, however, not to be grieved over, and I daresay I have some gains. Quietness anyhow makes me impatient. I should like to curse Parliament which goes on playing with words. I should like to rouse workmen to clear out the M.P.s as Cromwell did. I should like to tell workmen the danger they are in from their own narrowness. I should like to tell the parsons to make themselves clear and no longer halt between peace and truth. I should like to disestablish the clergy. I should like to say with Danton, dare, dare, and again dare. This, you see, is the mind which grows in idleness.

During the intervals between illnesses my husband was able to live, what to many people would have been a normal life, but for him, with his unresting energy and unflagging powers of suggestion, was but a flat and restricted existence. His pen, however, was very prolific, and the articles show neither loss of power nor failure in vision. In 1912 he began a book which he did not live to finish. It was to be called *The Cheerful Taxpayer*,[1] a title indicating thoughts which are certainly even more needed now than then. The fact that he was condemned to give up walking, and unable to see more than a limited number of people, threw much time on his hands for reading, a pleasure he greedily enjoyed, often saying that he was inheriting a kingdom that work had before forbidden him to usurp. He wrote to his nephew Stephen in New Zealand from the Cloisters:

> *To S. G. B.*—I am so far better than I am able to do some writing, and to preach at intervals, and to see friends. For this I am very grateful, but I am not allowed to walk or go to meetings, or even to attend evening parties. People are very kind in coming to see me, and I have many interesting talks with M.P.s and old Toynbee people.

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[1] I plan to issue this book next year, if by then it is not too much out of date.

Among the friends whom he was rarely too ill to see, and whose devotion brought them even if he could only bear ten minutes, were Lady Courtney, Miss Townsend, Mr. J. Murray Macdonald, and Mr. Mansbridge, and of course Miss Paterson was always at his service, ready with active or silent sympathy. In a letter written on January 27th, 1912, occurred the sentence:

> I think I am stronger. I went out to dinner to the Courtneys to meet Norman Angell and Sir Frank Lascelles. I was interested. Angell is making more and more way. He is giving himself up to his gospel and wins converts, *e.g.* the bankers. Sir Frank is a charming man with, I think, a just appreciation of the Germans. Everyone is anxious about the European feeling, but most people I meet think Grey has put too much on our friendship with France.

This was Canon Barnett's last dinner party, for during that year his health was very frail, the heart attacks being frequent and of varied intensity. After a severe one in March he wrote:

> *To L. G. B., April* 1912.—I am still kept in bed and am told that in rest I am storing strength. This requires faith. Well, I am grateful that my bed is in a window whence I can see the spring. . .

> *To L. G. B., May 6th*, 1912.—You will want to hear about us all. Fanny got one of her attacks, rather a bad one, so my wife has had another anxiety. . . I get on quietly, but have not altered my ways beyond having a drive. Ward, too, is still enduring his rest in Erskine under doctors and nurses. I hope much I may be let go to Westminster next week.

The reference to the drives brings up many memories of long hours spent out-of-doors, amid the stately downs behind Hove, or through the rich lanes of the Harrow weald, or in Battersea or Richmond parks. Every day we went out, sometimes taking the Erskine convalescents, or people to whom a motor drive was a great treat, but usually going alone and having, to me, comforting enriching talk.

For a long time our friend Sir William Markby had been ill, and Canon Barnett had written every fortnight. Two of his letters are given here, as they illustrate the tone of his thoughts on illness, and the virtues of life as seen through the aid of weary hours.

4, Little Cloisters, Westminster, *December* 15*th*, 1912.

My very dear Friend,—I was thinking of you this morning in the Abbey. The beauty was great as the sunlight gilded the stone work and the music glorified "the coming of the Son of Man." These earthen vessels, the old phrases and words, carry thoughts which are always living. The vessel is shaped out of the clay of the time and suits the time; the vessel grows old but the thought remains. Thus it is with this phrase "the coming of the Son of Man" or "the second coming." It carried the thought that He Whose love and mercy were manifest would also be present on the Day of Judgment. People have paid much attention to the phrase and all sorts of explanations are prevalent, but surely whatever the phrase has meant, the essential truth is that judgment is mercy.

I wonder whether meditation thereon may help you; you have in your own experience felt the power of love, you feel comfort as you read and read again the tale of Jesus' life; you know that there is a Day of Judgment. Now does it not help you to remember that the truth which in its earthen vessel has survived the ages is that love is in the judgment, that because God is merciful therefore He is to be feared? In the words of Te Deum, "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge."

It is as our eyes pass from Jesus to our Judge and from our Judge to Jesus that we are able to carry our sins—or in other language, that we feel their burden removed. As I say, I thought of you in the Abbey and pass on to you this Advent thought. Remember that phrases and dogmas are earthen vessels, don't worry over details, but get at the truth they try to carry.

Always affectionately yours, Saml. A. Barnett.

St. Jude's Cottage, Hampstead, *January* 26*th*, 1913.

My very dear Friend,—Perhaps our thoughts have been meeting, and that we have been helping one another. My wife and I have been busy doing and feeling, as we give up this house which we have had so long, and which has in it "Sir William and Lady Markby's room"! I expect to be sent to the Cloisters on Wednesday to be out of the trial to heart and nerves.

It is very clear that as we are less able to do things we are more conscious of a need of God. We deaden ourselves in doing, but when we stop doing, we find out how our selfishness and our sins have made us prisoners. What we really need is to feel ourselves in touch with God—moving with His movements—responding to His call. Great souls in prayer all alike look and rest in God, and modern men talk of "being in tune with the Universe." You and I, stopped from work, know this, and we confess that the years of forgetfulness and wilfulness make it hard to reach our need. Did you ever read *Janet's Repentance* by George Eliot? The book is beautiful and true. It tells of two souls who had forgotten God, and as they found Him as in pain and sorrow took up a share of His work. What is His work? We may discover this, we may find joy in watching that work as it is done on earth, and we might—God helping us—join in it with praise and prayer.

Such, dear friend, have been some of my thoughts. I believe that in your weakness you may still help us all, and increase the love and the joy which is in the world. There is much happening in the world which is full of encouragement. Oh that men would consider the works of God and declare the wonders He doeth for the children of men!

With our love, yours, Saml. A. Barnett.

In March 1913 Canon Barnett kept his residence at the Abbey and was able to attend the daily services and preach on Sundays, his last sermon being on "The Resurrection and National Policy." [1]

The conquered Galilean is acknowledged as a conqueror, the crucified Christ has become a living power.

This fact, of which the witness is not a few disciples but the whole volume of history, implies the triumph of humility, purity, and righteousness, the triumph of the human over the brutal qualities of manhood, the triumph of the spiritual over the material, of goodness over sin, of the things above over the things on earth. The suffering servant founded an empire greater than that founded by Cæsar, and the forces of the universe are revealed as being on the side not of the big battalions, but of the virtues manifest in Christ.

The Resurrection having this implication, an honest believer will show by word and deed that he thinks humility is stronger than pride, that what men give lasts longer than what they gain, that the things above are better worth seeking than the things which are of Cæsar. . .

Christ rose from the shame and death of the Cross. He has exalted gentleness, goodness, love, to the right hand of God. Generation by generation His victory becomes more clear.

Let us meditate on the victory, and in sure and certain hope fix our minds on a transfigured England whose aim is not the glory of man's pride but the glory of God's love.

As soon as his duties were over, we motored to Hove, and on April 12th he wrote to Mr. J. Brown:

69, King's Esplanade, Hove, *April 12th*, 1913.

My dear old Friend,—It is good to hear from you to know how your affectionate thought follows us all our days. We have sold the Hampstead House, and have taken this one as an investment in sky and air. We are here for the next ten days, and hope during the summer to get many spells of quiet. I keep at the low level of health, unable to do much or make any effort, but thankful that I can see friends and do my Abbey duty. My wife is well and is happy in the growth of the Suburb. The Tower and the Spire which were given her on her sixtieth birthday are to be dedicated on May 8th with a big function.

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[1] Printed in *Vision and Service.*

I am glad that after an illness you write so strongly. Then illnesses come as reminders—not as whips, but as openers of our eyes so that we may better understand values. Life from one point of view is a lesson in values, and as we get old we know what mistakes we have made. But as you and I will confess we have not made all mistakes, we have chosen some of the best of things, namely, our wives!

I am affectionately yours, SAML. A. BARNETT.

"I want you both," wrote Mr. Lutyens in one of his provocative witty poetic letters which always delighted my husband, "to write something to be placed at the top of the spire of St. Jude's Church. The Canon is to write a 'Message to the future,' and you are to say, 'I, even I, by my indomitable will have built what you see all around you.'"

It is needless to say that I did not obey such an order, but the Canon was induced to write the Message:

St. Jude-on-the-Hill

This Tower with its spire, finished in 1913, has been built during a period of unrest. In China and in India great changes have occurred; in Eastern Europe the peoples of the Balkans have driven out the Turks; in the older Nations the fear of War has dominated politics; and here in England the movements of workmen and of women are threatening the accustomed order of Society.

The spirit of this unrest is, I believe, the human spirit which seeks room for its powers of being, and space for growth in loving, and not the brutal spirit which would just change its lair, or more easily find its prey. There may be times of distress, there may be loss of many things which are treasured; but afterwards men and women, each with a fuller individuality, will make a Society bound together by mutual respect. In this faith the Hampstead Garden Suburb was initiated by my wife in the hope that the various homes, each with its own character, would make together a whole where beauty is the common pride.

This Church, dedicated to Saint Jude, links the Suburb with all its promises to St. Jude's, Whitechapel, where the people had squalid rooms and the children missed the joys of childhood. The Tower, with its spire, symbolises the aspirations which are

THE CHURCH OF ST. JUDE-ON-THE-HILL, HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB.
The Tower and Spire were given by many friends to Mrs. Barnett on her sixtieth birthday.

left by God to be cherished, and was given to my wife, Henrietta Octavia, on her sixtieth birthday, by many friends, in recognition of her unfailing interest in healthy happy homes, in beauty, and in goodness; and of her unconquerable hope.

Samuel A. Barnett,
Ex-Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel;
President of Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel;
Canon and Sub-Dean of Westminster Abbey.

Miss Paterson engrossed it on vellum, and with a print of Herkomer's portraits it was put in a hermetically sealed copper cylinder and placed by Mr. Bourchier with prayer and thanksgiving in the pummel of the spire. That message was the last thing Canon Barnett wrote, for on April 19th he was taken ill, and for a few days every hour seemed as if it must be the last. But he rallied and for a time hope awoke. Then sleep left him. Every remedy known to science was tried. Dr. Ionides was unwearied in effort and sympathy, but drugs acted perversely and his racing mind never rested, periods of fainting being the only respites.

A hundred instances of his tender patience and courteous consideration could be told during those eight long, sad weeks, but one will illustrate his spirit. For many nights and days he had lain awake enduring pain and breathlessness with alert brain. At last on a Sunday afternoon he fell asleep. Ten minutes, half an hour passed in real sleep. "O God," one groaned, "grant this may be the turning towards recovery." Then the tramp of the Salvation Army marching to their preaching-ground was heard, and as they passed the house, the band brayed forth, and he awoke with a start.

"How sorry they would be if they knew," was all he said.

Everyone was kind to us; the new neighbours, and tradespeople, the old friends and fellow-workers, all offered help, but through the Valley of the Shadow each has to walk alone. The prayers of one stranger I can never forget. I was standing by the garden gate waiting for the friendly fish-hawker who brought daily the best for the invalid, when a woman's voice said:

"Will you give me twopence?"

Regardless of C.O.S. principles, I mechanically gave her what she asked for.

"But you're unhappy, dear," she said: "what's the trouble?"

"The person I love best in all the world is going to leave me," I replied.

"Is it yer mother or yer son ?" she asked.

"Neither," I said; "my husband."

"Is he with yer or have they took him away ?"

"He is here at home," I replied.

"Oh ! be thankful, then," she said, "be thankful you've got him to do for. 'Tis awful to 'ave to put 'em away when they're ill and wants yer most and you know all their little ways. That's what I 'ave 'ad to do before now. Be thankful he's in his home with yer."

Home

And as she spoke I seemed to see, beyond the room facing the sunny sea where my dear one lay awaiting the Great Messenger, the long drear wards with rows of beds filled with "cases"; the efficient official nurses whose motive was duty not love; the patients and their weary, fretful, hopeless desire to die at home with those they cared for; and to realize the pity, the pathos of such separations.

I stood silenced by the vision of human pain accentuated by human poverty, until I was aroused by the timid voice saying :

"Are you a Catholic, dear ?"

"No !" I said, "but my mother was."

"'Tis a pity she did not teach yer better. You'd be comforted now"; and then, as I stood silent, she said :

"Now I'll go, as likely yer'd liefer be alone, but I'll not forget to pray for 'im," and she added, "and for you too, dear."

And so the tramp passed on with her dirty clothing and broken boots, her unwashed body, untutored tongue, and prayerful tender heart. How often amid the crushing grief of the days that followed I thought of her praying for him, an unnamed man, and for me, an old woman whom she would never see again.

Whether Canon Barnett understood that he would not get better I do not know. When his mind was clouded by unsuccessful drugs he dwelt often on China, and in times of lucidity would again and again send for me at all hours of the day and night, to beg that I would impress on the Church the necessity of presenting the Christian faith to the Chinese people as an evolution of truth, the same truth they had through centuries been slowly struggling to attain, and not as a special religion of a special people offered in antagonism and accepted in contradiction to their existing faith.

"The progress of the whole world," he would say, "depends on how Christianity is presented to the Chinese."

The fullness of the thought behind his words, I do not know, and he was much too ill to question, but the subject was so recurrent, and the importance of his message so paramount to him, that I give it as he wished.

He often worried over public affairs and his work, especially about the future usefulness of Toynbee Hall, the development of the W.E.A., and the plans and elevation of the Abbey Choir School, but he never asked to see any of his friends or relations, and if it was suggested he usually replied,

"Until I am better I want only you." For me his mighty love survived all his sufferings, and he became distressed if I was apart from him for even half an hour. As the weeks went on and restlessness and breathlessness increased, my husband's mind was often dim, but when it was clear, his faith was strong and his hope unsullied.

"The Everlasting Arms will sustain me," were words he often gasped out, usually without an apparent context.

Slowly the strong brain lost its powers, the fight for breath became less fierce, and it was after a long unconsciousness of all earthly things that, in the afternoon of June 17th, 1913, his spirit rent his body and left us mourning.

* * *

"Do you believe in personal immortality?" I once asked him in his healthy days.

"I can imagine life on no other basis," was his reply.

CHAPTER LIV

"The happiest and the strongest have been those who took their stand on God's Will and said with Luther: 'Here I stand, I can do no other.'"

On June 17th, 1913, the Dean was away on the Continent, but on receiving the news that Canon Barnett had left this world, Canon Pearce and those in authority immediately took steps for the funeral service to be held in the Abbey. The arrangements were in process when Mr. R. W. B. Buckland brought a letter entrusted to him by my husband, in which he said:

> I wish that my body may be cremated, and that my funeral be as simple and cheap as possible; that the service be in St. Jude's Church and not in the Abbey, and that it be as much as possible such as used to be common in that Church. I do not wish that flowers should spend themselves on my dead body, but in giving joy and comfort to living people.

With a grateful heart I accepted that decision, recognising the understanding love that had prompted him to spare me the ordeal of a great public function, and to provide the solace of a humble service surrounded by old friends in the Church where we had worshipped together for thirty-three years. My nephew Samuel H. Barnett, Mr. Ernest Aves, Mr. J. Murray Macdonald, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Buckland undertook the arrangements, and that sunny Saturday afternoon on Midsummer Day will not be forgotten by anyone who was present. His ashes, enclosed in a copper casket, made by a man whose soul he had rescued long years ago, were carried by Mr. M. Birley, Mr. T. E. Harvey, M.P., Mr. Ernest Aves, and Professor E. J. Urwick—as the Warden, the ex-Warden, and the ex-Sub-Wardens of Toynbee Hall. They were followed by a long procession of past and present Residents and Associates, some of whom had come from the Continent and from all parts of England to mourn together. The newspapers gave lists of distinguished persons who were present, but still more important was the crowd of humble folk who thronged the Church. Not an idle curious crowd, but each one personally admitted as a known friend, a recognised fellow-worker.

To us all the Bishop of Stepney—Luke Paget—spoke of Canon Barnett—

> as a friend, one who had refused what the world counted a great honour, in order that the last service should be among those he had loved and trusted, for whom and with whom he spent and was spent during thirty-three years. As a young man he had faced the hardest task in London, and had become foremost among those who had changed the face of East London, for his soul was stayed on God.

Though my husband's choice had been to have the last service among the poor, the Abbey friends had not forgotten him. In St. Faith's Chapel, where the casket had rested, Archdeacon Wilberforce arranged a service when his extempore prayer was in holy harmony with God's spirit-world in which he lived; and Mr. Jocelyn Perkyn's altar lilies, and Mr. Wright's, Mr. Weller's, Mr. Beveridge's tender consideration are entwined deep amid the memories of that week's pain. On the same day as the service at St. Jude's a memorial service was held at the Abbey, when the selected lessons were Isaiah xl. 1–11, St. John xv. 1–12, and the twenty-third and sixty-second Psalms, two of my husband's favourites. Sir Frederick Bridge had arranged the music, which expressed sorrow and hope, and the following hymn—from the Positivist hymn-book, written by a Unitarian minister—was sung:

Calmly, calmly lay him down!
He hath fought the noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won th' unfading crown.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth,
Firm to age he still pursued.

Memories all too bright for tears
Crowd around us from the past;
Faithful toiled he to the last—
Faithful through unflagging years.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might,
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die!
To the dust his dust we give;
In our hearts his heart shall live;
Moving, guiding, working, aye.

Neither was Canon Barnett's passing unheeded in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, where his friend the Rev. B. G. Bourchier gathered a large congregation, who in the presence of the casket thanked God for his "creation and preservation, and blessed God's holy name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear."

To me more than eleven hundred friends wrote letters, and spoke of sharing my grief, of Canon Barnett's character, and the help his life's example and teaching had been to them. It is impossible to produce a hundredth part of what was said, but a few of these healing letters can be given. They have been chosen from members of his profession, fellow-workers, and those whom he had aided.

It is one of the lives which evokes from thousands of his contemporaries a great sense of a fine course bravely run, and a large and far-reaching service rendered to God and to his fellow-men.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

For all of us and for the country the loss is exceedingly great. It is sometimes very hard not to lose hope, and I always gained hope from intercourse with your husband. He was as full of faith as of sound sense.

BISHOP GORE (OXFORD).

One feels that the whole East End ought in some way to express to you, dear Mrs. Barnett, what it feels when it knows of Canon Barnett's death! It needs many voices to do this, and pray let mine be one of them. He and you have stood side by side in it all, and all that is felt for him is felt for you. Your wise and tender love for the poor; your confidence in them and faith in their best; your work and your power of inspiring them have made all the difference! the best that is being done now is very largely the immediate result of your labours, and the good that shall be done will bear the constant impression of your touch.

BISHOP LUKE PAGET (STEPNEY).

He was very kind, very helpful, very loyal to me when I was Dean. His steadiness and good sense were of great service to the Abbey. I was thankful from the first moment to the last that he was made a Canon. He brought his rare gifts to our service at a time when they were much needed.

DEAN ARMITAGE ROBINSON.

He will live in our love and memory as a prophet of the Lord. I never knew anyone so Christ-like.

REV. DR. W. MANNING.

The chief point that remains with me from the service is the inscription on the coffer of bronze—"God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." That is what such men as your saint make plausible and credible. All who knew him must feel the loss of a great spiritual friend.

REV. RONALD BAYNE.

Grand Hotel, Stockholm, *June 21st*, 1913.

My dear Mrs. Barnett,—I have only just heard of the removal of my dear old friend whom I revered, loved, and honoured almost above all other men. I am more grieved than I can tell you to think it is impossible for me to be with you to-day to wish him a long farewell.

All my thoughts and sympathies are with you, and believe me,

Ever yours sorrowfully,

Grey.

You know, I think, how great and unwavering was the regard which I have felt for your husband for forty years! I have always thought of him as one of the best men that ever lived, a really noble and beautiful character, and have regarded it as a great privilege to be within the arch of his friends. Unlike many saints too, he did grand practical work which will live after him, and was a guide, an example, and an inspiration to many others. **Viscount Milner.**

As I think of all he has done and those whose lives he has formed, I think with humility and shame if I had only had a little even of his personal influence or effluence, how much more alive and lasting would have been our Newton Hall and Essex Hall movement. But in trying to interpret a new philosophy we none of us had time—even if we had the gifts—to shed around our teaching that moral and spiritual inspiration which, in spite of all I have ever said of its shortcomings—I very clearly see is the secret of the gospel of Jesus. **Mr. Frederic Harrison.**

I must tell you that whatever of effort or public service I have been able to effect was inspired by him. Not that I was capable of rising to his ideal, but his standard of work was the mark at which a multitude of us aimed, however imperfectly. **Mr. Edward North Buxton.**

He is mourned all over the world by the hundreds of people he has helped and made one, and they are all filled with gratitude and admiration for you who made possible so much of his beneficent activity. All of the many Settlements in America will want to hold a memorial service so soon as it can be arranged. **Miss Jane Addams—*Chicago*.**

I owe him the opportunity of all that in the way of work makes life worth living, but also that I shall always have him with me as an example and encouragement. And though I cannot help seeing that my own personal debt to him must be even greater than that of most others, I know that everyone who has ever really known him must be feeling much the same as myself. **Mr. W. H. Beveridge.**

How he bore with us all in our self-confident and foolish paths, allowing us to smash his plans, and infect the spirit of his work with our raw and childish schemings! . . . I think we all felt yesterday through our grief that we who knew him could never sufficiently express our debt to him, or our love for him. **Mr. Vaughan Nash.**

I lived beside you in Whitechapel for two and a half years, attracted there by your service, scarcely knowing you but in your public work, and I think it a great privilege to tell you that I carried that influence with me over the twenty-one intervening years, and that I constantly met other men, perhaps equally obscure, who endeavoured to live faithfully to the teaching they gathered from you and the great and good man now gone to his rest. I believe that not only consciously but unconsciously to yourselves you sent out missionaries in every direction, and that you have opened widely a door for the relief of poverty and suffering that cannot again be closed. MR. C. M. SHINER.

Many of us have felt his influence and rejoice at the life which has now closed. Religion as he presented it became a reality.
MR. F. MADDISON.

I don't think I shall ever forget that last impressive service. I have a great deal to be thankful for, and I am proud to think I had the honour of being a servant to the dear Canon, the most noble gentleman I ever knew. MARY CROUCH.

Be assured, dear madam, we are not seeking to serve the forms of formality when we say the life he lived here, and the efforts he put forth for the uplifting of Humanity, were to us a reflex of Divinity through the being of his noble self, and therefore he, in that measure, is yet with us.
A GROUP OF BRISTOL MINERS.

From our friends in the House of Commons came a letter of which *The Westminster Gazette* reported :

Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, M.P., waited upon Mrs. Barnett last night, and presented the following touching address on behalf of the signatories :

"DEAR MRS. BARNETT,—We desire, as members of the House of Commons who had the privilege of your husband's friendship, to convey to you our sense of the constant help and inspiration we derived from his wisdom and sympathy, and to express our hope that every possible consolation may be yours in your great sorrow."

The address was signed by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. A. Lyttelton, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Walter Runciman, Sir John Simon, Sir W. R. Anson, Mr. Herbert Samuel, Mr. T. Lough, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Mr. F. D. Acland, Mr. Eugene Wason, Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, Sir W. Ryland Adkins, Mr. Arnold S. Rowntree, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, Mr. T. E. Harvey, Mr. A. Steel-Maitland, Mr. Noel Buxton, Mr. Will Crooks, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Donald Maclean, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Sir Harry Verney, Mr. C. Roberts, Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, Mr. Chas. Trevelyan, the Rev. C. Sylvester Horne, Mr. Hugh A. Law, Mr. C. Hobhouse, Mr. John F. P. Rawlinson, Mr. George N. Barnes, the Hon. Harry Lawson, Mr. Percy Alden, Mr. William Jones, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Joseph King, Mr. J. Allen Baker, Mr. McKinnon Wood, Mr. Harold Baker, and Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse.

A very large number of public bodies, philanthropic societies, and organisations with which Canon Barnett was connected sent resolutions of sympathy to me, and for them all I am grateful. To reply to so many letters was not possible, for I was crushed by sixty terrible days of continuous nursing, and the necessity of immediately quitting my home. But such helpful affection could not be left unacknowledged, so I prepared a reply which, in Robert Browning's words, seemed to describe him we were all mourning. If there is anyone who cares to see this, I will send a copy.

Some of the articles in the newspapers were beautiful, and so true, that they will help those who read this book to understand the character I have tried to present. To Mrs. Leon is owed thanks for their final selection, a difficult task out of the many columns that were available.

I have met three really great men in my life. One is Canon Barnett, who changed the face of East London and inspired men now scattered to every corner of the earth. He did not think that poverty and misery were incurable; equally he did not think that the way to remove them —from us, at any rate—is to shut them up in barracks and colonies. His high hopes and long visions were clarified by large charity and intense practicalness. You went to him for one of those casual talks which his disciples knew so well. He spoke with clear preciseness, but he never seemed to be instructing you; he was asking your opinion, it appeared, on things in general; differing a little himself, it might be, but not much; very anxious to learn and to respect your point of view, if you had one —and after a few minutes with him you generally found you had a very decided one. Then he would illustrate that point of view out of his huge and minute knowledge of local needs. . . Probably not till a long time afterwards did you discover that every original idea in the talk was really his; that the whole inspiration came from him.[1]

Canon Barnett was a leader of opinion whose influence was far-reaching upon his contemporaries. When the historian comes in due course to look for the seminal minds of these times, he must reckon among them that of the Whitechapel clergyman who founded the first University settlement, who was the adviser and prompter of statesmen and practical men in the field of social reform, who looked undismayed at the problem of poverty, and was fertile in ideas for its amelioration. The movements that he set on foot have spread far beyond this country, and are working in lands where his name may be unknown; but those who knew him will think even more of the spirit of wisdom and charity which he diffused, his sanity and tolerance and patience under all discouragements.[2]

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[1] *The Daily News*, June 18th, 1913.

[2] *The Westminster Gazette*, June 18th, 1913.

"The Prophet"—we called him affectionately from his Christian name. He was not a man to laugh at, though he had a strong sense of humour and no little gift for a keen phrase. It was a truer nickname than we knew. "Prophets, priests, and kings"—the old collocation: Barnett was a prophet in both senses—a seer and a mouthpiece of the lively oracles of God. He was a priest like Chaucer's, who "taught Christ's law and followed it himself." He was a born leader and inspirer of men. He believed, and made others believe, that the Kingdom of Heaven might be on earth; he knew, for it was within his own heart.[1]

Of how few men can it truthfully be said that their passing leaves a real gap in the life of London? But that may certainly be said of Canon Barnett, who will be lamented by thousands. For more than forty years his eager, wise, and unflagging personality has been a force for brotherhood and good works in the East and in the West of London. . . His reforms were not only in the methods of the Church, where he aimed at averting disestablishment by rendering it democratic. He influenced far-reaching reforms in the social life, education and sanitary arrangements of his district.[2]

During his wardenship of Toynbee Hall Canon Barnett's influence was permeative and formative in a personal and abiding sense. He inspired the Residents and endeavoured to temper what an Oxford man has described as their early headstrong blunderings and muddlings with his sane wisdom. "He made us think that we were good," says this writer, "while we were really just infected with his goodness." The same man who could inspire this regard in the young Oxford graduate appealed to the Whitechapel artisan, the Jewish girls, and the aliens from Poland or Russia, as he described the paintings of a great artist. In his study he received many East Enders and advised them on a variety of questions affecting their welfare. He organised exhibitions of pictures, and himself served, and induced the Residents to follow his example, on the local governing bodies and institutions. In all this he was actuated by an unostentatious and gracious goodness which prepared him to sacrifice leisure and comfort in order to bring happier influences to bear upon the life of the East End.[1]

A man of large sympathies and wide knowledge, a leader of thought and a fighter always on the side of the angels, he has left his mark in many spheres of life, but among the lowliest will he be most remembered. His record at Toynbee is a record of a man's devotion to humanity, and adding to his knowledge faith and an unbounded enthusiasm, combined at the same time with a simplicity and dignity which came of a true understanding of the deeper things of life, he was enabled to help in many ways practically every movement which in his time led to the uplift of the toiler. . . Together Canon and Mrs. Barnett achieved many a success, and while she supported him in his work in Whitechapel, he was enabled to encourage her in the founding of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, in which he always took the keenest pleasure and delight.[1]

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[1] *The Westminster Gazette*, June 18th, 1913.
[2] *The Manchester Guardian*, June 18th, 1913.

He was a singularly good judge of character. He chose his instruments unerringly. Not long ago *Truth* hinted that if you wanted to know who would get important practical Government appointments, you had better ask Canon Barnett. No doubt that is something of an exaggeration; but no surer or better-informed judge could have been consulted. And he was as fertile in suggestions of work as of persons. . .

Go where you please in the East End—to the Whitechapel Art Gallery, to the Stepney Council of Public Welfare, to the Housing Committees, the Unemployment Committees, the Apprenticeship Committees, to the boys' clubs and men's clubs, in every one of them you will find either a nominee or an ideal of Samuel Barnett's. You will not be able to trace the work directly to him. To those who knew him, that would make it almost more certainly his work. But if you could cross-examine every worker, you would come across a most marvellous mosaic of hints, and proposals, and encouragements, all radiating from that little study overlooking the creeper-clad "quad" of Toynbee Hall. . . Meanwhile Mrs. Barnett, the "non-official custodian of the children of the State," as Mr. Asquith has called her, was doing her work for the children, and devoting herself to the garden suburb solution of the urban housing question . . . which to Canon Barnett was the nearest realisation of the "suburb beautiful" that the soul of man has yet conceived.[2]

He understood the working man better than the majority of his brethren in the Church, some of whom do not take the trouble to understand him at all, and for this reason he achieved a remarkable degree of success. "England," he once wrote, "is the land of sad monuments. The saddest monument is perhaps the respectable working man who has been erected in honour of thrift. His brain, which might have been spent in saving pennies; his life, which might have been happy and full, have been dulled and saddened by taking thought for the morrow. This ought not to be, and this will not always be.[3]

Canon Barnett was quick in selecting the quality for usefulness in his men. A friend of mine went down as a young man fresh from Oxford, and was at once asked what he was interested in. He replied that he did not possess the missionary spirit, and had merely come out of curiosity. The Vicar of St. Jude's retorted that he must be interested in something, and then he confessed to a leaning to politics. "That's right," said Mr. Barnett. "Come and preach to us about politics." Times

He was not only extraordinarily fertile in ideas, often sketched in a crisp phrase, but he had a magical way of getting them worked out in committees. Difficulties melted away. Thus in the early days of the Children's Country Holiday Fund there was trouble about the food for Jewish children. Canon Barnett set himself to get over this, and

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[1] *The Garden Cities and Town Planning Magazine.*

[2] *The Daily News*, June 18th, 1915.

[3] *The Express and Star*, June 18th, 1913.

> arrangements were made by which supplies of the proper food were sent to the centres. Another quality was his tolerance. He always maintained the friendliest relations with his Jewish neighbours. Indeed there were never any creed distinctions at Toynbee Hall; anyone was welcome who would put his back into work for the poor—Anglicans, Nonconformists, Jews, Agnostics. . . It is unlikely that anyone will take his place as a raiser of money for good causes. He could get money for anything he advocated; his name was sufficient.[1]

> The death of Canon Barnett will inflict a sense of personal loss upon everyone who sincerely cares for "the condition of the people." He was one of the most effective, and by far the most modest, of the pioneers who raised social reform from a fad into a supreme standard of public policy. His ~~life and his~~ writings together have been the inspiration of countless workers who might otherwise have lost courage in their contributions to a tremendous task. If we are beginning, with some glimmerings of success, to forge our way towards a brighter and happier England, it would be hard to say how much of it is not due to the patient faith, the fine devotion, and the clear intelligence with which Canon Barnett applied himself for so many years to the overwhelming problems of social miscarriage and misery.[2]

> To use Canon Barnett's own words, his aim was "to spiritualise the forces which are shaping the future; to enable rich and poor to move in a larger world, seeing things which eyes cannot see; to open channels between eternal sources and everyday needs." Canon Barnett was an idealist, but he did not obscure his clarity of vision in a mist of idealism. Indeed, he was in all things thoroughly practical and thoroughly human.[3]

> The Canon scarcely aimed at eloquence, but his sermons never failed to exhibit original thought and careful preparation. His life taught more than his discourses. It was in very truth a living "epistle known and read of all men." He was an apostle of charity, and the lesson of his life—a priceless moral—was that giving must never be dissociated from personal service.[4]

> His memory can never fade from the minds of those who were admitted to the privilege of intimacy with him. For all his wisdom and for all his lifelong experience of the uglier side of our civilisation, he was so sunny, so optimistic, so full of hope for the world and for the Church that one came out from his presence joyful and with new strength and new resolution for one's own life-tasks.[5]

Such tributes show so much feeling that it was not surprising that a movement should arise to organise a public memorial to him. This he would not have liked, so I wrote to the newspapers:

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[1] *The Manchester Guardian*, June 19th, 1913.
[2] *The Pall Mall Gazette*, June 18th, 1913.
[3] *The Birmingham Daily Post*, June 18th, 1913.
[4] *The Daily Telegraph*, June 18th, 1913.
[5] *The Bristol Diocesan Magazine.*

To the Editor of "The Times"

4, Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, *July 5th.*

Sir,—More than one group of people who loved and revered my husband have made proposals to organise a public memorial to him.

When human hearts are full of sad love they want to do or give something to show their feeling for the dear dead, and as many people are grieving for the loss of Canon Barnett I thought I would write and tell them (through your courtesy) his and my thoughts about memorials. He did not like any form of organised grief, nor the using of sacred sorrow to pay off charitable debts or to relieve workers from life-producing efforts by endowments, nor to establish funds which, as time marches, must cumber the ground and hinder growth, or to erect big monumental statues, or to buttress failing philanthropic societies, which had been pioneer in their time but which the State must sooner or later undertake by the aid of "the cheerful taxpayer."

But Canon Barnett appraised above all things the love which generates personal sacrificing service for others, and in memory of him there are many things which could be done by individuals, or groups of friends, who, without any organised appeal, would care to help to realise the hopes in which he had uninterrupted faith. He, believing in, and working with passionate patience for, education, would welcome scholarships from elementary schools to his beloved Oxford, or the power to make possible "sympathetic University teaching in great centres of industry," or the opportunity to show a model Secondary School, or the adoption of fresh methods which, to use his own words, "would create in man a desire for fullness of life."

He, caring so subtly for beauty and so reverently for Nature, would welcome "the erection of mosaics—copies of great pictures—in the fronts of hospitals and public buildings, suggesting thoughts and hopes to passers-by"; or the service of those who would show the ignorant or the young how to visit historic buildings (the Abbey), picture-galleries, concerts, or places of interest, and how to enjoy the wonders of the country; or the provision of open spaces large and beautiful enough to enable man to "be still and commune with God," or small free gardens "in every neighbourhood, both for children's play and their elders' rest."

He, holding with a deep quietness the faith in God which was the secret of his meek might, would welcome, as he wrote more than twenty years ago, the payment of "the expenses of special services, lectures, and oratorios by which some may be helped to worship whose higher life is now often a buried life," or the addition "to the churches of the poor of the help to devotion revealed by modern thought and culture, putting in a worthier setting the words and forms by which the poor are to get nearer to God."

The nature and character of my husband is so many-sided, and those who care for him differ so widely in their opinions and ideals, that even if it were in accordance with his wishes to organise a public memorial it would not be possible to agree on one object, but if each of us who loved and believed in him decided, without advertisement or organisation, to do some self-less act which "makes for righteousness," be it little or big, in memory of him, the world would be happier, wiser, and more faith-full, and he would be glad.

Yours, etc.,
Henrietta O. Barnett.

The result of this letter was the abandonment of the suggestion for a united memorial, but the creation of eleven others given by individual friends or groups of people.

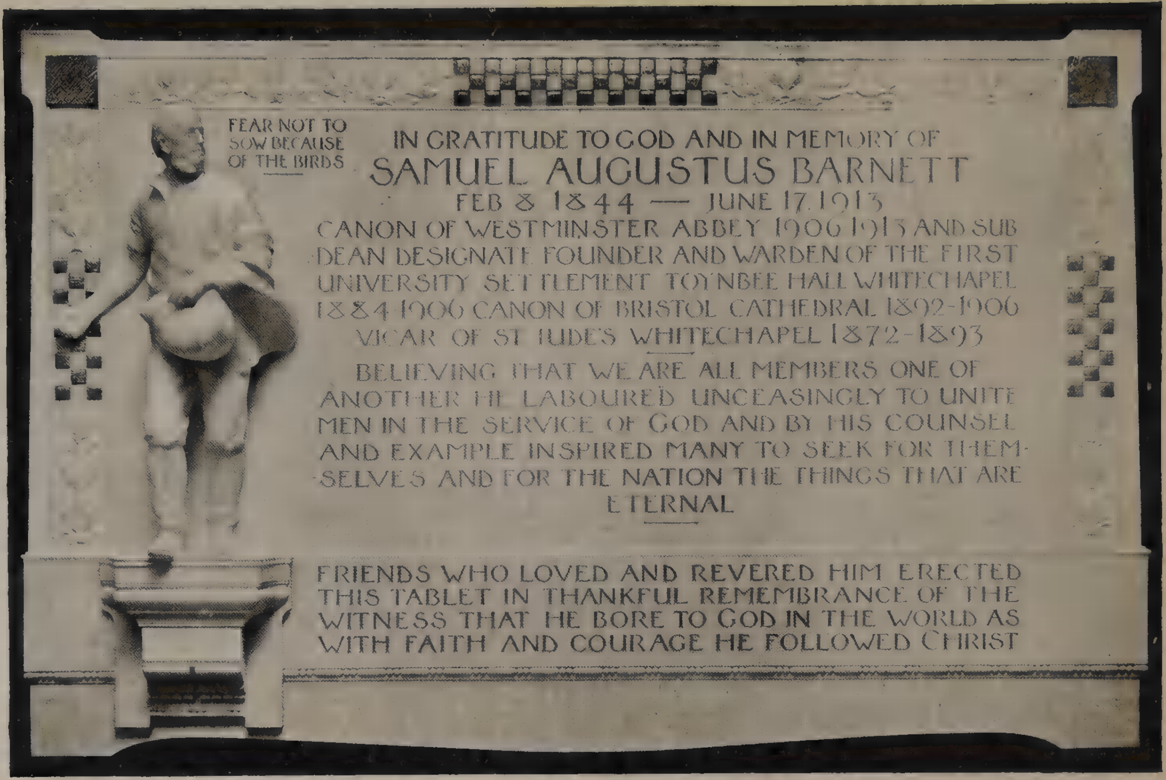
First in time was a beautiful silver lamp given by Lady Battersea for the Lady Chapel of St. Jude-on-the-Hill. It was, as *The Westminster Gazette* pointed out, typical of his catholicity; for it came from a Roman Catholic Cathedral, was given by a Jewish lady to a Protestant Church, and was dedicated on All Saints' Day, November 1st, 1913.

First in importance is the Tablet in the Abbey, unanimously resolved upon by the Chapter, executed by Sir George Frampton, and subscribed for by members of both Houses of Parliament. The Hon. Secretaries were Lord Courtney, Lord Bryce, Mr. J. Murray Macdonald, and Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse. Mr. J. A. Spender and the Rev. V. A. Boyle lent their powers of criticism to the wording, leaving the vacant space at the foot of the tablet for the addition of " and also of Henrietta Octavia, his wife." This is as he would have wished.

Mention has already been made of Barnett House, Oxford, which under the inspiration of our old friends, Mr. Sidney Ball, Mr. A. L. Smith, Mr. R. L. Phelps, and the Rev. Dr. Carlyle, does invaluable work in bringing to thoughtful minds the social conditions which need reform. Its work is especially valuable now that the war has removed old landmarks and readjusted values. On its Council I have been given a seat until death does me call, and my husband's gentle astute face, as depicted by Herkomer, overlooks all its deliberations.

The Barnett Fellowship was promoted by the Toynbee Residents and Associates so, as the Archbishop of York said, " in some degree to preserve the memory of his example and the inheritance of his ideals." Its object is to enable certain men for a given number of years " to live among the poor and to bring trained and sympathetic minds to bear on complicated social problems."

The memorial initiated by Lord Burnham and the Whitechapel Art Gallery Trustees is not yet completed, for Mr. H. F. Garrett, the artist selected to paint the frescoes, has been killed in the war, but under the guidance of Mr. Charles Aitken and Mr. George Clausen the panels are now being executed by Miss MacNaught. The walls are already covered with chaste marbles after a design by Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, and when the pictures are up, the


FEAR NOT TO SOW BECAUSE OF THE BIRDS
IN GRATITUDE TO GOD AND IN MEMORY OF
SAMUEL AUGUSTUS BARNETT
FEB 8 1844 — JUNE 17 1913
CANON OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY 1906 1913 AND SUB DEAN DESIGNATE FOUNDER AND WARDEN OF THE FIRST UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT TOYNBEE HALL WHITECHAPEL 1884 1906 CANON OF BRISTOL CATHEDRAL 1892-1906 VICAR OF ST JUDE'S WHITECHAPEL 1872-1893
BELIEVING THAT WE ARE ALL MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER HE LABOURED UNCEASINGLY TO UNITE MEN IN THE SERVICE OF GOD AND BY HIS COUNSEL AND EXAMPLE INSPIRED MANY TO SEEK FOR THEMSELVES AND FOR THE NATION THE THINGS THAT ARE ETERNAL
FRIENDS WHO LOVED AND REVERED HIM ERECTED THIS TABLET IN THANKFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE WITNESS THAT HE BORE TO GOD IN THE WORLD AS WITH FAITH AND COURAGE HE FOLLOWED CHRIST

The Tablet designed and executed by Sir George Frampton, R.A.

It is on the north wall of the south aisle of the Choir of Westminster Abbey.

II. 390]

vestibule which leads direct on to the crowded High Street of Whitechapel will be beautiful and is to be used as—

> An open-air resting-place where the weary and heavy-laden may spend from time to time a few minutes of their dull and difficult lives and find rest and happy change of thought. The distinctly Memorial Tablet will be in a conspicuous position and will recall to many in a very personal way those—for Canon and Mrs. Barnett were truly one in all their work —who laboured with so much wisdom and such untiring devotion for the uplifting and beautifying of the lives of the many brave strugglers in the battle of life.

Led by Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, another group of friends, chiefly the worshippers in St. Jude's Church, "grateful for the inspiration of his example," and anxious that his name should be remembered within its walls, have placed on them a Tablet on which they testify that—

> Strong in his consciousness of the presence of God, he spent his life in promoting the social and spiritual welfare of his fellow-men. All his efforts for reform were conceived by an original mind and carried out with a daring heart and in a humble spirit.

Besides those who have associated themselves together to memorialise Canon Barnett, there are others who have individually raised their tributes.

Among them stand Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, who gave up their own holiday so as to use the money to send weakly children to gain health in the country "for his sake who did so much."

Mr. J. Wells, the Warden of Wadham, presented a perfect copy of Mr. Watts's portrait of my husband to hang in the College Hall near to Bishop Walsham How, both having cared for East London.

Mr. T. Hancock Nunn designed two beautiful mantelpieces for the public rooms of the Health Institute, with the inscription :

> These hearths are given in loving memory of Canon Barnett, and in gratitude to God for his comfort, life, and fire of love.

By Sir Alfred Yarrow's gift, a charming group of cottages was built which fulfils a double object: first, to house the wives and children of twelve of the men who have given their lives for England's honour; secondly, to help forward the education of the industrial classes, for in conjunction with the Institute at the Hampstead Garden Suburb and Barnett House, Oxford, the rents are to create scholarships.

Such evidences of love and respect would have surprised my husband, but perhaps the one that would have fed his soul with hope is the United Service started by Mr. F. Litchfield in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. Its purpose is set out in the following words, which have headed my printed messages to the worshippers:

> "For the Love of God is broader
> Than the measures of man's mind."
> *F. W. Faber.*

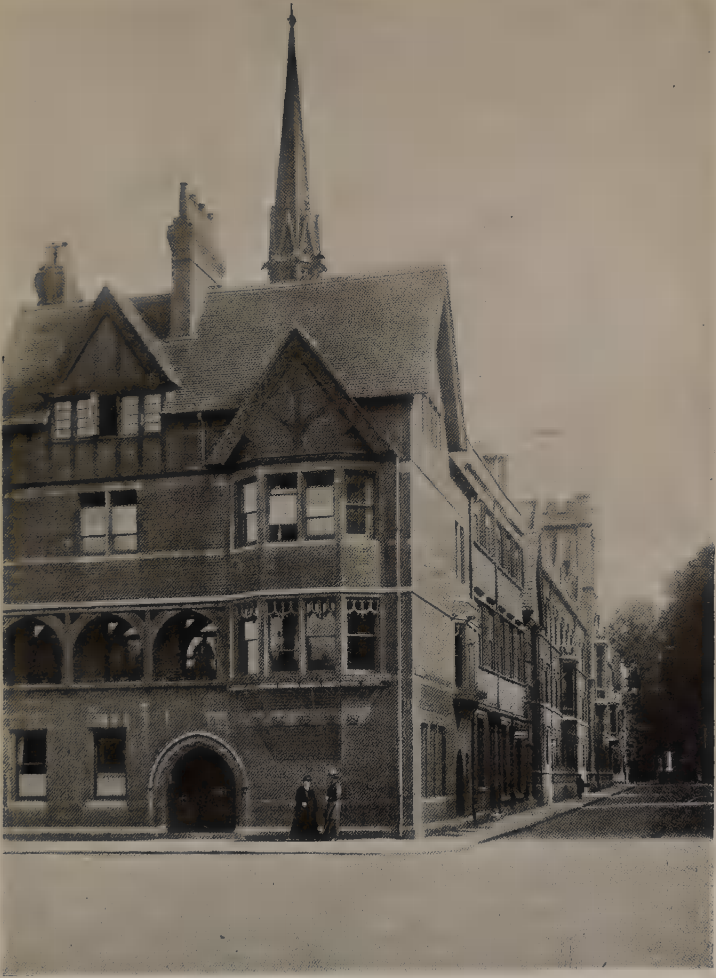
In the early days of the Hampstead Garden Suburb Canon Barnett offered to arrange for holding fortnightly services in accordance with the usage of the Established Church, if the Free Church would be responsible for the conduct of the services on the alternate Sundays. The friends who attended the meeting summoned to discuss the matter held, with him, that "Christians had a deeper bond of union than the Church and Free Church had of severance."

From that meeting—November 15th, 1908—the residents of the Suburb date their religious services, and since Canon Barnett left this world the anniversary has been kept by holding united memorial services, testifying to the depth of the bond of fellowship and the aspiration for mutual understanding.

In 1913, 1915, and 1917 the services were held in the Free Church, and in 1914 and 1916 in the Church of St. Jude-on-the-Hill. The Vicar, the Rev. B. G. Bourchier, desirous of enlarging the area of union to include woman's thought, has invited Mrs. Barnett to send messages to be read to his congregations.

At the services in St. Jude-on-the-Hill the Nonconformists have read the lessons, at those held in the Free Church the Vicar and other Churchmen have taken part in the ceremony. On all the occasions great preachers have been invited, most of whom have been our friends for many years—Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford; Dr. Russell Wakefield, Bishop of Birmingham; the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.; the Rev. Charles Brown, D.D.; and the Rev. John Clifford, D.D. They have all spoken of the hope that the union, which Canon Barnett assumed and on which he dared to act as if it existed, would become a universal fact in Christendom. Every year opportunity is given to the congregation to contribute towards the purchase of a clock which is to be placed in the Central Square.

In a few years men will wonder at the condition of religious thought which made it possible reverently to commemorate the action of a man who did such a simple thing as unite in common worship the adherents of the Established and Free Churches, but that will meet his



Barnett House, Broad Street, Oxford.

Miss Thackeray, Hon. Secretary, and Miss Venables, Hon. Treasurer, are standing by the door.

favourite dictum: "The aim of every philanthropic effort should be to make itself unnecessary." Not that Canon Barnett wanted to abolish sects. On the contrary, he felt—

> The more vigorous the sects, the stronger the Church. Variety is necessary to unity. There are many notes, each distinct in itself, in the music which controls the passions of the strong and lifts up the hearts of the weary.

In any case the clock will remain, a suitable reminder of a character who put so high a value on punctuality, and the virtues of forethought and self-control it engendered.

To spread my husband's thoughts has been my memorial for him, and since June 17th. 1913, I have issued a little volume of his pithy paragraphs, *Worship and Work*, November 1913; a new volume of *Practicable Socialism*, 1915; *Vision and Service*, July 1917; and this book, November 1918. The war, the masses of material, my uncertain health, and his oft-expressed desire that I should not, when I was alone, give up public work, have to my regret combined to delay the issue of the present volumes.

To a few of Canon Barnett's friends there remains the realisation of a scheme which would have delighted him, for he shared my great desire to build a pioneer model secondary school in the Hampstead Garden Suburb for girls of all ages and boys up to ten years of age. Many and many a drive have we taken to select sites and discuss aspects, and to meet our ideas Mr.—now Sir—Edwin Lutyens provided a wonderful plan. To the promotion of this hope Canon Barnett gave some of the last of his working thoughts, for it was his conviction that on the training of the spiritual and intellectual qualities of her people depended hope for our nation.

He wanted no repetition of stereotyped schemes of mental drill, but a school where, allied with progressive minds and in touch with popular needs, a plan of education could be followed; a plan largely conceived, reverently pursued, and patiently constructed for the development of what is noblest in individual character.

Already friends have offered £12,000, but such a "Barnett School" as he and I longed for would now need four times that amount. The years march on and I may not be on earth to see it, but I should betray his faith in me if I ceased to work for its attainment or surrendered the hope.

Sonnet

By Canon Rawnsley, written on receipt of an invitation from Canon and Mrs. S. A. Barnett, to join in keeping their Silver Wedding-day with Whitechapel, by worshipping God, the Giver of all good things, in St. Jude's Church.

MARCH 6th, 1873—MARCH 6th, 1898

Let us fall down and worship at His feet,
Who wrought the gift of five and twenty years,
Who brought us gladness, and Who gave us tears,
And here in Babylon's wilderness of street
Bade us endure the labour and the heat,
Looking beyond the agony that wears
Our London's heart out, all its joy and fears,
And crowned our lives with love and friendship sweet.
Let us fall down in joy and thankfulness,
For these are not full-souled, until they find
The golden stair that leads right up to Heaven ;
Wherefore to-day the Lord our God we bless,
Here, where with aspiration, heart, and mind,
Men strive for truth and right, as they have striven.

TO SAMUEL A BARNETT—CHRISTMAS 1892

The God thou servest unfalteringly bless
Thy work, and bring His seekers to thy door,
Who for the hungry toiler and the poor
Spreadest a table in the wilderness,
And for those parched inheritors of hell
Convertst the flames to kindle hearts that burn ,
Thy patient service labouring to turn
The black profane to truer Whitechapel.

HUGH CHISHOLM.

LIST OF WRITINGS

BOOKS BY CANON AND MRS. BARNETT

Making of the Home	H. O. B.	1884	Cassell & Co.
Practicable Socialism	Joint	1888	Longmans, Green & Co.
Practicable Socialism (revised and enlarged)	,,	1894	Longmans, Green & Co.
Making of the Body	H. O. B.	1894	Longmans, Green & Co.
The Service of God	S. A. B.	1897	Longmans, Green & Co.
Religion and Progress	S. A. B.	1907	Adam & Charles Black
Towards Social Reform	Joint	1909	T. Fisher Unwin
Religion and Politics	S. A. B.	1911	Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.
Worship and Work	H. O. B.	1913	Letchworth Garden City Press
Practicable Socialism (New Series)	H. O. B.	1915	Longmans, Green & Co.
Vision and Service	H. O. B.	1917	Hazell, Watson & Viney

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOOKS

Church Reform	S. A. B.	1888	Swan Sonnenschein
Club-land of the Toiler (Preface)	S. A. B.	1895	Dent & Co.
Good Citizenship	S. A. B.	1898	George Allen
What is Secondary Education ?	S. A. B.	1899	R. P. Scott
The Jew in London (Preface)	S. A. B.	1900	T. Fisher Unwin
The Church and New Century Problems	S. A. B.	1901	Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.
Social Progress in Great Britain	Joint	1901	*Encyclopædia Britannica*
Lombard Street in Lent	S. A. B.	1904	Elliot Stock
Letters on the Simple Life	S. A. B.	1905	S. W. Partridge
Christianity and the Working Class	S. A. B.	1906	Edited by G. Haw
Robertson's Sermons (edited and Introduction)		1909	Dent & Co.
New Poor Law and No Poor Law (Introduction)		1909	Dent & Co.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES[1]

The Young Women in our Workhouses	H. O. B.	Aug. 1879	*Macmillan*
"At Home" to the Poor	H. O. B.	May 1881	*Cornhill*
Passionless Reformers	H. O. B.	Aug. 1882	*Fortnightly Review*
Pictures for the People	H. O. B.	Mar. 1883	*Cornhill*
Practicable Socialism	S. A. B.	April 1883	*Nineteenth Century*
Town Councils and Social Reform	S. A. B.	Nov. 1883	,, ,,
University Settlements	S. A. B.	Feb. 1884	,, ,,
Great Cities and Social Reform	S. A. B.	Oct. 1884	,, ,,
A People's Church	S. A. B.	Nov. 1884	*Contemporary Review*
Vox Clamantis	H. O. B.	Oct. 1885	*Time*
Sensationalism in Social Reform	S. A. B.	Feb. 1886	*Nineteenth Century*
The Poverty of the Poor	H. O. B.	July 1886	*National Review*
Relief Funds and the Poor	S. A. B.	Nov. 1886	*Nineteenth Century*
The Children of the Great City	H. O. B.	April 1888	*Atlanta*
Training for the Unemployed	S. A. B.	Nov. 1888	*Nineteenth Century*
East London and Crime	H. O. B.	Dec. 1888	*National Review*
Man East and West	S. A. B.	Jan. 1892	*Nineteenth Century*
Christianity in the East	S. A. B.	April 1892	*Contemporary Review*
A Charity Clearing-house	S. A. B.	May 1892	*Newbury House Magazine*

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[1] Only the principal magazine articles are included in this list. Considerations of space forbid the insertion of the numerous lesser articles in magazines and newspapers, as well as the still more numerous letters to the Press.

The Social Duties of Young Men	S. A. B.	Oct. 1892	*The Young Man*
Poor Law Reform	S. A. B.	Mar. 1893	*Contemporary Review*
Poor Law as a Charitable Agency	S. A. B.	1893	*Macmillan*
University Teaching East and West	S. A. B.	June 1893	*Contemporary Review*
The Poor of the World	S. A. B.	Aug. 1893	*Fortnightly Review*
The Friends' Settlement	S. A. B.	Nov. 1893	*The Friend*
The Unemployed	S. A. B.	Dec. 1893	*Fortnightly Review*
Christus Imperator	S. A. B.	Feb. 1894	*Macmillan*
The Opportunity of the Church	S. A. B.	Sept. 1895	*Review of Reviews*
University Settlements	S. A. B.	Dec. 1895	*Nineteenth Century*
Settlements and Missions	S. A. B	Dec. 1897	„ „
The State as Parent	H. O. B.	Jan. 1898	*St. George's Magazine*
Church Reform	S. A. B.	July 1898	*Nineteenth Century*
Women in the Light of the Cross	S. A. B.	Aug. 1898	*Sunday Magazine*
Twenty-five Years of East London	S. A. B.	Aug. 1898	*Contemporary Review*
Cathedral Reform	S. A. B.	Dec. 1898	*Nineteenth Century*
Sixty Years of Progress	S. A. B.	Dec. 1898	*Sunday Magazine*
Object Lessons in Whitechapel	S. A. B.	April 1899	*Humanity*
The Abodes of the Homeless	S. A. B.	June 1899	*Cornhill*
Poor Law Children	S. A. B.	July 1899	*Review of Reviews*
Music as a Religious Value	S. A. B.	Oct. 1899	*International Journal of Ethics*
Charity *versus* Out-door Relief	S. A. B.	Nov. 1899	*Nineteenth Century*
The Housing Problem	S. A. B.	May 1901	„ „
The Education Problem	S. A. B.	June 1901	*Commonwealth*
The Beginnings of Toynbee Hall	H. O. B.	Feb. 1903	*Nineteenth Century*
Whitechapel Slaughter-houses	S. A. B.	July 1903	*Humane Review*
England's Ideal	S. A. B.	Oct. 1903	*Independent Review*
The Unemployable	S. A. B.	Nov. 1905	*Economic Review*
The Garden Suburb at Hampstead	H. O. B.	Feb. 1905	*Contemporary Review*
Public Feeding of Children	S. A. B.	May 1905	*Independent Review*
Twenty-one Years of Settlements	S. A. B.	June 1905	*University Review*
Christianity and the Working People	S. A. B.	Feb. 1906	*Macmillan*
The Religious Difficulty	S. A. B.	Mar. 1906	*Independent Review*
The Press and Charitable Funds	S. A. B.	July 1906	„ „
Religion and the Working Man	S. A. B.	Jan. 1907	*The Treasury*
Special Police Courts for Children	H. O. B.	June 1907	*Cornhill*
The Religion of the People	S. A. B.	July 1907	*Hibbert Journal*
The Recreation of the People	S. A. B.	July 1907	*Cornhill*
Poverty, its Cause and Cure	S. A. B.	Aug. 1907	*Progress*
The Future of the Workhouse	S. A. B.	Aug. 1908	*St. George's Magazine*
Poor Law Reform	S. A. B.	Nov. 1908	*Contemporary Review*
The Problem of Distress	S. A. B.	Nov. 1908	*The International*
Some Thoughts on Recreation	H. O. B.	Feb. 1909	*Longmans'*
The Poor Law Commission Report	S. A. B.	April 1909	*Contemporary Review*
The Babies of the State	H. O. B.	July 1909	*Cornhill*
Town-planning	H. O. B.	Jan. 1911	„
Charity Up to Date	S. A. B.	Feb. 1912	*Contemporary Review*
The Children's Country Holiday Fun'	H. O. B.	April 1912	*Cornhill*
Mr. Lloyd George on the Church	S. A. B.	April 1912	*Quarterly Review*
The Cathedrals and Modern Needs	S. A. B.	Sept. 1912	*Contemporary Review*
Our Present Discontents	S. A. B.	Feb. 1913	*Nineteenth Century and After*

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